APRIL, 1902.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

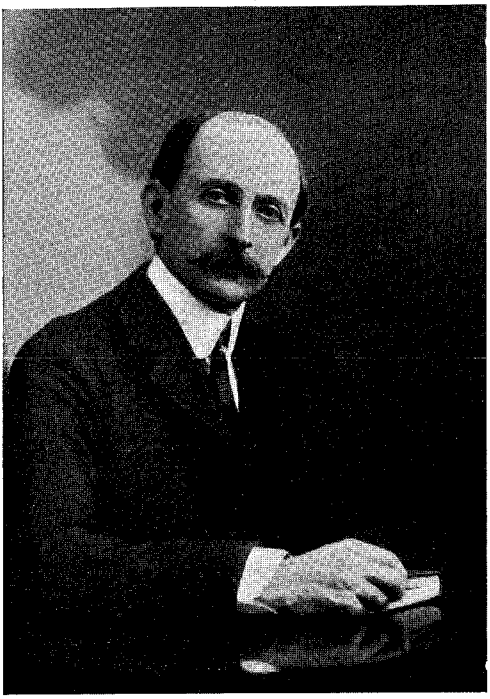
The Great Newspapers.

Although with the article in this issue on "The Evening Newspapers," the story of the development of the New York press has been historically outlined, the journalism of the early eighties—for in the first three papers nothing has been said about a later period—was so very different from the journalism of to-day that the series as it stands is very far from satisfactory or complete, even though we have made no pretense of treating the subject in any but a "sketchy" way. Consequently, we shall supplement the papers which have already appeared with one on the subject of "The New York Newspapers of To-day," in which we shall endeavour to show the development of New York journalism from the time when Mr. Cleveland first went into the White House until the present day, and to describe the conditions under which the newspaper of to-day is being made. In the first articles it has been desired to exclude, so far as was possible, whatever was a matter of purely personal taste or opinion. In the forthcoming paper, however, this cannot be done completely, for the subject is entirely too close to us. This article will not necessarily appear in the next number.

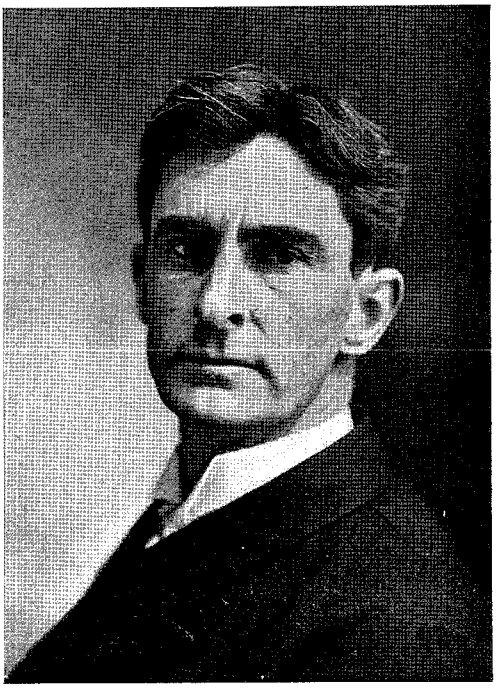
Three portraits which we present without comment are those of the late Kate Greenaway, of Clinton Scollard and Thomas Dixon. Mr. Scollard's *Cloistering of Ursula* is reviewed elsewhere in this number. Thomas Dixon's novel *The Leopard's Spots* is certain to attract attention.

THE LATE KATE GREENAWAY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CLINTON SCOLLARD.



THOMAS DIXON.

Apropos of the recent death of Lord Dufferin, the London *Outlook* tells the following story:

When Lord Dufferin was at the Paris Embassy he encountered, in one of his early morning walks, a swarthy young Englishman in spectacles who stood aside and courteously saluted him. "Let me see, I think I know your face, don't I?" "Oh, yes, my lord; I am Mr. Lockwood Kipling's son." This was just at the time that the whole English-speaking world was ringing with the name of a new-found writer of short stories—"The Gadsbys," "Under the Deodars," and "Soldiers Three," passim. One wonders what would be Mr. Kipling's reply to such a question to-day.

A Sherlock Holmes Number.

We might as well inform our readers in advance that the next number of THE BOOKMAN is going to be distinctively a Sherlock Holmes affair. It will celebrate the completion of *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* and the Editors of this magazine intend to enjoy themselves hugely over the whole thing. We don't mind admitting confidentially that the Editors are not always quite in sympathy with each other's individual tastes and preferences and fads—which is a good thing for THE BOOKMAN, since it ensures variety. When the Senior Editor, for instance, stirs around in European politics, or dwells with fondness on some singularly interesting diplomatic complication in South America, the Junior Editor settles down very low in his chair and looks out of the window as far up the street as he can see, and hopes that somebody will come in, or that something will occur to end the agony. Likewise, when the Junior Editor thinks that he has got an entirely new and illumining revelation about something in the writings of Alexandre Dumas *père,* or when he successfully works off baseball intelligence in the guise of literary comment, the Senior Editor descends softly into the basement and mopes and moans all by himself. But when it comes to Sherlock Holmes, then ——! A brisk hum of confluent voices penetrates the inner office. The latest number of the *Strand* has arrived, and each Editor suspends all work for the remainder of the day. Grinding toil is forgotten, and Fancy holds full sway. The whole Baskerville mystery is traced back to the beginning. The back num-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bers are hunted out, so that each incident may be restudied, each phrase reweighed, and each apparent clue retested in the light of the new chapter. All the past literature on Sherlock Holmes is again gone over; even the other stories of Dr. Doyle are quoted and turned inside out for purposes of comparison. Why were Sir Henry's shoes stolen? Was the Barrymore episode merely a blind to throw the reader off the scent? Who cut out the words from the *Times* and pieced them together into a letter of warning? Who was the man in the cab? Was there a real hound? Who was Stapleton? And how much of the story is Fletcher Robinson's and how much Conan Doyle's? Discussion waxes hot. Both Editors are violently stirred. Both talk at the same time—interminable, impatient, dogmatic, delighted. They go out at last to finish the argument at dinner. Midnight finds them still comparing Lecoq, Dupin, and Sherlock Holmes, and insisting on the inaccuracy of each other's quotations. It is exhilarating to the last degree, and naturally it has all got to be reflected, sooner or later, in the pages of the THE BOOKMAN. Hence, the May number, as we said in the beginning, will be distinctively a Sherlock Holmes affair. To tell the truth, we wish it were out now, as we are simply consumed with anxiety to read it ourselves.

A firm of Chicago publishers has written to us saying that possibly we do not realise that they are going to publish the "book of the year for 1902." We are obliged to confess that we don't.

Hamblen Sears.

With a keen appreciation of what seems to be wanted in the conventionally personal literary expression of the present day, Mr. Hamblen Sears, whose forthcoming novel, *None But the Brave*, is written along startlingly novel lines—it is a romance of the American Revolution—relates that he had a vision when he was two and a half days old that literature was his forte. But unlike others gifted with a similar appreciation, he says that he believes the vision to have been what he calls "a fake." So there is much hope for Mr. Sears. He was born in Boston in 1865, went through the Roxbury Latin School, and passed his examination at Harvard for the class of '88. Then he went into business for two years, entered Harvard with the class of '90 and went through the University, getting his degree in three years, eventually being

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THOMAS HARDY IN HIS STUDY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graduated with the class of '89. After leaving Harvard he went to Europe, studying at the University of Berlin one year and in the École des Sciences Politiques in Paris for another. While at Harvard Mr. Sears was President of the *Advocate* and on the staff of the *Crimson*.

HAMBLEN SEARS.

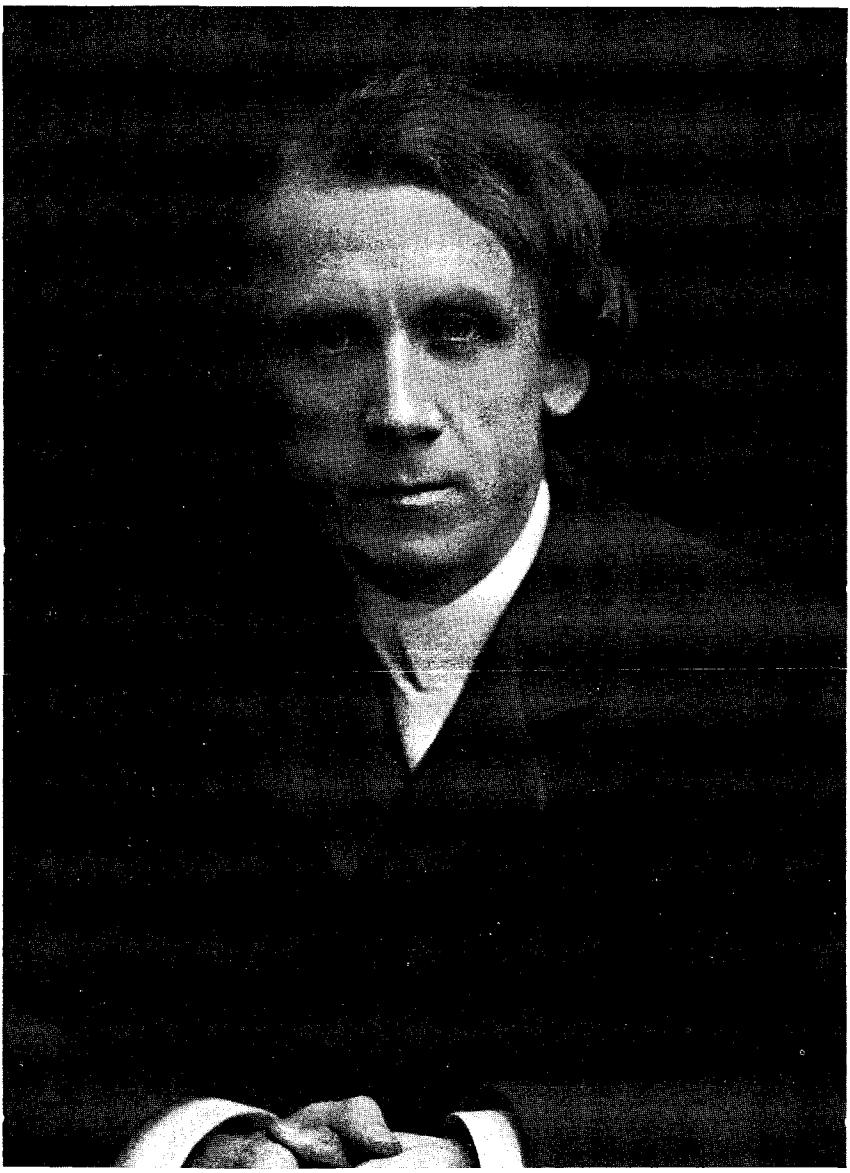
He also won wider distinction as fullback of the Harvard eleven.

The Booklovers Library and its Originator.

Apart from its significance as a business enterprise, the Booklovers Library has another, and, to us, a much more important interest. It has probably been responsible for more conversation than any other financial venture ever launched. It does not matter so much just what the general opinion is, for we suppose that there is no decided general opinion. Some people are speaking of the service in terms of unstinted enthusiasm, while others are grumbling because they did not receive the book they wanted the week before last. But the point is, that they are all talking about it. In rural libraries, on sea-shore pavilions and the verandas of summer resort hotels—everywhere, the idea and the service have been discussed. Perhaps to some it is growing a little monotonous. As the subject of conventional small talk,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it seems to have completely superseded the weather. People no longer begin a conversation with the remark that it is a fine day; they ask you what you think of the Booklovers Library.



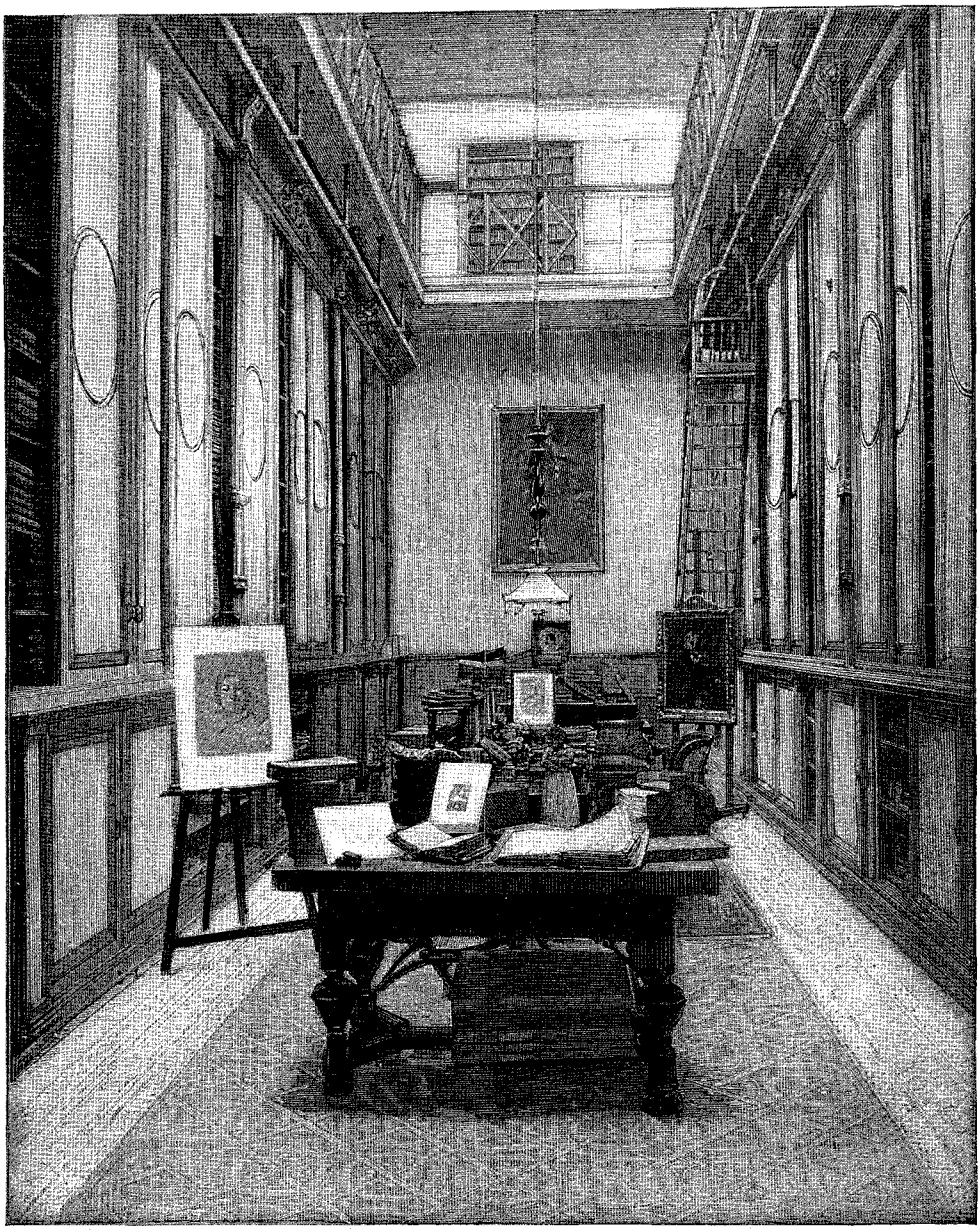
SEYMOUR EATON.

Were the Booklovers Library to cease to exist to-morrow, it, nevertheless, would have served to place its originator, Mr. Seymour Eaton, among those few men who succeed in placing a pet idea before the public. He has done more than this: he has fixed this idea ineradicably in the public mind. Some years ago he went to work on a plan for the Government to make through the Post-Office a great circulating library of the Congressional Library. Out of this plan grew the Booklovers of to-day. Mr. Eaton was born about forty years ago on a farm in Canada. Despite scant advantages in his early youth, he succeeded in fitting himself for a broader life, serving the usual

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apprenticeship as a school-teacher. For the last fifteen years he has been engaged in educational and newspaper work in this country. Some of his text-books have had extraordinary sales. He has contributed frequently to the magazines, acted for five years as the managing director of the Drexel Institute, and was for four years on the literary staff of the Chicago *Record*. He is now librarian of the Booklovers Library Incorporation, and is its largest stockholder. His home is in Lansdowne, a little country place just outside of Philadelphia.

As a supplement to the Vicomte de Louvenjoul's story of Balzac and Madame Hanska the accompanying illustrations should be of interest.



THE BALZAC MUSEUM OF THE VICOMTE DE LOUVENJOUL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We intended printing the accompanying portrait of Miss Marguerite Linton Glentworth (Gladys Dudley Hamilton) several months ago, but the portrait was held over from month to month, owing to technical reasons. However, it is not too late. Some years ago THE BOOKMAN had something to say about Miss Glentworth's earlier work. Several "small-boy sketches," written when she was exceedingly young, were noticed and highly praised by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Her book, *A Twentieth Century Boy*, published last autumn, is founded almost entirely on fact.

MARGUERITE LINTON GLENTWORTH.

Mrs. Gallup and Victor Hugo.

During the past few months there have been two subjects over which the writers for literary periodicals seem temporarily to have lost their balance. First there was Mrs. Gallup and her cipher, and then the centenary of Victor Hugo. Fortunately, the cipher seems to be sinking into a state of innocuous desuetude, and Mr. Dooley may rest happy in the belief that very soon there will be more room in the

THE VICOMTE SPOELBERCH DE LOUVENJOUL IN HIS STUDY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES VERNE AS HE IS TO-DAY.
The maker of romances in the garden of his house at Amiens.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

papers for "the baseball news." The same applies, in a different way, to Victor Hugo.

It is undoubtedly a good thing to do honour to the memory of a great man, and Victor Hugo was a great man; but, somehow, to listen to the eulogies of those who have just been acclaiming his name the loudest, one would think that they had just discovered that he was a great man. Occasions of this kind always provoke suspicions of insincerity. The utterances of the statesmen who spoke at the ceremony in the Pantheon at Paris remind us of Numa Roumestan. M. Georges Leygues said of Hugo: "He is epic, like Homer, and tragic, like Æschylus. He has the harmony of Pindar, the freshness of Theocritus, the *verve* of Juvenal," and ended with: "In the name of the French Republic, I salute the memory of the glorious poet who made thought more free, the fatherland greater, and humanity better." From M. Hanotaux's speech: "He died. A shiver, a murmur ran from individual to individual throughout the city, over the land, and across the entire world. The world rose up extending to him its laurels." All of which may be comparatively true and suited to the occasion; but we should like to know just how many hours in every year M. Hanotaux and M. Leygues devote to rereading Hugo's works. French critics have been writing about the poet in similar strain, and some English ones have caught a little of the fever. But after all, there is something fitting about it. There have been greater novelists than Hugo, greater poets, greater dramatists; but there never was a man who in his own lifetime enjoyed so much of the glory of literary greatness.

Victor Hugo, according to the London *Academy*, had a double. This was a hawker of pencils in the Latin quarter, and for some years enjoyed no small measure of reflected glory in virtue of his remarkable physical resemblance to the poet. The big forehead, the disordered hair, and the bushy beard of the later Hugo were his also. So striking, indeed, was the likeness, that he was able to extend his income considerably by posing as model for most of the Hugo portraits of commerce painted in Paris in the seventies and early eighties. Even cheap photographers found him sufficiently realistic for their purpose. He had his part, too, in creating the Hugo legend. In those days, as is well known, the poet was often to be seen travelling on the top of an omnibus, even during the most inclement of weathers. A *bourgeois,* on reaching home at night, would tell his wife proudly: "To-night I came along with Victor Hugo!" Then, in response to his spouse's exclamation of astonished incredulity, he would explain the momentous incident thus: "Yes, it was quite by chance—on the top of the omnibus. He shook hands with me!" It was the hawker of pencils. In the evening, Victor Hugo's double, discarding his wares, used to frequent the *cafés* of the Latin quarter. There it was his custom graciously to accept refreshment of credulous strangers, who next day would be sure to boast to their friends that they had "stood drinks to Père Hugo." The double, too, was sometimes a marital excuse for unwontedly late hours. "How could I help it?" the aggrieved wife would be asked. "I was at the *café.* Victor Hugo came in and I offered him a 'bock.' Then we talked literature. And you can understand that with a man like him it was not for me to get up and go first." When Victor Hugo died, his double suffered more than most. And he was debarred from the consolation of delivering a funeral oration.

The Passing of Saint Lazare.

The famous Paris prison of Saint Lazare is to be torn down. In a literary way Saint Lazare was a sort of French Marshalsea; but while the debtors' prison in the Borough of Southwark was described only by Dickens in *Little Dorrit* and Smollett in *Roderick Random,* Saint Lazare has been used by a large number of French novelists. With it is indissolubly associated the idea of Manon Lescaut, who was incarcerated there at one period of her tempestuous career. Balzac introduced it into several of his books; it was the scene of some of the most dramatic chapters of Eugene Sue's *Les Mystères de Paris.* Like L'Abbeye and La Force, Saint Lazare played a considerable part in the Reign of Terror. Muller's picture "L'Appel des Condamnés" represents a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scene at St. Lazare, and not, as is generally believed, at La Force. Every one knows the poem which André Chénier wrote there before his execution. André's companion in prison and on the scaffold, Antoine Roucher, the poet of "The Months," wrote this pathetic quatrain under a portrait taken in prison for his family:

Ne vous étonnez pas, objets charmants et doux,
Si quelque air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage.
Lorsqu'un savant crayon dessinait cette image,
On dressait l'échafaud et je pensais à vous.

Saint Lazare, as its name denotes, was originally a leper house.

The Cadi and the Tribute.

The New Vagabond Club of London is a literary organisation, of which the chief end and aim seems to be the giving of dinners to people of more or less distinction. And, of course, for these dinners it is found necessary to collect from the members a certain annual tax. As in many other clubs, some members of the New Vagabonds are occasionally absent-minded and neglect to send the necessary subscription without having their memories prodded by the secretaries. For the use of the secretary, an English contemporary has suggested the following delicious "Parable of the Cadi and the Tribute," which should serve effectually as a gentle hint to delinquent subscribers:

As the Cadi, musing on the mutability of things, sat under a lofty plane tree, he was aware of a distraught-looking Kyatib Effendi (Mr. Secretary) wandering wildly adown the road and repeating with frenzied gestures the ill-omened words, "Tenandsix! Tenandsix! In the name of the Prophet, tenandsix!" Whereupon, moved to compassion for this Son of Misfortune, the Cadi sent unto him a messenger and inquired, "Wherefore, O afflicted of Allah, dost thou wring thy hands and murmur, 'Tenandsix'?"

And the Distraught One, sitting humbly at the feet of the Dispenser of Justice, and sharing with him the Chibouk of Consolation, gave sorrow words: "Know, O Cadi, that I am the Kyatib Effendi of those children of pilgrimage, the Vhaga-el-Bhonds, who journey even unto the Mecca of Ihnk-el-Slingar. These sons of Phar-el-Graphia pay not their annual tribute of tenandsix to the Pashas of the Chom Mhit Tee. Thrice, in the name of Allah, the All Merciful, have I appealed to these Sons of Shaitan, and thrice have but the desert winds replied. Hence, do I wander adown the Road of Distress crying aloud to the Prophet, 'Tenandsix! Tenandsix!' and no man healeth my pain." Then he heaped the Ashes of Grief on the Beard of Neglect, and wept bitterly, even as the pelican weepeth in the wilderness when its young returneth not for the food of forgiveness.

"In the name of Allah, O Son of Affliction, go in peace," replied the Cadi. "Write yet again to these Vhaga-el-Bhonds and, Inshallah, thou shalt gather in their tribute. For the last time, ere thou blottest them from the face of thy tribe, appeal unto their heads. Should they fail thee, O Mudheap of Misery" (he motioned significantly toward the Bestower of Blows, the Bastinadoer-in-Chief), "bring them to the seat of judgment and we will appeal unto their soles. Go in peace."

And the Son of Affliction, known among Giaours as Burgin Effendi, departed in peace from out the presence of the Cadi, and sitteth for the last time in the third Garden of the Rose Berries, awaiting the tribute of the Vhaga-el-Bhonds ere they be blotted out by the Finger of Fate.

Which, being interpreted, O guilty ones, meaneth that subscriptions (November, 1901, to November, 1902, 10s. 6d.) are long overdue.

The Novel and its Art.

It has very likely been noticed that whenever in these pages anything general on the subject of fiction is written we are wont to hark back to certain novelists of the middle of the nineteenth century. There are times, no doubt, when some readers may find it just a little monotonous; but what would you have? It will be a great many years before Dickens and Thackeray shall have ceased to be the foundation on which every Englishman or American must build up his knowledge of fiction. It is through them, especially through Thackeray, that one enters into the wider realm of the novel. We do not pretend to deny that Balzac is the master of either. Nevertheless, while to the educated American or Englishman not to have read Balzac is a misfortune, to have read

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Balzac and not to have read Dickens and Thackeray is almost a literary crime.

A great many hundred thousands of words have been written to show that the two giants of Victorian fiction were not supreme as artists; but it is very seldom that any one succeeds in seizing upon and riddling their limitations so tersely and yet comparatively so completely as the writer of a recent paper in the London *Academy*. This writer has found Thackeray's most vulnerable side, and shows with a great deal of cleverness that the author of *Esmond* could never have been a complete artist because he was always in his writings a sentimentalist. In a recently printed letter about the origin of Colonel Newcome, Thackeray said that, of course, he had to "angelicise" the old gentlemen at the club. Why? Because he hated to look a fact squarely in the face. With a great deal of justice, the writer of the article to which we allude finds an object of attack in the introduction to *Pendennis*. Everybody remembers how in this introduction Thackeray smugly apologises for the episode of Fanny Bolton. He tells how, since the author of *Tom Jones* died, no writer has been allowed to describe, to the extent of his powers, a man. He seems to be entirely unconscious of the fact that Pendennis himself is most open to this very criticism. There is a great deal of cause for doubt as to whether Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was guilty or not guilty; in Pendennis's case no possibility of doubt exists. We fail to see how any one can read the book intelligently and then cherish even the faintest idea that Pendennis was other than perfectly innocent. And yet very curiously when Taine came to write of the book in his *History of English Literature* he saw nothing but the certainty of the young man's guilt. Why? Simply because it did not dawn upon him that Thackeray could be guilty of what was to Taine's mind so inartistic a blunder.

The writer finds a reason for Thackeray's limitations as an artist in his limitations as a critic. Thackeray was an educated man and a cosmopolitan; he lived in Paris; he read French literature. Yet with all his cosmopolitanism he did not disdain the usual sneer at "French novels." He wrote coldly of Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, "which possesses many of the faults and many of the beauties of the school. Plenty of light and shade, good colouring and costumes, but no character." He found *Marion Delorme* pitiful and rather sickening; he said flatly, "The new French literature is essentially false and worthless." This was in 1840, and the new French literature included Hugo's *Notre Dame*, Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* and *Père Goriot*, Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme*. His stand for realism was at best half-hearted; a lamentable retrogression from Richardson and the Fielding whom he professed so much to admire. In Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* he could see little that was not debasing and bad. Not only did Thackeray seem to think that the full delineation of sin was outside of the province of the novelist, but that the paths of high virtue were also forbidden to him. He says in *Pendennis:* "A veil should be thrown over those sacred emotions of love and grief. The maternal passion is a sacred mystery to us." The maternal emotion, argues the writer in the *Academy*, had no business to be a mystery to him. It was not a sacred mystery to Balzac when he wrote his description of the baby's bath in *The Two Young Brides*. The creator of Becky Sharp was nearly always sentimental about women. It was "The women," and then, "God bless 'em!" The "Women—God bless 'em" frame of mind does not make for either dignity or veracity in fiction.

A New Encyclopædia.

The announcement of a new encyclopædia is always a very interesting and important event. It is interesting because the making of a really great encyclopædia is a stupendous piece of work, involving the co-operation of a large body of highly trained and scientifically qualified experts, and because it represents in one way or another so many and such varied forms of effort—organisation, selection, knowledge, literary skill and critical judgment. It is important, because encyclopædias have performed, and are still performing, a remarkable educational function in disseminating exact knowledge upon an almost in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

infinite variety of subjects. No one can estimate the influence which has been exercised by such famous works of reference as those which bear the names of Brockhaus and of Meyer in Germany, of Larousse in France, and of Chambers in England and America. These encyclopædias are really libraries; and to thousands upon thousands of families they have been the only libraries available. The ideal encyclopædia is on that combines four things: first, accuracy of statement; second, comprehensiveness of scope; third, lucidity and attractiveness of presentation; and, fourth, convenience of arrangement. Any work of the sort which fails conspicuously in one or more of these four particulars, falls short, to that extent, of the ideal. Of the various encyclopædias which have a history, Brockhaus lacks the attractiveness of literary form. Larousse is not sufficiently accurate in details. The *Encyclopædia Metropolitana,* in discarding the alphabetical arrangement, became inconvenient to use. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* omitted so many topics of general interest as to oblige its purchasers to supplement it by some more popular if less monumental work. Of course, to an American, all foreign encyclopædias, even the newest edition of Chambers with all its excellences, are defective in practical use; for they necessarily omit a whole mass of subjects in which Germans, Frenchmen or Englishmen feel no interest whatever, but which to our countrymen are not only important but indispensable, as a part of that general information which all intelligent American men and women should possess.

These remarks are suggested by an announcement lately made to the effect that Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will issue within a few weeks the first volume of *The New International Encyclopædia* —a work which has been in active preparation for about four years. In view of what we have said above, it may be of some interest to set forth sundry facts regarding this extensive and elaborate undertaking; since very few persons who make use of an encyclopædia ever realise the enormous amount of minutely patient care, of thought, of time, of labour, and of money which goes to its preparation and completion. Indeed, the story of how an encyclopædia is really made would be a very fascinating narrative if told by one who had gone through the actual experience and could thus relate it with the clarity which comes from knowledge at first hand.

When the *New International* was first taken under consideration, much attention was given to the feasibility of undertaking it in connection with the firm of Brockhaus and Company of Leipzig, so as to utilise the exceptional resources of that house and thus secure the use of its accumulated material, both textual, pictorial, and cartographic. Every one knows that the Brockhaus *Realencyclopädie* was the source from which the original edition of Chambers was largely drawn, and that by constant revision and correction it has been brought, for German readers, to something very like perfection. Nevertheless, a careful examination of that famous encyclopædia showed that the care and labour necessary to enlarge and adapt it for American use would be so great as to make the plan inadvisable. Even the illustrations though unusually fine, are in most instances too essentially German in their details, and this is especially true of such illustrations as relate to arts and industries of every kind. Hence, the project of foreign co-operation, although the assent of Herr Brockhaus had been gained, was soon abandoned, and it was decided to prepare a work that should be essentially original and likewise American in its authorship. To this end the development and execution of the project were placed primarily in the hands of three editors, who have made themselves jointly responsible for the whole. These three editors are Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, President of the Carnegie Institution and late President of the Johns Hopkins University; Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, and Professor Frank Moore Colby, formerly of the New York University.

President Gilman's genius as an organiser needs no exploitation, and his intimate acquaintance with every department of science, history, and education is admirably supplemented by his knowledge of men and of affairs. Professor Peck's long and diversified editorial experience

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been one of encyclopædic comprehensiveness. Professor Colby of late has become particularly well known by his accurate and skilful editing of the *International Year-Book*, for which he has been solely responsible ever since that very successful annual was first established. To his charge was committed the carrying out of all the complicated details involved in the preparation of the forthcoming encyclopædia, and he brought to the task a rare combination of administrative ability, sound judgment, and critical acumen. These three editors, then, in

PRESIDENT DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constant consultation with the publishers, at last elaborated and have now developed in a tangible form the conception of an encyclopædia which unites those qualities already specified as essential—scientific accuracy, broad comprehensiveness, practical convenience, and attractive lucidity of exposition.

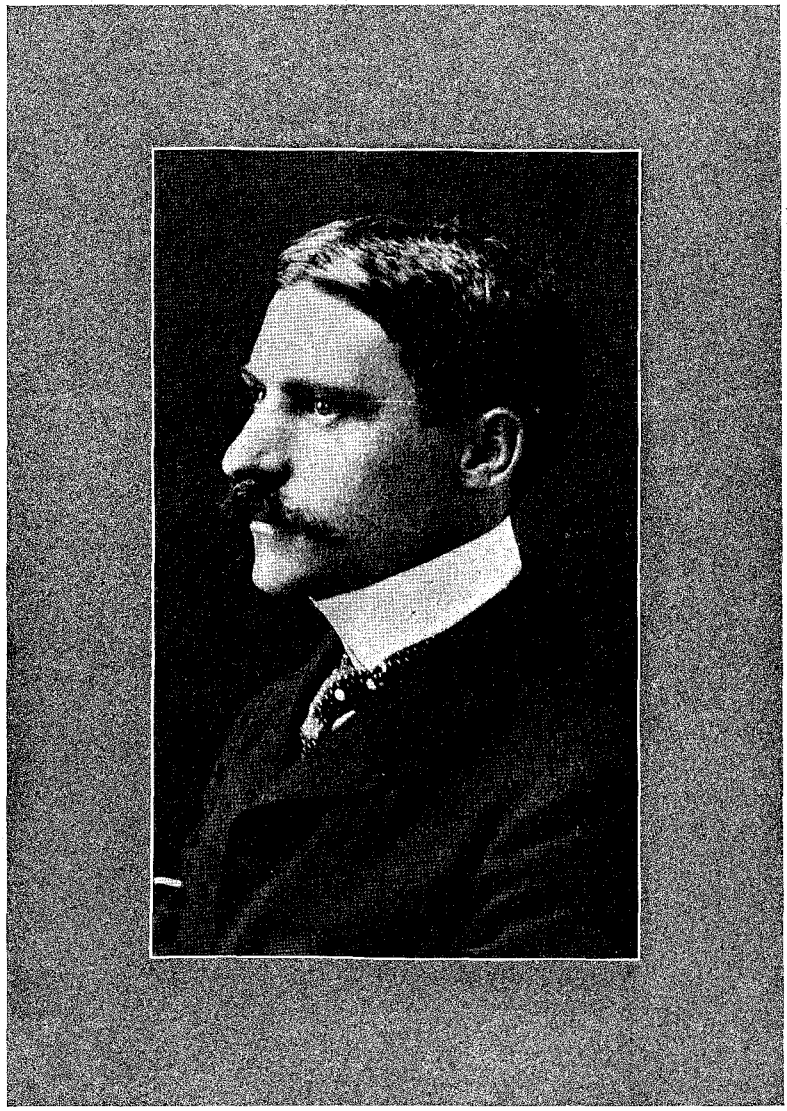
❧

After the work of selecting the titles had been completed, the subjects were divided and distributed under one hundred departments, each department being placed in charge of a contributor qualified alike by special knowledge and by the possession of a clear, attractive style. The encyclopædia is intended first of all for the general reader, and the articles have been written from the general reader's point of view, so as to be free from vexatious technicalities while at the same time representative of the most modern scholarship. In every detail it has been endeavoured to compact really valuable

PROFESSOR HARRY THURSTON PECK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

information, instead of loosely assorted and often irrelevant facts. The statistics, for instance, have been handled in a scientific manner in order to exhibit comparisons which are significant and which possess an interest for every intelligent reader. Further special features of the work are to be found in the inclusion of the etymology of words as well as their pronunciation; the fulness of the gazetter department; the carefully selected information regarding municipal organisation and the management of public utilities—this information being now for the first time systematically given in an English encyclopædia; a large number of articles bearing upon sociology; and remarkable completeness in the department of biography, which was committed to the supervision of a separate editor. No other reference book in the English language has treated so great a number of names, and the treatment has been unusually full. Another department of great interest and value is that which has to do with what may be called miscellaneous information, and which covers a range of topics not heretofore given in a



PROFESSOR FRANK MOORE COLBY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general encyclopædia. Under this head will be found, for instance, the titles of famous books, including works of fiction, the names of important characters in fiction, the explanation of political nicknames and popular allusions, and, in fact, all the class of subjects which the reader has usually been obliged to seek in "readers' handbooks" and similar compilations. It will be found that the illustrations contained in the *New International* are immeasurably superior to anything hitherto attempted in encyclopædias published in the English language, and that the coloured plates in particular surpass even those contained in Brockhaus and in Meyer. These illustrations, by the way, were not gathered together in a haphazard fashion and merely for the purpose of providing the volumes with a certain number of attractive pictures, but they were suggested by the various contributors, or prepared with their co-operation and also in many cases with the co-operation of the governmental departments in Washington, where all the plates relating to natural history have been examined and verified by Government experts. Altogether it will be seen, even from this incomplete enumeration of the special features of the encyclopædia, that it is likely to attain a very special place among those books of reference which not only possess a lasting value but which represent an historical tradition. Its editors have, in fact, profited alike by the merits and by the defects of the works which have preceded it, so that the results achieved embody at once the experience of the past and an intelligent conception of the requirements of the present.

A word should be said with regard to the contributors. In their selection of these, the general editors have very wisely refrained from seeking to give a meretricious importance to the book by assigning articles merely for the purpose of including in the list of contributors men whose names are very widely known. First of all, it was sought to ensure the very best possible treatment of the subjects by able men whose work should possess both freshness of treatment and scientific authority. The question of their relative conspicuousness in the public eye did not enter as a primary consideration. Nevertheless, it will be found, as a matter of fact, that the *New International* does number in the list of those who have made it, many who are eminent even from a purely popular point of view. The great universities of the country are all represented, and so are the scientific departments of the United States Government. Some of the most famous names i ncontemporary American literature are there, while art, invention, jurisprudence, and political life are likewise represented by those who have won distinction in these different fields of intellectual effort and æsthetic achievement. The appearance of the first volume of this very elaborate and extremely useful encyclopædia is, therefore, as we have already said, an event of undeniable and exceptional importance from every point of view.

ABSENT.

Thou art so far away, Beloved, so far,
The ocean lies between my place and thine,
And to my anxious heart it seems
A menace lies, a flaunting danger sign,
In every gleaming wave which luring leaps
About the sail that drives to farther side.
I may not touch thy hand nor search thine eyes
For look of love that there was wont to bide,
I may not serve thee nor in tender wise
Beguile thee, wearied, to refreshing rest;
Thou art beyond my reach, but sudden, swift,
My prayer, by way of Heaven, on loving quest
May go, and as a shield upon thine arm,
Be quickest, surest guard from earthly harm.

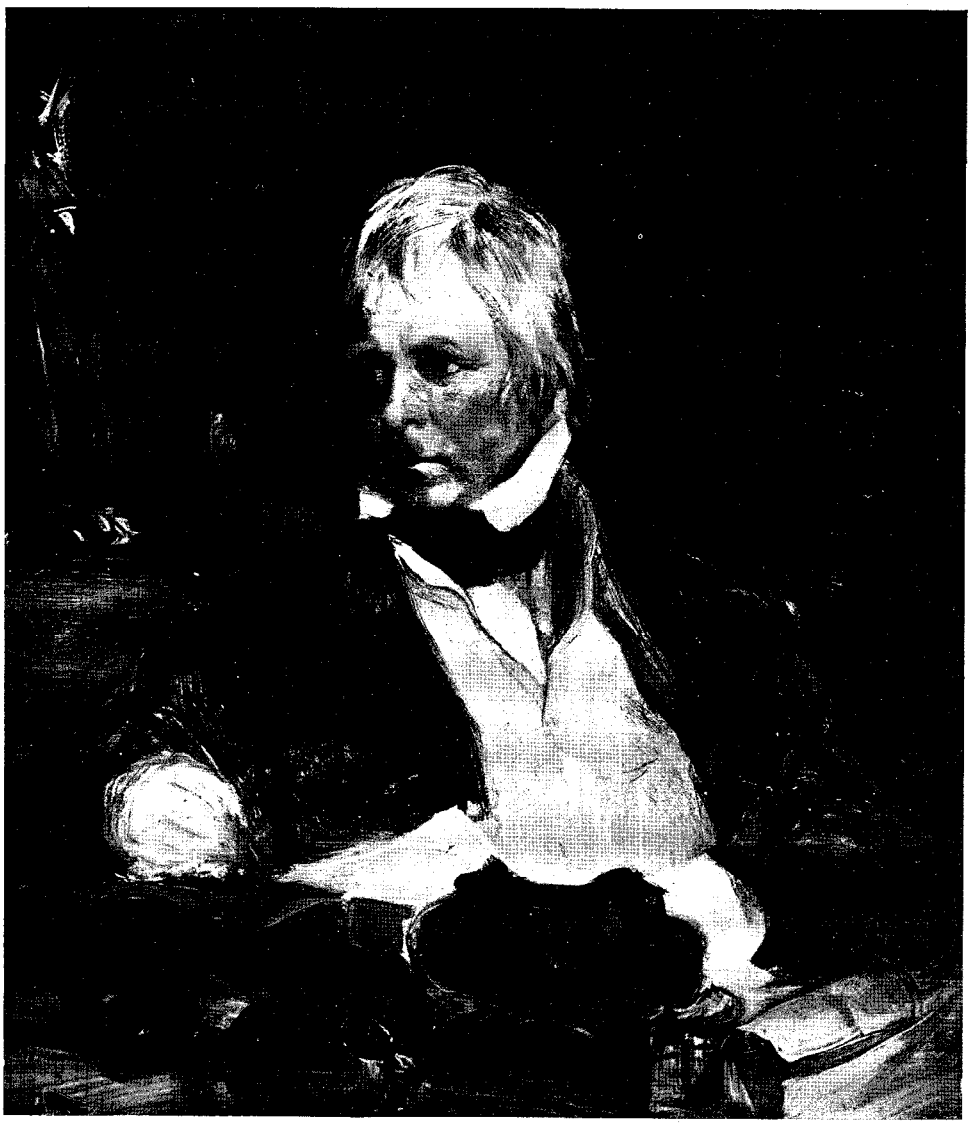
Annah Robinson Watson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAMATISATIONS OF SCOTT

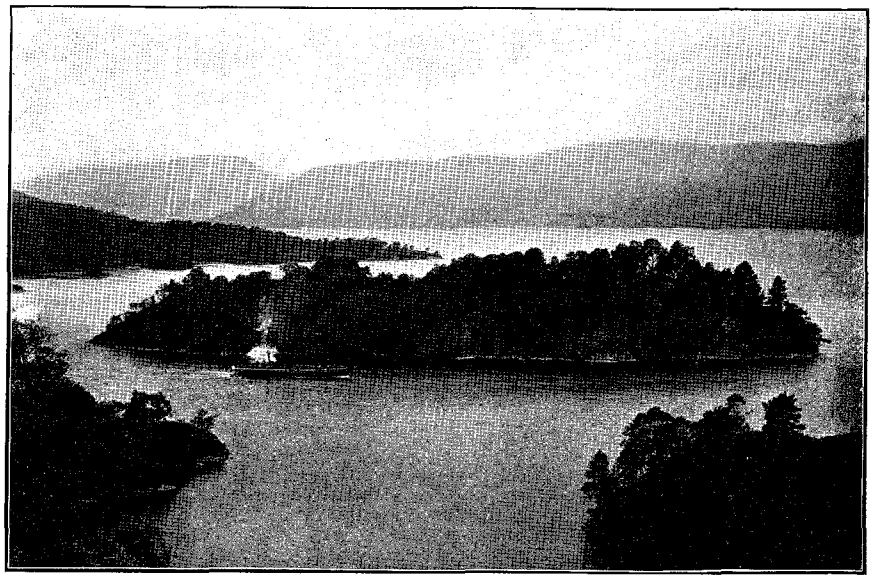
It is a question whether Charles Dickens or Sir Walter Scott, in the relative position of authors of dramatised novels, contributed more to the stage. Nearly all that these men wrote was seized upon by the dramatic hacks of their period. All except seven of Scott's romances were made over into plays, and the theatric appetite seized even upon two of his poems.

Scott loved the stage, though it did not engross him as it did Dickens and Bulwer. He made translations of plays from the German, *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *The House of Aspen;* and he composed four original plays: *The Doom of Devorgail, Halidon Hill, Auchindrane* and *Macduff's Cross.* I cannot find that any of them was produced, except the last. It was a one-act play in stirring



THE LANDSEER PAINTING OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.
In this painting even the most untrained eye will see the influence of Landseer's study of animals in his portraits of human beings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

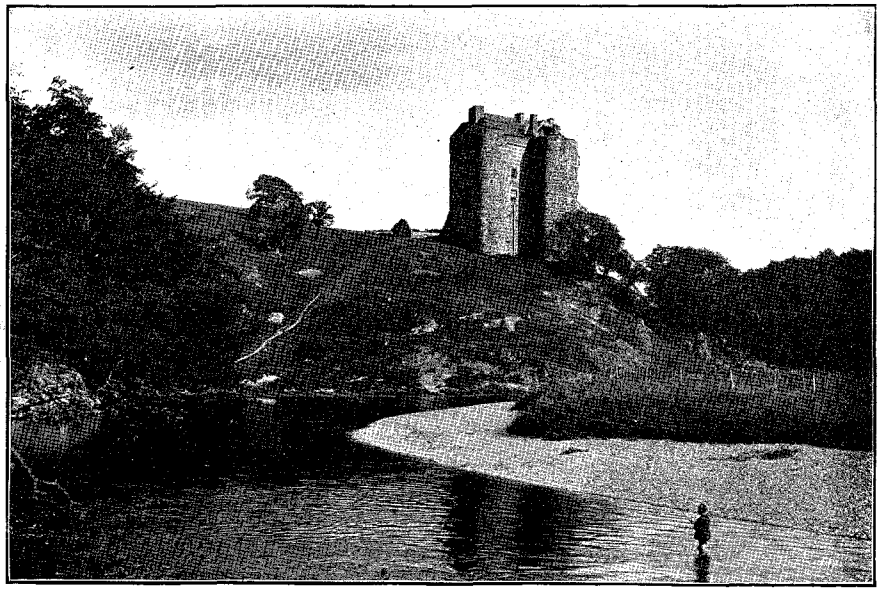


ELLEN'S ISLE, "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

blank verse, and was given at St. George's Hall, London, December 8, 1887. *Dramatic Notes* thus describes it:

The history is told of Maurice Berkeley claiming sanctuary at the foot of "Macduff's Cross"; he is pursued by Lindesay, who challenges him to combat for having years before killed the latter's brother. But a monk comes forward, who proves to be the supposed deceased, for, after recovering from his dangerous wound, he had entered the Abbey of Lindoes, and died to the world.

In another, and most interesting, way he testified his admiration for the gentlemen of the drama. We have it in the words of Charles Matthews, the celebrated comedian, and friend of both Scott and Dickens:



THE TWEED NEAR ABBOTSFORD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now I come to the crowning honour conferred by him upon the theatrical profession. On the establishment of the fund for the relief of decayed actors in Edinburgh, Sir Walter was asked to take the chair at the first dinner given in aid of the subscription list of the new charity; and here, in the presence of some three hundred gentlemen—here, at a meeting of poor actors, after twenty years of mystery—the Great Unknown, the Great Magician, the Wizard of the North, confessed his secret, and for the first time openly avowed himself the author of the Waverley Novels!

The ethics of dramatisation seem never to have troubled him. It might be supposed that his long-sustained incognito prevented a public protest, but there is no conspicuous evidence that I can find to indicate the fretful attitude of Dickens. He assisted Daniel Terry in some of the many dramatisations his friend made,

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AS MEG MERRILIES, "GUY MANNERING," ACT II., SCENE IV.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABBOTSFORD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even to the extent of writing verses for the songs in the musical pieces, and so quickly were his characters and his scenes transferred from his manuscript to the stage that he once complained laughingly: "I believe my Muse would be Terry-fied into treading the stage even if I wrote a sermon." It is amazing how quickly those playwrights metamorphosed Scott's text. Eyre made a poetic version of *The Lady of the Lake,* which he confesses was "arranged, written and copied in the short space of ten days." Dibdin confessed apologetically to having completed the acted *Kenilworth* in two days; and, in spite of his industry, another version saw the light first. Indeed, Dibdin made it a kind of boast that he could produce a dramatic version of any novel in something under forty-eight hours, says Cook, and his competitors did not require much more time in the concoction of their plays on the same subject.

My resources have supplied no hint of an early English dramatisation or production of *Marmion,* which was the first of Scott's poems to be published. It appeared in print in 1808. This was six years before *Waverley,* the first of the *Waverleys.* In America, however, the always alert management of the Park Theatre secured a dramatic version, called *Marmion; or, The Battle of Flodden Field.* This was produced April 13, 1812, probably the occasion of the first acquaintance the American stage had with Scott. The author was James Nelson Barker, a fact carefully concealed until after the first night. Speaking of this production, Oscar Wegelin says in his *Early American Plays* (Dunlop Society):

> From the prejudice then existing against American plays, it was announced as the production of an English author, Thomas Morton, "received with unbounded applause in London." It was enthusiastically received, and had a long lease of popularity.

Marmion was among William B. Wood's favourite plays, he having acted twelve of its various characters at different times. A notable revival was made at the end of February, 1846, at the Bowery Theatre "with equestrian accessories." If an untraced early English version existed, at least a more conspicuous attempt to put *Marmion* upon the stage of Scott's native land at a comparatively recent date was Robert Buchanan's five-act version, which was seen April 8, 1891, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

Kenilworth.

Varney. Nay, then, thus I rush on thee, and destroy thee and thy hopes for ever!

Act II. Scene 3.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	Covent Garden, 1821.	Drury Lane, 1834.	Drury Lane. 1837.
Earl of Leicester	Mr. Vandenhoff	Mr. Cooper	Mr. Cooper
Varney	Mr. Abbott	Mr. Younge	Mr. Warde
Lord Hunsdon	Mr. Norris	Mr. Thompson	
Earl of Sussex	Mr. George	Mr. Baker	Mr. Diddear
Lord Burleigh	Mr. Crumpton	Mr. Cathie	
Sir Walter Raleigh	Mr. Johnson	Mr. Brindal	Mr. Hooper
Tresilian	Mr. Connor	Mr. King	Mr. Brindal
Michael Lambourne	Mr. Comer	Mr. Harley	Mr. Bedford
Antony Foster	Mr. Farley	Mr. Mathews	Mr. Mathews
Giles Gosling	Mr. Barnes	Mr. G. Smith	Mr. Shuter
Goldthread	Mr. Heath	Mr. Hughes	Mr. Hughes
Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. Faucit	Mrs. Sloman	Miss Huddart
Amy	Mrs. Vining	Miss Phillips	Miss Taylor
Janet Foster	Mrs. T. Hill	Miss Kenneth	Mrs. Humby

Lords and Ladies, Yeomen of the Guard, Soldiers, &c.

COSTUME.

The Lady of the Lake had been produced in London at the Surrey Theatre two years before America's first view of Scotch drama. Here at the onset Thomas Dibdin comes into this record, and is as assiduous in dramatising Scott as Stirling was in making Dickens over for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stage. His version was cast in the metre of the original, using almost exclusively the text of the original poem. Another version done at this theatre preserved almost the identical text, but reduced the number of scenes, thus strengthening the unities. Only a little later Edmund John Eyre made quite a different version for the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, with more original matter. This theatre acknowledged the dramas founded on Scott as the national Scotch drama, and so proclaimed them. Its production here is a part of the history of each of them. One version of *The Lady of the Lake* acted here was known as *The Knight of Snowden.* It was at one time an occasional piece in the répertoire of many of American theatres, the rôle of Blanche of Devon being a favourite with the mother of Joseph Jefferson (fourth).

Waverley appeared in 1814, shrouded in the mystery of its authorship. It was dramatised, but seldom acted. The earliest American record of this play that I can find is a presentation at the New Bowery Theatre at the end of June, 1829. It was last acted in Great Britain, September 11, 1871, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

The very next book, *Guy Mannering,* proved the most dramatic of all Scott's works, and until the last ten years it has been almost continually on the stage. Several of the greatest dramatic careers are linked with the characters of Meg Merrilies and Dominie Sampson, and distinguished actors have from time to time illuminated nearly all the parts.

The Park Theatre was the scene of the first American production of *Guy Mannering,* September 18, 1816. It was revived occasionally without attracting unusual attention until, in the season of 1840-41, at this very same theatre it was reproduced to give an English actor a chance as Harry Bertram. Mrs. Chippendale was to have played Meg Merrilies, but she took sick during the day, and an actress doing "general utility business" was called upon, and was told she might read it on the boards if she could not commit it by night. But this woman did commit the part before night; and, though study, dress and interpretation were the inspiration of half a day, if not literally of the moment, she made a success which has remained among the fixed triumphs of theatrical history. She was Charlotte Cushman.

Of course she had appeared in other rôles in this play before. Indeed, her second rôle after she went on the stage was Lucy Bertram. Miss Stebbins gives Miss Cushman's own account of the experience of that famous night:

> "I had not thought I had done anything remarkable," she says; "and when the knock came at my dressing-room door, and I heard Braham's voice, my first thought was, now what have I done? He is surely displeased with me for something—for in those days I was only the utility actress, and had no prestige of position to carry me through. Imagine my gratification when Mr. Braham said: 'Miss Cushman, I have come to thank you for the most veritable sensation I have experienced for a long time. I give you my word, when I turned and saw you in that first scene I felt a chill run all over me. Where have you learned to do anything like that?'"

Vandenhoff called Meg "her great fortune-teller and fortune-maker." Those who saw her in her répertoire place her Nancy Sykes, Lady Macbeth and Meg Merrilies in a trinity above anything else she did, but they do not place Meg first.

About fourteen years ago Fanny Janauschek took up Meg's staff. The greatness of her conception received instant recognition, some critics even placing it above Cushman's. They are twin glories in dramatic history.

The part of Dominie Sampson has inspired some of the ablest comedians of the last century. Though Mr. Liston was the first to play the character, Jefferson II., the grandfather of our Joseph Jefferson, was seen in the part at Covent Garden during the first year of the play's life. Mr. Barnes first played the pedant in America, and it was afterward played by William E. Burton.

The year after *Guy Mannering* brought *The Antiquary.* Isaac Pocock prepared a stage version which was seen at Covent Garden. The public evidently did not take kindly to it, for it was withdrawn and not again put up. The next four years presented the most popular of the Great Unknown's novels. *Waverley* was a craze in 1820. The enterprising managers dragged out *The Antiquary* again to help sate the appetite. But Daniel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Terry was called in to redramatise the story. Of his work, Terry says in a modest preface:

> It became necessary that the Drama should be *compiled* anew;—any other term, where no claim is made upon invention, but where Plot, Incidents, Characters, and even the very Dialogue are already supplied by the Novelist, would be absurd:—the task of compressing Tales of three volumes into Plays of Three Acts, is one of merely technical and mechanical drudgery, which no one would willingly undertake who could do better things; and he who performs it must be content to resign the title of *Author*, for the humbler but juster appellation of *Compiler*.

The Antiquary was done at the Park, New York, May 17, 1822, and that seems to have finished its American career, for we do not hear of it again. There is another play, *The Antiquary*, which appears in Dodsley's *Old Plays;* and, though it was not from Scott, having been written nearly a century before the Scotch *Antiquary*, it was the work of one Marmion, Shakerley Marmion. The scene is laid in Pisa.

Old Mortality and *The Black Dwarf* were both written the same year as *The Antiquary*. Dibdin hurried the former onto the stage of the Surrey, and into a subsequent oblivion from which it seems never to have been recalled, except in the single instance of W. E. Suter's not more successful version, seen at Sadler's Wells, September 13, 1869. Of the dramatisation of *The Black Dwarf*, I can find no English record; but Ireland notes its presentation in New York on May 3, 1843, at the New Chatham.

Scott's next five books proved the most fruitful of dramatic material of any he wrote, saving *Guy Mannering*, which went before, and *Kenilworth*, which came after. During 1818-20 he published *Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian, The Bride of Lammermoor, The Legend of Montrose* and *Ivanhoe*.

The Park Theatre, June 8, 1818, was the scene of the first American production of *Rob Roy;* thus New York saw the play before Edinburgh. One of the most notable revivals of record is that of December 14, 1826, at the Chatham, when the cast included J. B. Booth as Rob Roy, H. Wallack as Rashleigh, Maywood as the Bailie, Mrs. Blake as Di Vernon, Mrs. Entwistle as Helen, and Mrs. Wallack as Mattie. Helen was a favourite rôle with Mrs. Duff, with Charlotte Cushman, who also played Madge Wildfire in *The Heart of Midlothian*, and with Madame Ponisi, who played it at Niblo's Garden as late as 1859.

Daniel Terry lost no time in transferring *The Heart of Midlothian* to the stage of Covent Garden, where it was seen April 17, 1819, with Macready as Robertson. Dibdin's version at the Surrey was far better. Just one month later it was given first in America at the Park; but it could scarcely have been the same version, for the casts seem to show different characters thrown into prominence. It was, of course, a play for actresses rather than actors. Effie, Jeanie and Madge were, as parts went then, great parts. Dion Boucicault later made a dramatisation of this book, the only occasion in which his name is linked with Scott in the capacity of adapter, and called his version *Effie Deans; or, The Heart of Midlothian.* It was produced at Laura Keene's Theatre, January 9, 1860, and enjoyed a run of fifty-four nights. Boucicault appeared as Counsel for Defence, Charles Wheatleigh as Counsel for the Crown, Charles Fisher as David Deans, Mark Smith as Argyle, Mr. Levick as Reuben Butler, Agnes Robertson as Jeanie Deans, and Laura Keene as Effie Deans.

The Bride of Lammermoor came next. It was first known on the stage by its original name, though its latest version was called *Ravenswood.* However, it is best known in the theatre by reason of the opera on this subject, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Donizetti. This work was first sung in America at the Park Theatre, November 17, 1845. There have been few dramatic versions of *The Legend of Montrose*, none important. One version was called *Montrose; or, Children of the Mist;* another used only the sub-title. The Park Theatre was the scene of the first American representation of this story, May 13, 1822.

The consideration which must have most affected playgoers of the period as the Waverley novels appeared was who would make the text over for the stage. Dibdin, Terry and Pocock were waiting,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Friar. You compel!—Wait till I have changed my gown, and, with this staff, if I don't ring twelve on thy pate, I'm neither clerk nor woodman!

Act II. Scene 2.

scissors and paste-pot at hand, eager for the fray. Tom Dibdin first accomplished the stage rendering of *Ivanhoe,* which came before the footlights fairly damp from the press. His play was presented at the Surrey, January 20, 1820; and March 2 following another version came out at Covent Garden. Where both plays are so artificial, and with no other means of judging, a comparison of the casts indicates that it would have been better to see the second production. It must have been a feast with Kemble as Ivanhoe, Macready as Sir Reginald, Mrs. Faucit as Ulrica, and Miss Foote as Rebecca. However, from Dibdin's account in his reminiscences, the pictorial display, especially of the tournament scene, must have been splendid. There was a third version of this novel at Drury Lane, running concurrently with the other two. it was called *The Hebrew.* A version called *The Maid of Judah* brought a notable opportunity to Mrs. Wood. Andrew Halliday made several of the later dramatisations of Scott's novels, among them *Ivanhoe,* which was given in 1870 at Drury Lane with Phelps as Isaac, the Jew of York, and Adelaide Neilson as Rebecca. The Anthony Street Theatre, New York, gave *Ivanhoe* first in America, June 19, the first year of its life. E. L. Davenport appeared as Ivanhoe in a celebrated revival at the Bowery Theatre in February, 1846, "with the accompaniment of a full equestrian corps, which rendered it one of the most brilliant spectacles yet seen."

Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote an important opera on Scott's *Ivanhoe,* which was produced December 15, 1888, at the dedication of the Royal English Opera House. Messrs. De Koven and Smith found the inspiration for their light opera, *Rob Roy,* in the Waverley novel. *Amy Robsart* and the story of *Kenilworth* were the inspiration of a grand opera by Isadore de Lara, first seen in London at Covent Garden, July 20, 1893. The story of *The Heart of Midlothian* was used for a pretentious opera in four acts, called *Jeanie Deans,* which was written by Joseph Bennett, composed by Hamish M'Cunn and produced at the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, February 22, 1872.

From the romantic and heroic nature of Scott's novels they adapted themselves

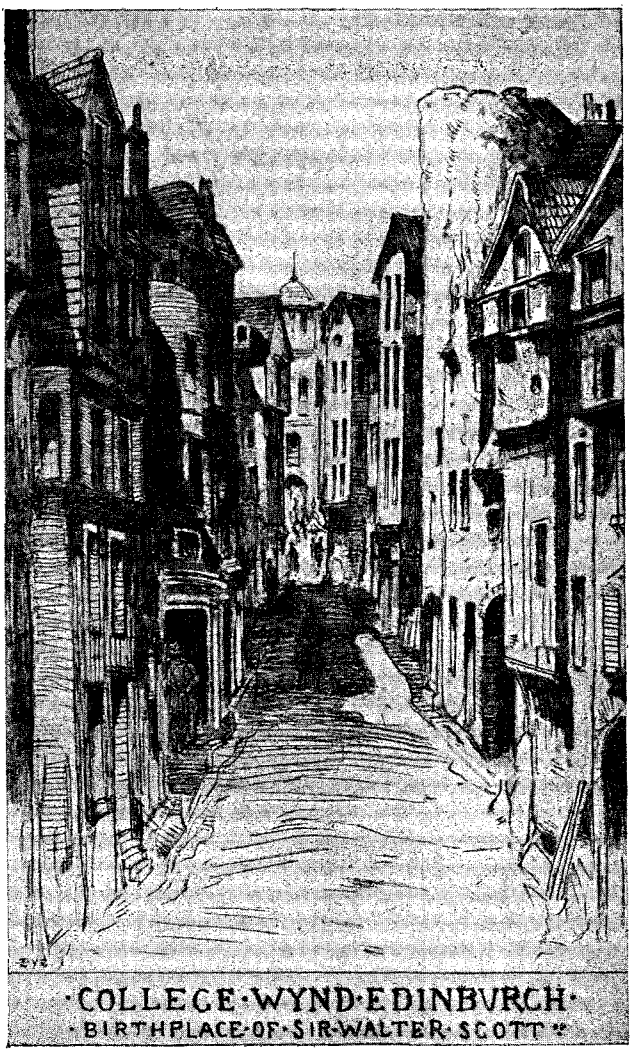
Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at the Surrey Theatre, January 20, 1820.

John, Prince of England		Mr. Clifford.
Pilgrim		Mr. Watkins
Lucas de Beaumanoir, Grand Master of the Templars		Mr. Fawcitt.
Prior Aymer		Mr. Adcock.
Cedric, a Nobleman of Saxon descent		Mr. Grant.
Unknown Knight		Mr. Ridgway.
Athelstane the Unready, a Knight of Saxon lineage		Mr. Andrews.
Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert	*Knights of Norman Origin.*	Mr. Bengough.
Sir Philip de Malvoisin		Mr. Copeland, jun.
Sir Reginald Frondebœuf		Mr. Cordell.
Sir Waldemar Fitzurse		Mr. Walker.
Sir Maurice de Bracy		Mr. Gordon.
Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, or Robin Hood, under the name of Locksley	*Outlaws.*	Mr. Payne.
Friar Tuck		Mr. W. S. Chatterley.
Midge the Miller		Mr. Leonard.
Isaac of York, a Jew		Mr. Huntley.
Wamba, Fool	*To Cedric*	Mr. Fitzwilliam.
Gurth, Vassal		Mr. Wyatt.
Oswald, Chamberlain		Mr. Brunton.
Marshal of the Tournament, and Damien		Mr. Frith.
Reuben		Mr. Drewell.
Warden		Mr. Jonas.
Lady Rowena, a Princess of Saxon Descent, and Ward of Cedric		Mrs. W. S. Chatterley.
Rebecca, Daughter of Isaac		Miss Taylor.
Ulrica, a Wild Saxon Woman		Mrs. Brooks.
Elgiva, Attendant on Rowena		Miss Bence.

Knights, Outlaws, Officers, Saracens, Ladies, Nuns, &c.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



more readily to opera than did Dickens's novels. But for the same reason they were oftener burlesqued, for it is easier to make fun of romance and heroism than of the essence of humour itself. There have been many burlesques of Scott's stories.

Joseph Jefferson once played Sir Brian in a burlesque of *Ivanhoe,* prepared by the Brough brothers, and Henry J. Byron was the author of a facetious extravaganza, *Ivanhoe,* "in accordance with the spirit of the times," given during the Christmas holidays, 1862, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool. Stuart and Boucicault presented a burlesque on the same subject at the Winter Garden, March 5, 1860, with Mrs. Wood in the principal rôle. F. C. Burnand, of *Punch,* wrote a burlesque of *Rob Roy,* entitled *Robbing Roy; Scotched not Kilt,* which was performed at the Gaiety, November 11, 1879. There was first performed at the Prince of Wales Theatre, September 25, 1865, a burlesque, by Henry J. Byron, entitled *Lucia di Lammermoor; or, The Laird, the Lady and the Lover,* "founded on Donizetti's popular opera, and, consequently, very unlike the romance." *Kenilworth* had already been burlesqued in one act a few years before at the Strand in 1858, by Andrew Halliday and Frederic Lawrance. These are but a few of the frequent comic versions of the romances. They were rather punny than funny.

Paul Wilstach.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NATIONAL ANGLE

People who think we are, as a nation, no longer sensitive to criticism, should follow the comments on Professor Münsterberg's *American Traits,* a little volume of essays dealing with our faults of character in an entertaining way. It is written, the author tells us, "from a German point of view," though there was not the least need of his mentioning it, and it is not what you would call a serious contribution to political science, but is, perhaps, the better reading on that account. Like most of these comparative race studies, it draws its material mainly from the writer's patriotic heart. He likes his own land better, and emphatically tells us why, as if anybody could not give reasons for a thing like that. It is matter for toasts, poems, flag-raisings, and *hochs*—a sheer animal preference for one's own; yet critics have taken it as seriously as if it were an attempt in pure philosophy. They blame him for not having a judicial mind; though why an expatriated gentleman, terribly homesick, no doubt, should be expected to have one, it is not easy to make out. Yet they argue it out with him painfully, as if there were some logical process for rebutting his German blood. We are still very touchy, and these comparisons of foreigners do still most unaccountably flutter us, and there is invariably a little chorus of *tu quoques* and a sort of patriotic huff and a long ingenuous wrangle over things no more debatable than a taste in wives and children. No visitor can take notes on us, even now, without starting one of these queer controversies, and (self-esteem being the most voluble of the emotions), there is no small amount of printed matter taken up with them first and last. Great masses of mankind are weighed one against the other, as in the hand of Allah, and "these to Heaven and I care not, and those to Hell and I care not;" and the nativity of the umpire determines which is which. German ideals, says Professor Münsterberg, without the least tremour of indecision, are higher than American ideals; to which an American writer retorts excitedly, "But you must admit in common fairness that American ideals are broader at the base." No one knows what they mean exactly, or how they found it out. But we all do know where their hearts are—honest folk, perched each on his national angle and crowing with all his might. Not to say a word against the national angle. *Præter omnes angulus ridet*—or ought to, whosoever it is. But why this solemn show of reasons for things that were bred in the bone?

It is a most beatific bias, and a man ought to be proud of it; and for our part, were we ever to embark in such a controversy, we should go in singing the battle-cry of freedom, knowing perfectly well we could never be quite fair-minded toward other people's fatherlands, no matter how hard we tried. Nor would we disguise the fisticuffs of self-vindication under any show of comparative philosophy; and in reply to the man who sized up our country in a sentence, we should dispose of Germany in four scorching words—that is, if we did anything about it at all, which, on second thoughts, is doubtful. There may be philosophers who fish all their patriotism out of comparative statistics; but it is not the usual way, and most of our foreign observers bring their conclusions with them as part of their racial physique. So it was with Professor Münsterberg, whose mind sweeps all history and forms of government and spans two continents in a flash. His book is a series of lover's comparisons, and we are the other girls. Very telling comparisons, some of them. "Whenever a genius is needed, democracy appoints a committee," says he. *Ach Gott!* the land where geniuses are as common as committees. *Liebt' Heimat land; leibt' Heimat land!*

Were the writings on America stripped of all national prejudices and personal whims, they would be about as lively as a school atlas; and for all our anger at Dickens fifty years ago, we know if he had written fairly we should not have read him at all. A man cannot always be in a battle mood about his country. There is some fun to be had at her expense. The heights of oratorical tradition are not for every-day use, though we can climb up to them after dinner when there is a big enough crowd. They are chiefly for the people who have some vested interest in bombast, and it often happens that the grandest public tributes are saluted with private grins. Foreigners never make allowance for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great, fatuous platform-change that comes over certain of our people whenever they rise to speak. "Build, build," said a Western Senator some months ago; build and expand and plant the flag on all the archipelagoes and seize all the canals in this hemisphere and turn the Pacific Ocean into an American lake. "This," he concluded, "is not enthusiasm; it is geography." Being used to the thing, we know, of course, it was neither. but the mere chest notes of a Senator, a harmless, hyperbolical Senator, in a mood of the utmost publicity, in a pause of his private faculties, trying his best to please. "We must be cracked up, sir," said Mr. Hannibal Chollop, "this country must be cracked up," and Senators still live in the Chollop tradition. Nor is Mr. Chollop the only type in *Martin Chuzzlewit* that recent speeches recall. Neither General Choke nor the Hon. Lafayette Kettle could have outdone that speech in Congress a few weeks since with its reference to the German prince as "that little Dutchman," and to the "truckle-ency" of foreign courts. It was the very language of Dickens's burlesque Americans. Foreigners judge us by it—all of us. "We have heard," says our latest observer, "through the whole scale, from the editorials of the yellow press to the orations of leading Senators, the voice of that aggressive temper which waits for an opportunity to show American superiority to the world by battles and not by arbitration." He notes among our characteristics "a bumptious oratory, a flippant superficiality of style, a lack of æsthetic refinement . . . a constant exploitation on the part of immature young men with loud newspaper voices," and so forth. And he bears down on it all with argument, page after page of it, to prove that Columbia is not really the gem of the ocean and the only land of the free. It is like rebuking a brass band. That is the way with foreigners. They are forever trying to knock the wind out of the national superlative—a thing that the gods could not do.

Thence come these absurd discussions with a class of people that the rest of us know better than ever to reason with. Private thinking seldom takes this line. One's personal friends neither talk like editorials nor feel like Senators, and one may travel all day long without meeting the "typical" American who figures in the books. Foreigners do not realise that the great liturgy of buncombe stops at the private door, and that even its high priests are none too serious about it after the reporters go. We see the flag too often to be stirred by every flap of it, and we meet too many fellow-citizens to be sentimental about them all, and the Pilgrim Fathers are rarely mentioned, and the guns of Manila never boom in private conversation, and nobody congratulates you on freedom of worship, trial by jury, or the mounting exports of steel, and you go to sleep without dreaming of island empires, and you wake up without disparaging Germany. These awful burdens are borne only by public characters aiming at the lowest wit of the greatest number, as practical statesmen will, and undershooting it often, we are bound to say. Publicity exacts of them a show of more emotion than they ever privately feel. They must keep their love of country at honeymoon heat, poor things! And never was a land so complimented down to the last detail. Hosanna to the American potato! it is forging ahead each year. Yet it is wasteful to write a serious book against it, for the people who would be likely to read it do not need the reproof. And it is a great mistake to rouse those tedious patriots who let drive at the writer's country in revenge. And, finally, how do the pundits in race traits manage to gather so quickly the souls of all the peoples in the hollow of their hands, and why is it that the conclusions of such detached philosophers invariably follow the flag? It is a whimsical sort of writing, the more whimsical the better, and ought never to be measured by its approach to absolute truth.

F. M. Colby.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BALLADE OF PROTEST

(*To the Address of Master Rudyard Kipling, Poetaster.*)

For long, unjoyed, we've heard you sing
  Of politics and army bills,
Of money-lust and cricketing,
  Of clothes and fear and other ills;
  Meanwhile the palm-trees and the Hills
Have lacked a bard to voice their lay;
  Poet, ere time your lyre-string stills,
Sing us again of Mandalay!

Unsung the East lies glimmering,
  Unsung the palm-trees toss their frills,
Unsung the seas their splendours fling,
  The while you prate of laws and tills.
  Each man his destiny fulfils:
Can it be yours to loose and stray;
  In sophist garb to waste your quills?—
Sing us again of Mandalay!

Sing us again in rhymes that ring,
  In Master-Voice that lives and thrills;
Sing us again of wind and wing,
  Of temple bells and jungle trills:
  And if your Pegasus ever wills
To lead you down some other way,
  Go bind him in his olden thills—
Sing us again of Mandalay!

Master, regard the plaint we bring,
  And hearken to the prayer we pray;
Lay down your law and sermoning—
  Sing us again of Mandalay!

Henry Louis Mencken.

A FABLE FOR BEGINNERS

(*With Apologies to Miss Carolyn Wells and Miss Josephine D. Daskam.*)

There was once a Young Woman who had Literary Aspirations, in consequence of which she wrote Stories, Long Ones and Short Ones. And she sent these Stories Here and There, To and Fro. But so often as they went To, bulky with Hope and Return Postage, so often they came Fro accompanied with Circulars, Various in their Polite Expression of the Regrets of the Editor Men. So great grew the Number of these Circulars that the Young Woman with Literary Aspirations conceived a Plan for Papering with them A Room for the Encouragement of Young Authors, what time she should become a Successful Author, able to indulge in Eccentricity and rich enough to afford to Encourage Competition.

But one day there came back from the Amiable Mentor a Manuscript accompanied by an Autograph Letter from the Editor, which Letter Much Puzzled the Young Woman. It was written with a Pen, and unlike the Circulatory Material

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heretofore received, it said That Her Work was Uncommonly Good, that It Showed Genius, That They had kept it Long, Hoping to find a place for it, but Regretted that they Could Not.

At first the Young Woman felt a Thrill of Pride, and she showed the Letter to Admiring Friends, who told her that the Future Was Assured, and that this Letter Was Better Than An Acceptance. And the Young Woman Began to Think that it was Even So; she was Set up and Went about with Her Nose In the Air, Looking Down upon People Who had received only Typewritten Circulars. But One Fatal Day she showed the Letter to a Wise Friend. The Wise Friend looked first Grave, then Gay, and he spoke thus: "My Dear, you have here an exemplification of the Proverb, 'A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath, but Fine Words Butter No Parsnips.'"

Wilmetta Curtis.

ARTISTIC, LITERARY, AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES

BY J. HENRY HAGER. WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.

II.

It must not be imagined that there existed in London any one circle, or "set," where every one at all distinguished in music, literature or art could be found. On the contrary, owing to the great size of the metropolis, jealousies, more or less petty *(Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?)*, and for various other reasons, literary

AN ARTIST'S SOIRÉE AT THE HOGARTH CLUB, LONDON, 1878.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and artistic society was, and is, divided into innumerable cliques. Still, a stranger might gain a very fair idea of English men and women of letters by frequenting the receptions of Lady Duffus Hardy and Hepworth Dixon; and of British artists by having his name placed on the visiting-list at Townsend House, Regent's Park, the residence of Alma (now Sir Laurence) Tadema, who, Londoners claim, is the "double" of President Roosevelt.

Lady Hardy dispensed a generous hospitality at her house in Maida Vale. Her husband was Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records. He was a man of many accomplishments, an expert linguist, and a charming talker. Lady Hardy wrote several novels, and her daughter, Iza, the only member of the family now living, followed her example. Indeed, so meritorious has her work in this direction been considered, that she enjoys a Crown annuity of £200 a year.

At Tadema's Tuesday-night gatherings were sure to be found not only many of the risen stars in the firmament of art, but those lesser luminaries that were just appearing above the horizon, Sir Laurence being most generous to the younger members of the guild. Himself a sturdy Dutchman, he had married one of the charming daughters of the manufacturer of Epps's Cocoa, while Edmund Gosse had wed the other. The sobriquet "Grateful and Comforting" (used in the advertisements in describing that beverage), which Society had insisted on giving them, followed the sisters into married life. Owing to his achievements as an artist, Tadema's was naturally one of the art centres of London, and the visitor was not surprised at meeting there nearly all the leading wielders of the brush and pencil. Let me recall some of those whose fame, although clever artists, is less *répandue* on this side of the Atlantic:

Val Prinsep, rich, talented, popular, would have been chosen president of the Royal Academy, as Leighton's successor, had not Sir Edward John Pointer, the rival candidate, had in his favour the influence of the Royal Family, owing to his having taught the Princess Louise.

Poor Frank Holl, R.A., whose epitaph might truthfully have been written "Worked to Death," and who died at the early age of forty-three with a reputation as a portrait painter second to none; S. Luke Fildes, who had made already a name as a worker in black-and-white, standing as he did at the head of the book-illustrators, and was about to prove his superiority as an artist in oils; and W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., both sailor and painter, choosing to depict river or seaside life, being attracted chiefly by the hurry and bustle of the Thames and the Tyne, what time he was not depicting Dutch scenes and skies, must not be forgotten. In 1877, when scarcely thirty-three, Fildes built a home in Melbury Road, Kensington—that "posy of artists' dwellings" where he was surrounded by his fellow Academicians—Leighton, Watts, Colin Hunter, Val Prinsep, W. H. Thornycroft, Marcus Stone and Sir William B. Richmond.

Valentine Bromley was the victim of accident. An admirable artist, an Adonis in all physical attributes, married to a charming woman, and idolised by his friends, whose name was legion, he seemed to possess everything necessary to make life "one grand, sweet song." But the fates decreed that this was too much felicity for one poor mortal to enjoy *ici bas,* and so his wife, who was the daughter of the Scotch art critic, Forbes Robertson, and a sister of the London actor and manager of that name, was smitten with smallpox. They had been married but a brief period. She was removed from their residence for better care and treatment. When convalescent she was brought home, but, as it seems, while there was still danger of contagion. Her husband caught the disease, which, taking on its most malignant form, soon proved fatal. So loathsome was the corpse of this idolised young man, that it had to be removed for burial in the middle of the night.

George Henry Boughton has been referred to so often as an American, and classified with American artists who have taken up their residence in England, that the public are apt to lose sight of his English birth. As a matter of fact, he has not resided in this country, where he was brought as a child, since he was twenty. He was born in Norfolk. During his long novitiate as an A.R.A. (he was not elected an R.A. until 1896), he was the gracious and useful friend of all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American artists, who regarded him as in some sort a fellow-countryman. Rather tall, thin, with a grey moustache and a kindly smile, Boughton was ever ready to give aid and advice to young men, for whose benefit he drew largely from his varied experience.

As prominent members of the Savage Club, and ideal types of the Bohemian artist, Alfred H. Tourier and A. B. Houghton must be given exceptional prominence. Both enjoyed an enviable reputation through their achievements in the field of Painting, but both were sworn foes of the ordinary conventions of Society and the "starchiness" of certain art circles. Their career on Hampstead Heath may be taken as a case in point. Having rented an abandoned Jewish synagogue as a studio and for living purposes, in that charming spot, near the residence of Du Maurier and the homes of several other well-known artists, these irrepressible Bohemians set to work, sketches being finished, to "loaf and invite" their souls in so boisterous a manner, turning day into night and night into day, that a universal wail of despair and disgust went up from the entire neighbourhood and the landlord was forced to give his too vivacious tenants notice. On the front of the building they had painted in enormous letters the misquotation, more conspicuous than reverent: "Man cannot live by bread alone!" It was intended in this way to arrest the attention of the passing Hebrew picture-dealers, to whom, as being ignorant of the New Testament, they argued, it should appeal with all the force of novelty when the latter failed to buy with the alacrity that artists appreciate.

Houghton was sent to America by the London *Graphic* to make sketches of the country and the people for that journal; but his work, although commendable from an artistic point of view, was so unfriendly to "the States" that the *Graphic* was compelled to recall the artist and suspend the publication of his drawings.

In the neighbourhood of the British Museum a little colony of workers in oils and in black-and-white had their studios, that of Arthur Lumley of New York, fronting on Great Russell Street, on which the Museum is situated. Mr. Lumley resided eight years in London, and his work on the *Illustrated News* and *Graphic,* besides his essays in oils, brought him not only many encomiums, but the support and friendship of some of the leading artists of the day. He was a member of the Arts, the Langham, the Hogarth, the Savage and other clubs. He was a frequent visitor both at Lady Hardy's receptions and at Townsend House, and his candidature at the clubs named was endorsed by such men of light and leading as George H. Boughton, Alma Tadema, Charles Keene, Hubert Herkomer, Sir James D. Linton, President of the Royal Institute of Painters, Henry Blackburn, the art critic, Fred Barnard and others.

A near neighbour of Mr. Lumley was the lamented Randolph Caldicott, whose brilliant career came to an untimely close while on a visit to this country. He was one of the London *Graphic's* most clever illustrators, and his work on that journal and in the literature of the day had achieved for him a very high rank. Modest and genial, with a great future before him, he was stricken down at the comparatively early age of forty. Another *Graphic* man, and an excellent all-round artist, was the Frenchman, Godfrey Durand, who returned subsequently to Paris, where he died. Miss Louise Starr, a portrait painter of more than ordinary ability, worked not far away. Her father was an American, and her mother was an Englishwoman. She still exhibits at the Royal Academy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spenser's Faerie Queen

Book I. Canto XI.

Stanzas VIII. to XV.

VIII.

By this the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountain doth the valley overcaste.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible and vaste.

IX.

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; he might his corse bee harmd
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XI.

His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred foldes,
  Does overspread his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,
  And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
  It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
  And at the point two stings in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII.

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
  That sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
  What ever things does touch his ravenous pawes,
  Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
  Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

* * * * *

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
  Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
  Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
  With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
  But far within, as in a hollow glade,
  Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull shade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
  Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
  As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
  As chaufted Bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
  That made the Redcross knight nigh quake for feare,
  As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET—AN INTERVIEW WITH A GHOSTLY VISITOR

(From the French of Anatole France.)

In the silence of the night I had been writing, writing for a long time. Reflecting on my table the light of the lamp, the shade left in the shadow the books piled row upon row on the four walls of the study. The dying fire sowed its last rubies in the cinders. The acrid fumes of tobacco made the air heavy; before me, in a bowl, on a pile of cinders, a last cigarette sent upward its thin blue smoke. And the darkness of the room was mysterious, because the spirit of all the sleeping volumes made itself dimly perceptible. My pen was dozing between my fingers and I was thinking of things most ancient, when from the smoke of my cigarette—as from vapours of a magic herb—stepped forth a weird personage. His hair was curly, his eyes large and shiny, his nose hooked, his lips thick, his beard black—curled in the Assyrian style, his skin was a clear bronze, an expression of cunning and cruel sensuality was printed on his face, the squatness of his body and the richness of his garments denoted one of those Asiatics called barbarians by the Greeks. His headgear was a blue turban in the form of a fish's head, sprinkled with stars. He wore a purple robe, embroidered with animals, and held in one hand an oar and in the other tablets. I was not embarrassed at the sight of him. That ghosts should appear in a library, what could be more natural? Where would the shades of the dead show themselves if not in the midst of those things which call them to remembrance? I invited the stranger to be seated. He would not do so, however.

"Let me be;" he said to me, "and act as if I were not here, I beg of you. I came to see what you were writing on that paper. It gives me pleasure; not that I care in the least about the ideas you may express. But the characters that you are tracing interest me immensely. In spite of the alterations which they have undergone during twenty-eight centuries of use, the letters formed by your pen are not in the least unknown to me. I recognise that *B*, which in my time was called *beth*, that is to say, *house*. Here is the *L*, that we named *lamed*, because it was in the form of a spur. That *G* comes from our *gimel*, like the neck of a camel, and that *A* was drawn from our *aleph*—a bull's head. As to the *D* that I see there, it would represent as faithfully as the *daleth*, from which it derives its existence, the triangular opening to a tent erected on the sandy desert, if from current use you had not rounded the outline of that mark of ancient and nomadic life. You have altered the *daleth* as well as all the other letters of my alphabet. But I do not reproach you for it. It was in order to acquire greater speed. Time is precious. Time is powdered gold, elephants' teeth, and ostrich feathers. Life is short. It is necessary, without losing a moment, to trade and navigate so as to gain riches to grow old and happy and respected."

"Sir," I said to him, "from your appearance, as well as your speech, I perceive you to be an ancient Phœnician."

He answered quite naturally, "I am Cadmus, the shade of Cadmus."

"In that case," I replied, "you never really existed. You are mythical and allegorical. For it is impossible to give credence to all that the Greeks have said about you. They contend that you killed by the fountain of Ares a dragon whose jaws emitted flame, and that having pulled the teeth of this monster you sowed them in the ground, where they were changed into men. These are tales, and you yourself, sir, are a fable-character."

"That I should have become so in the course of ages may well be; and that those big children that you call the Greeks have joined fables to my memory I believe, but I care nothing about that. I never worried about what would be thought of me after my death; my fears and hopes never went beyond the life which one enjoys on this earth, and which is the only kind I know of even now. For I do not call it living to float vainly as a shade in the dust of libraries, and to appear vaguely to M. Ernest Renan or to M. Philippe Berger. And this ghostly existence seems to me all the more painful that when I existed my life was of a most full and active sort. I did not amuse myself by sowing in the Bœotian fields the teeth of a serpent, unless its teeth were the hatred and envy that was born in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

souls of the fathers of Cythera owing to my riches and power. I have piloted all my life. In my black vessel, which bore on its bow a red and monstrous dwarf, guardian of my treasures, watching the seven Cabeiri who sail in the air in their sparkling bark, finding my way by that immovable star which the Greeks in consequence named after me the Phœnician, I have furrowed all seas and touched all rivers. I went to get gold from Colchis, steel from Chalybes, pearls from Ophir, silver from Tartessus. In Turdetania I got iron, lead, cinnabar, honey, wax and rosin, and reaching the limits of the world I ran through the fogs of the ocean as far as the dismal island of the Britons, whence I returned, old, grey-haired, rich from the tin that the Egyptians, Greeks and the inhabitants of Italy bought of me for its weight in gold. The Mediterranean was then my lake. I founded along its shores, still savage, hundreds of settlements, and that famous Thebes was but a citadel where I kept gold. I found in Greece savages armed with stag-horns and stone hatchets. I gave them bronze, and it is through me that they learned all the arts."

One felt in his looks and in his words a hardness that wounded, and I replied without kindness:

"Oh! you were an active and intelligent trader. But you had no scruples, and you acted on occasion like a very pirate. When you landed on the shores of Greece or some island, you took care to spread out by the water-side rich stuffs; and if the girls of the shore, led by an overpowering attraction, came alone, unknown to their parents, to gaze at the longed-for things, your sailors seized those maidens, who screamed and wept in vain, and threw them bound and shuddering in the bottom of your vessels in the care of the red dwarf. Did you not thus, you and yours, steal young Io, the daughter of King Inachus, in order to sell her in Egypt?"

"It is very probable. That King Inachus was the chief of a little savage tribe. His daughter was white, with pure and delicate features. The relations between savages and civilised mankind have been the same for all ages."

"That is true, but you Phœnicians have committed unheard-of thefts in the world. They did not fear to rob the sarcophagi and to despoil the Egyptian subterranean burial grounds to enrich their cemeteries of Gibal."

"In good faith, sir, are those the kind of reproaches to make to a very ancient man, of whom Sophocles already called the antique Cadmus? We have scarcely been conversing five minutes in your study, and you quite forget that I am your senior by twenty-eight centuries. You see in me, dear sir, an old Canaanite, whom you must not wrangle with about a few cases of mummies, and one or two daughters of savages stolen in Egypt or in Greece. Admire rather the strength of my intelligence and the beauty of my industry. I spoke to you of my sea-trips. I could show you my caravans going to fetch from Yemen incense and myrrh, from El Harran gems and spices, and from Ethiopia ivory and ebony. But my activity did not limit itself simply to trade and barter. I was a skilled manufacturer when the world around me slept in barbarism. Metallist, dyer, glassmaker, jeweller, I showed a genius in those arts of fire so marvellous that it seemed magical. Look at the bowls I have chiselled, and admire the delicate taste of the old gem-maker of Canaan! And I was not less clever in agricultural pursuits. Out of that narrow strip of land hemmed in between Lebanon and the sea I made a delightful garden. The cisterns that I dug are still to be found. One of your masters has said, 'Only mankind in Canaan could build presses for eternity.' Know old Cadmus better. I caused all the nations along the Mediterranean to pass from the stone age to that of bronze. I taught your Greeks the principles of all the arts. In exchange for wheat, wine, and the skins of beasts which they brought to me, I gave them bowls in which the doves kissed each other, and earthen figurines which they have since copied and arranged according to their taste. Finally I gave them an alphabet, without which they could neither have made permanent nor clear those ideas of their which you admire. That is what old Cadmus has done. He did it not from charity of the human race nor from a desire of vainglory, but from love of lucre and with an eye to a tangible and certain profit. He did it to enrich himself, and with a wish to drink wine in his old age out of gold bowls on a silver table, in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

midst of white women dancing voluptuous dances and playing the harp. For old Cadmus believes in neither goodness nor virtue. He knows that mankind is bad, and that more powerful than mankind—the gods—are worse. He fears them; he tries to appease them by bloody sacrifices. He does not like them in the least. He likes only himself. I paint myself as I am. But consider that if I had not sought the violent pleasures of the senses, I should not have worked to grow rich. I should not have invented the arts which still give you pleasure at the present time. And then finally, dear sir, not having had sufficient wit to become a business man, you are a scribe and write after the fashion of the Greeks. You ought to honour me as an equal of a god, I to whom you owe the alphabet. I am the inventor of it. Naturally I only created it for the usefulness in my business and without foreseeing at all the usage that later literary nations would put it to. I had to have a system of notation that was simple and rapid. I would willingly have taken it from my neighbours, having the habit of taking everything that suited me from them. I do not pride myself on originality; my language is that of the Semites; my sculpture is somewhat Egyptian and somewhat Babylonian. If I had known of any good writing about me, I should not have taken the trouble to make an invention of that kind. But neither the hieroglyphics of the people that you nowadays call Hittites or Hetæri, nor the sacred writing of the Egyptians fitted my wants. Those were complicated and slow writings, more suited to be spread out on walls of temples and on tombs than to be compressed on the tablets of a trader. Even shortened and cursive, the writing of Egyptian scribes still kept as in its first attempt, heaviness, intricacy and indecision. The entire system was bad. Hieroglyphics simplified still remained hieroglyphics, that is to say, a thing that was terribly confusing. You know how the Egyptians mixed in with their hieroglyphics—whether complete or abbreviated—signs representing ideas to signs representing sounds. By a stroke of genius, I took twenty-two of those innumerable signs and I made of them the twenty-two letters of my alphabet. Letters—that is to say, signs—each corresponding to but one sound, and furnishing by their joining a prompt and easy means of faithfully painting all sounds! Was it not ingenious?"

"Yes, certainly it was ingenious, and still more than you think. And we owe you an invaluable present. For without the alphabet there could be no exact recording of talk, no style, no starting a delicate train of ideas, no abstract thought, no subtle philosophic thought. It would be as absurd to imagine Pascal writing the *Provinciales* in cuneiform characters as to believe that the Zeus of Olympia had been sculptured on a seal. Invented in order to keep commercial books, the Phœnician alphabet has become the world over the necessary and perfect instrument of thought, and the history of its transformations is intimately bound up in that of the development of the human intelligence. Your invention is infinitely beautiful and precious, though still imperfect. For you did not think of the vowels, and it was the ingenious Greeks who found them. Their share in the world was to bring everything to perfection."

"The vowels—I will tell you—I have always had the bad habit of slurring and mixing them up. Perhaps you perceived it this evening; old Cadmus speaks a little from the throat."

"I forgive him. I would almost forgive him the rape of the maiden Io, since, after all, her father Inachus was only the chief of savages, carrying as sceptre a stag's horn carved with the end of a piece of flint. I would even forgive him for having taught the poor virtuous Bœotians the phrenetic dances of the Bacchantes. I would forgive him all for having given to Greece and to the world the most precious of talismans, the twenty-two letters of the Phœnician alphabet. From those twenty-two letters all the alphabets of the universe have been drawn. There is no thought on this earth that they do not put down and preserve. From your alphabet, divine Cadmus, came the Greek and Italian writings, which gave birth to all the European writings. From your alphabet again came all the Semitic writings from the Aramian and Hebrew to the Syrian and Arabian. And this same Phœnician alphabet is the father of the Hyiniarite and Ethiopian alphabets and of all the al

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phabets of the centre of Asia, Avestan and Pali, and even the Indian alphabet, which gave birth to Sanskrit and to all the alphabets of Southern Asia. What luck! What universal success! There is not at this moment on the face of the earth a single writing which is not derived from Canaanite writing. Whoever in this world writes one word is a debtor of the old Canaanite merchants. At that thought I am tempted to do you the greatest honours, Sire Cadmus, and I do not know how to acknowledge the favour you have done me in passing a short hour of the night in my study—you, Baal Cadmus, inventor of the alphabet."

"My dear sir, calm your enthusiasm. I am fairly satisfied with my little invention. But my visit need not flatter you particularly. I am bored to death since, having become a vain shadow, I no longer sell either steel or powdered gold, or elephants' teeth, and on this earth where Mr. Stanley follows from afar my example, I am reduced from time to time to converse with a few savants or curious people who are willing to take an interest in me. I think I hear the cock crow. Farewell and try to get rich; the only good in this world is riches and power."

Thus he said and disappeared. My fire was out, the sharpness of the night began to take hold of me, and I had a very bad headache.

Edith V. B. Matthews.

---

*THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES**

The New York Evening Newspapers.

I.

NEW YORK IN 1800—JOURNALISM FOLLOWING THE REVOLUTION—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER"—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "EVENING POST"—ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND WILLIAM COLEMAN.

Whenever the New Yorker of the present generation attempts mentally to reconstruct the city as it was in the first years of the last century, he is likely to be met at every turn by certain contradictions which are bound to prove more or less baffling. It is not easy to reconcile the fierce turmoil of political controversy in the days of Hamilton and Burr with what we conceive to have been the spirit of the old Knickerbocker society. From many books dealing with this period and from letters and newspapers we can get glimpses of the old life, the old people, the old streets and fashions. But the New York of 1800 in its entirety is very remote, very hard to reconstruct; and of the old Knickerbocker society one is tempted cynically to believe that there never could have been any society so very good and so very dull as this society has been painted by its historians. Almost without exception the books dealing with the older New York fail to give any real idea of what the city was like. They are almost all reminiscent. Men in the sere and yellow of autumn have taken up their pens leisurely to tell of the town that they knew in their golden spring. The memories of old lanes and cow-paths, of early street calls and quaint houses and costumes, they succeed admirably in bringing back. But the ghosts of the old hatreds, heartaches, passions, jealousies, scandals—the ghosts of real lives—seem gone beyond recall.

Topographically, the New York of 1800 can be described with a very few strokes of the pen. The city's limits to the north did not extend beyond Murray Street. The principal business streets were Water and Pearl (the latter was then known as Queen) Streets, thoroughfares narrow and poorly paved, in some places not paved at all. Broad Street was the main avenue. The upper part of Wall, then one of the widest

*See page 113.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

No. 1. *MONDAY, NOVEMBER* 16, 1801. *No. 40, Pine-street.*

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

THE Editor will endeavor that this Paper shall appear in a dress worthy of the liberal patronage which is already promised.

As it must derive its principal support from the Merchants of our City, particular attention will be bestowed on whatever relates to that large and respectable class of our fellow-citizens. The earliest Commercial Information will be industriously collected, and faithfully presented; and we hope that our advertising department may, for convenience, neatness, and accuracy, vie with any in the city.

The design of this paper, is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects; to inculcate just principles in religion, morals and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature.

Though we openly profess our attachment to that system of politics denominated FEDERAL, because we think it the most conducive to the welfare of the community, and the best calculated to ensure permanency to our present form of government, yet we disapprove of that spirit of dogmatism which lays exclusive claim to infallibility; and willingly believe that honest and virtuous men are to be found in each party. Persuaded that the great body of the people of this country only want correct information, to enable them to judge of what is really best; and believing that nothing will so directly conduce to this desirable end, as candid and liberal discussion; this paper shall be equally free to all parties. All Communications, therefore, shall be inserted with equal impartiality, and equal secrecy as it respects the name of the author; reserving, however, the right of subjoining a reply whenever we shall consider it necessary or proper. But it would be inconsistent with the rules which we have prescribed to ourselves, not to declare explicitly that we never will give currency to any thing scurrilous, indecent, immoral, or profane, or which may contravene the essential principles of social order.

While we shall be duly studious of originality, we shall avail ourselves of the contents of the various News-papers, Pamphlets, Magazines and Reviews printed in our own country, or elsewhere; since it cannot be of any moment, as it respects the public, whether an interesting piece of information, or a well written essay, which they have probably never seen, has appeared in any other paper or not.

Inasmuch, as our great design is to disseminate those just principles, which are the best and indeed the only support of good Government, we shall ever keep a steady eye upon this our primary object, and shall neglect no means by which it may be best promoted.

Having thus given a general outline of our Plan, we think it needless to make an elaborate display of professions: We rely for support on what shall be the intrinsic merit of the paper itself.

As it is necessary that the Editor should exercise his own judgement on determining on the propriety of inserting any Original Communication, it will relieve him from an unpleasant embarrassment in this part of his duty, to have them transmitted to him without the names of the Authors.

WILLIAM COLEMAN, Editor.

POSTSCRIPT.

There will be attached to the above Daily paper,

THE NEW-YORK HERALD

to be published *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*, intended for a COUNTRY PAPER. The terms are *Three and a half Dollars* per annum, payable at the end of every six months to agents appointed, of which timely notice will be given.

FOR SALE BY HOFFMAN & SETON

TWELVE hhds assorted Glass Ware,
2 boxes Listadoes,
1 trunk white Kid Gloves,
200 boxes Soap and Candles,
60 bales Cinnamon, entitled to drawback.
Nov. 16.

SUGARS.

TWENTY Hhds. will be landed this day from the schooner John, from St. Croix, and will be sold low on the wharf, by application to JOHN PATRICK, No. 4 William-street.

WHO HAS IN STORE,

St. Croix Sugars in hhds. and bbls. some of prime quality, and which he will sell reasonable.
Nov. 16.

NEW-YORK BREAD COMPANY.

AT a meeting of the Directors, held this day, it was resolved that a *Superintendant*, who has been regularly bred to the Baking business, be appointed on Monday the 16th inst.—Such persons as are qualified to carry the business of baking of bread into execution, and are desirous of the appointment, will apply by letter to the President, stating their qualifications and abilities, any time previous to the 16th. Any persons who have bake-houses and ovens to let, not less than two adjoining, will please to send their terms to the President, 23 Cedar-street.

Nov. 16. 1t DAVID GRIM, *President.*

FOR SALE,

GIN in pipes; large and small green Bottle Cases, complete; Glass-Ware, consisting of Tumblers, Decanters, &c.; Hair Brushes, long and short; black and blue Dutch Cloth; Floor, by FREDERICK DE PEYSTER.

A STORE HOUSE in Broad-street to let, apply as above. Nov. 16.

FOR SALE,

ONE cask of Glass-Ware, assorted—one pair brass six pound Field Pieces, with carriages complete. Enquire of
Nov. 16. JAMES SETON.

FOR LONDON,

The staunch regular trading ship JULIANA, R. Roath, master, will be dispatched in 10 or 12 days, having all her cargo on board. For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply on board at Old-slip, or to
COIT & WOOLSEY,
98 Murray's wharf.

Who have received per ship Minerva from Liverpool,

A consignment of DRY GOODS, which will be sold at a moderate advance, consisting of 2 bales Coatings, 4 do. Rose Blankets, 10 cases Hats, 4 do. Hosiery, and 20 trunks Calicoes, Chintzes, Quiltings, Muslins, Velverets, Corduroys, Thicksets, &c. &c. Nov. 16.

FOR CALCUTTA,

The well known ship CITIZEN, C. Blakeman, master, burthen 290 tons, was built in Philadelphia of live oak and red cedar, and coppered in Liverpool about 11 months since, and in every respect is well fitted for the voyage, and is intended to be dispatched with all convenient speed. She will take on board merchandize or specie on freight, and will return direct to this port with goods, the manufacture of that country, to which effect she will be provided with a Supercargo, competent to the business of the voyage; and it is probable she may touch on her outward passage at Teneriffe, 150 or 200 pipes of wine will there be received on freight, if a contract for the same is made before sailing from here terms of which, or freight or passage direct Calcutta, apply to HOYT & TOM

WHO HAVE FOR SALE,

600 boxes Havannah Sugars assorted
150,000 Spanish Segars, Stiurates Earthenware
3 hhds. and 3 bbls. St. Croix Sugars.
Nov. 16

FOR HULL,

The British brig MINERVA, captain M'Bride. Said brig lays at Bowne's wharf, and will sail about the first of December. For freight of 600 barrels, apply to the captain on board, or to
JOHN KNOX,
Nov. 15. No. 97 Water street.

FOR GREENOCK,

The good and substantial British Brig RECOVERY, D. Campbell, master: will sail with all convenient dispatch, having a considerable part of her freight now engaged. For the remainder, or Passage, apply to the master on board, at the wharf adjoining the new Bath, north river, or to
SMITH and WYCKOFF,
Nov. 16. No. 211 Pearl-street.

FOR AMSTERDAM,

The ship MAGNET, Thomas Marsh, master, a substantial good vessel, burthen about 300 tons and will be ready to take on board in a few days. If immediate application is made, the freight will be taken on very moderate terms; for which, or passage, having good accommodations, apply to
SMITH & WYCKOFF,
Nov. 16 No. 211 Pearl-street.

FOR BORDEAUX,

The brig HERO, Fisher, lying at White's wharf, North-river, is now ready to take in, and can be dispatched in ten days. For freight or passage apply to
Nov. 16 W. M. SETON.

FOR MARTINIQUE,

Five Hundred Barrels will be taken on freight in a good vessel for Martinique, if immediate application is made to
SUYDAM & WYCKOFF,
Nov. 16. No. 21 Smith-street.

For Norfolk and Richmond,

The remarkable fast new Schooner LION, William Child, Master, a regular trader, will sail in the course of ten days. For freight or passage, having elegant accommodations, apply on board, at Jones' wharf, near the Ferry house slip, or to
BETHUNE & SMITH,
Nov. 15. Murray's Wharf.

FOR SALE,

The ship LEVERA, just arrived from Waterford, lying at the Fly market, burthen 220 tons, or thereabouts, stows well, sails fast, and is extremely well found. For terms apply to
Nov. 16 GOUVERNEUR & KEMBLE.

FOR SALE.

RUSSIA GOODS.—The cargo of the ship Oliver Elsworth, Joseph Skinner, master, from St. Petersburgh, consisting of HEMP, IRON, DUCK, SHEETINGS, &c.

ALSO,

The said ship, burthen 400 tons, a remarkable fast sailing and staunch vessel; has made but one voyage, and is in complete order for sea. Apply to
COIT & WOOLSEY,
Nov. 16. No. 98 Murray's wharf.

FOR SALE.

ST. CROIX RUM.—Thirty puncheons, received per Schooner Dispatch, Paine, master, from St. Croix.

ALSO,

The said Schooner, burthen 110 tons; well calculated to carry Stock or Lumber on deck; is a staunch vessel and well found. Apply to
COIT and WOOLSEY,
Nov. 16. 98, Murray's Wharf.

FOR SALE,

The remarkable fast-sailing ship RESERVE, burthen 174 tons, two years old. Apply to
SCOTT & Co.

WHO HAVE ALSO FOR SALE,

Received by the said vessel from London,

50 casks BOTTLED PORTER. Nov. 16.

FOR SALE,

The new staunch built ship ULYSSES, burthen 200 tons per register, and will stow 2000 barrels. Apply on board at Jackson's wharf, or to
N. L. & G. GRISWOLD,
Nov. 16. No. 169 Front-street.

FOR SALE,

The new brig HOPE, burthen 205 tons, is a stout, strong, handsome vessel. Apply to
N. L. & G. GRISWOLD,
Nov. 16. No. 169 Front-street.

FOR SALE or CHARTER,

The schooner NEW-YORK, burthen 155 tons, built of live-oak and cedar, and in every respect a staunch good vessel. For terms of sale apply to
JOHN OZEILL, 9 Beekman-street, or
RICHD. I. TUCKER, 103 Water-street.

14 boxes Havanna brown sugars, and 4 tierces arrow root, are offered for sale on liberal terms, by RICHARD I. TUCKER. Nov. 16. 2w

---

For Sale, Freight or Charter,

The remarkable fast sailing ship SALLY, burthen about 265 tons—stows well, and in every respect a complete vessel. For terms apply to
ROBERT I. THURSTON,
Nov. 16. tf. No. 297 Water-street.

For FREIGHT or CHARTER,

The ship HIRAM, Captain Jocelin, burthen 142 tons; a fine vessel, sails fast, and is well found; will be ready to receive a cargo in 12 days. For terms apply to
JAMES & SAMUEL WATSON,
No. 111 Front, or 44 Broad-street

Who will land from said ship in a day or two,

40 hhds. Jamaica Rum of high proof,	18 bales Natchez Cotton,
650 Cherry and Walnut Plank & Scantling,	2 bbls. Beaver Fur,
	41 hhds. good Sugar for retailing.

THEY HAVE ALSO FOR SALE,

550 boxes Brown Soap	200 firkins Butter, of the best quality, for shipping,
60 do. Mould Candles	
50 bbls. Boston Beef,	
100 sides Soal Leather	Nov. 16

For FREIGHT or CHARTER,

The Ship VENUS, Lemuel Bunce, master, burthen 199 tons.—Apply to
Nov. 16. WILLIAM NEILSON & Co.

For FREIGHT or CHARTER

for the West-Indies,

The brig GENIUS, burthen 90 tons, Daniel Cornwall, master—a remarkable fast sailer. Apply to the captain on board at Old slip, or to
JOHN MURRAY & SON,
Nov. 17 No. 269 Pearl street.

FOR FREIGHT or CHARTER,

The new and substantial British ship CHARLES, James Moyes, master, burthen per register 250 tons (will carry 450 tons.) She is on her first voyage. Please apply to
JOHN MAC GREGOR,
Nov. 16. 84 Broad-way.

For FREIGHT or CHARTER,

The ship NEPTUNE, burthen about 250 tons, stows well and is in complete order for sea. For terms, Apply to MINTURN & BARKER.
Nov. 16.

FREIGHT

For Copenhagen or Hamburgh,

The bark BERKKESKOW, Capt. Gabriel Rolfe. 250 tons burthen, is in want of the above freight, if application is made to the Captain on board at Gouverneur's wharf.
Nov. 16 GOUVERNEUR & KEMBLE.

WANTED TO CHARTER,

Three or four vessels, drawing under 10 feet water, to load with Staves, &c. at Newbern, N. Carolina for Jamaica, by
Nov. 16. DICKSON & STOCKHOLM.

For FREIGHT or CHARTER

to a port in Europe or the West-Indies,

The ship NANCY, burthen about 220 tons. For terms apply to
JOHN MURRAY & SON,
Nov. 16. No. 269 Pearl-street.

FOR CHARTER,

To any of the Windward Islands,

The brig FRANCIS NIXON, burthen 150 tons—say 1400 bbls. Apply to HOFFMAN & SETON,
Nov. 16 No. 47 Wall-street.

For Sale, Freight or Charter,

The good ship JASON, captain Chadwick, 240 tons burthen, laying at Beaver-lane wharf, north-river.—She is ready to take in, and may sail to sea at a very trifling expence.
ARMSTRONG & SMITH,
No. 251 Water street.

THEY HAVE ALSO FOR SALE,

Just received from Madeira,

70 pipes London particular
2 ditto market. } Madeira Wine.
1 hogshead ditto
1 quarter cask ditto.

N. B. Subject to foreign drawback. Nov. 16.

THE SHIP MERCHANTS FAVOURITE,

Is compleated and will be delivered in New-York or Philadelphia. Her dimensions are as follow, viz.—Whole length of keel 81 feet 8 inches—breadth about 26 feet—lower hold 11 feet 7 inches—between decks 6 feet 1 inch—transom 20 feet 3 inches. Her plank hand-sawed, long and thick, with navel timbers bolted on the keel, both decks running flush. Her measurement is from 340 to 350 carpenter's tonnage. She may be seen in 12 or 14 hour's sail from New-York. The Proprietor was assisted in the construction of the above ship by a number of ship owners in Philadelphia and New-York, where her draft was taken, and superintended by the same carpenter who built the ship London Packet (now called the William and Margaret) in the year 1800 for J. H. (and sold to Mr. Collin Gillespie) who will contract to build another ship after the same Connecticut draught.

J. Hayden would prefer disposing of one half or three-quarters of the said ship Merchants' Favourite, and would like to keep her in the European trade. From the uncommon pains and extra expences taken in building and fitting, it is expected will be a sufficient recommendation. For further particulars, apply to JARED HAYDEN, at N. L. and G. Griswold's, 169 Front street, or at Wm. Leffingwell's, 44 Wall-street.

Also for sale, a BRIG of 140 tons, and will be completed in October next; likewise, the schooner NEW CITY, of 60 tons, 4 months old, and a sloop between 40 and 50 tons, 4 years old. Apply as above. Nov. 16.

PORT WINE.

A FEW Pipes, Hogsheads, and Quarter Casks, of a superior quality, received direct from Oporto. For sale by
Nov. 16. W. & C. LAIGHT.

TROY, LANSINGBURGH AND WATERFORD

NAVIGATION LOTTERY.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	20,000 Dollars, is	20,000
1		10,000	10,000
1		5,000	5,000
1		2,000	2,000
3		1,000	3,000
20		500	10,000
60		200	12,000
150		100	15,000
540		50	17,000
600		20	12,000
9,600		10	96,000
1	First drawn number		1,000
1	do. on the 5th day		1,000
1	do.	10th day	1,000
1	do.	15th	2,000
1	do.	20th	2,000
1	do.	25th	2,000
1	do.	30th	2,000
1	do.	35th	3,000
1	do.	40th	3,000
1	do.	45th	5,000
1	do.	50th	1,000
10,788	*Prizes.*	*Dollars*	225,000
26,712	*Blanks.*		
37,500	Tickets at 6 Dolls. is	*Dlls.*	225,000

Subject to a Deduction of 15 per cent.

☞ Less than two and an half Blanks to a Prize.

The Managers will certainly commence drawing in the City of New-York, *on the first Tuesday in May next*, and will continue to draw 750 Tickets each day until compleated, as they have disposed of the LOTTERY to a Company of Gentlemen in this city, who are to sell the Tickets at the original price of *Six Dollars*, until the first of December.

This Lottery is for the purpose of raising *Thirty Thousand Dollars*, to improve the Navigation of Hudson's River, between the City of Albany and the Villages of Troy, Lansingburgh, and Waterford—Agreeably to Three several Acts of the Legislature of this State

DAVID GELSTON,
PHILIP TEN EYCK, } *Managers.*
JOHN BORDMAN,

The Tickets in the above Lottery are for sale at GAIN & TENEYCK's Book-store, No. 148 Pearl-street.—Prize Tickets in the New-York State Road Lottery taken in payment. Nov 16 tf

---

THE COUNCIL of APPOINTMENT having thought proper to displace the subscribers from their former business as Auctioneers, they have (from the recommendation of many of their friends) commenced the Wholesale and Retail Grocery Business, at their old *Auction Store*, No. 145, Pearl-Street, where they will be happy to receive the orders of their friends and public in general. They have selected a choice assortment of the following articles, which they will dispose of on the lowest terms—

6 hhds. 3d and 4th proof St. Croix Rum,
5 do. Country Rum,
5 pipes Gin, 100 cases old Claret,
14 pipes
10 hhds. and } superior quality Port Wine,
64 qr. casks
15 qr. casks old Sherry Wine,
18 pipes old Lisbon do.
4 do. London particular Madeira,
150 casks Hibbert's first qual. brown Stout,
20 boxes superior quality Mustard,
100 boxes & 30 jars fresh Raisins,
100 boxes Havannah Sugars assorted
4 pipes Old Cogniac Brandy, 4th proof
60 boxes playing Cards assorted, Boston Manufactory.
50 chests Hyson
60 do. Hyson Skin } TEAS of superior quality.
30 do. Souchong

together with a general assortment of GROCERIES.
Nov. 16 H. G. RUTGERS & Co.

BETHUNE & SMITH, *Murray's wharf,*

HAVE FOR SALE,

EIGHTY-FIVE hogsheads Richmond and Petersburg Tobacco,
13 kegs Richmond manufactured do,
850 bbls. kiln dried Indian Meal, of a superior quality—500 bushels southern Corn,
5 casks bottled Scotch Ale, very fine,
One pipe London particular Madeira Wine,
One hundred boxes Tin Plates,
17 cases mens and boys coarse Hats, and 4 trunks Brittannias—subject to drawback,
19 trunks and cases jaconet, shirting and cambric Muslins,
1 case Nuns Thread, No. 1 to 60,
3 bales blue Duffel Plaiding and Blanketing,
6 trunks saleable and select Books,
550 crates Earthen-ware, well assorted for the Spanish market, and subject to drawback,
15 casks assorted Glass-ware. Nov. 16.

JOHN KNOX—97 WATER-STREET,

HAS FOR SALE,

TWENTY-SIX Hhds. West-India and New-England Rum,
20 hhds. Sugar,
20 hhds. plain and cut Glass,
30 hhds. Lamp Black,
50 crates and 20 hhds. assorted Earthenware,
10 tons American Cordage, of first quality,
100 bbls. Indian Meal, 10 hhds. Virginia Tobacco,
700 barrels Virginia superfine Flour,
Nov. 16.

HECTOR SCOTT,

105 Pearl-street,

HAS just received per the Maryland from London, and Connecticut from Liverpool, a general assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, to be sold low by the package:

10 trunks Calicoes,	20 bales Rose Blankets,
10 bales Point Blankets,	20 cases Men's Hats
5 bales Flannels,	20 bales Welch Plains,
20 bales Kendal Cottons	2 trunks Camels Hair Shawls,
2 trunks Swansdown Vest Patterns,	2 trunks London Kerseymeres,
2 bales Superfine Cloths,	5 boxes Broad White Lace,
2 boxes White Edgings,	2 trunks Umbrellas,
2 boxes Irish Linens.	
2 boxes silk Stockings.	Nov. 16

GLOBE LAMPS, TELESCOPES, &c.

Just received per the ship Maryland, from London, a very handsome assortment of

PLAIN and ornamented glass Lamps, for entries—brass and japanned hanging and side Lamps, for stores—Reeve's drawing Colours, Pencils, &c.—Night and day Telescopes for ships, and suited to the pocket—Brewers, hothouse, parlour and pocket Thermometers—Mathematical Instruments, in pocket cases—Surgeons instruments, consisting of pocket case, amputating, trepanning, dissecting and scaling Instruments, &c. For sale, wholesale and retail, by
Nov. 16. R. BACH, No. 122 Pearl-street.

M'CREADY AND REID,

No. 97 William-Street.

HAVE received, by the late arrivals from Europe, a general assortment of DRY GOODS, which will be sold on reasonable terms, wholesale and retail—Among which are the following articles, viz.—

2 bales superfine Rose Blankets,
1 do. red, white and yellow Flannels,
3 cases Cambric Muslins, from 1/3 to 5s sterling pr yard,
3 do. Nuns Thread, from No. 3 to 44,
3 do. purple Shawls,
1 do. fancy do.
1 do. three threaded Cotton Yarn,
1 do. Women's Hose, from 5 to 18s pr pair,
2 do. Scotch damask Table Cloths, elegant patterns, from 5-4ths to 8 by 10.
Nov. 16. 1m.

JOHN & Wm. TABELE,

260, Pearl-street,

HAVE received by the late arrivals from London, a large and general assortment of 7-8 and 9-8 fancy calicoes & chintzes, do. furniture do. 9-8, 5-4 and 6-4 camel hairshawls in cases assorted. Book and jaconet muslin, 9-8 and 6-4 cambric, &c.

Dimities, Irish linens, womens white, black and coloured silk gloves and mitts, mens and womens cotton and worsted stockings, mens black and coloured silk stockings, broadcloths, cassimeres, coatings and duffels, thicksetts, callimancoes, durants, and tabbereis, black India satting, sewing silks, twist, &c.

And by the Hero, from Amsterdam,

White and brown platillas, britannias, superfine blue and black cloths, bed-ticks, white linen hdkfs. bordered, tapes and bobbins, hair ribbon, velvet ribbon, black lace, &c.

Also on hand, about 15 ton pig lead. Nov. 16.

JOHN & WILLIAM TABELE,

No. 260 Pearl-Street,

HAVE imported in the snow Anna, capt. Koper, from Bremen, the following articles, viz.—

White and brown Platillas, Britannias,
Sheetings, Brown and white Hessians,
Brown Rolls, Ticklenburghs and Osnabrigs,
Best Raven Duck. Nov. 16.

THE SUBSCRIBER has for sale, remaining from the cargo of the ship Samson, from Calcutta, an assortment of WHITE PIECE GOODS.—

ALSO,	60 hhds. Jamaica Rum
50 tierces Rice,	70,000 Pieces White Nankeens,
15 bales Sea-Island Cotton,	A quantity of Large Bottles in cases,
29 tierces and 34 bls Jamaica Coffee,	And as usual, OLD MADEIRA WINE, fit for immediate use.

Nov. 16 ROBERT LENOX.

RICHARD & JOHN THORNE,

No. 141 Pearl-street,

HAVE just imported by the Factor from London, and Liverpool Packet from Liverpool, a fashionable assortment of GOODS—viz.

3 bales London superfine blue, black, and fashionable mixt Cloths,
4 ditto do. blue, black, and fashionable mixt Cassimeres,
3 trunks fashionable Swansdowns, and toilinets Vest Patterns,
10 bales Rose Blankets, 1 do. Duffel do.
6 do. Blue Strouds, 2 trunks pat. worsted Hose,
6 do. coarse Cloths,
3 trunks mens and womens cotton Hose,
2 do. fashionable fancy Cords,
2 boxes Dimities,
6 do. mens fine fashionable Hats,
4 bales fashionable Coating.

Imported in the ship Caled via from Liverpool,

4 bales blue Duffels, and
3 trunks silk Umbrellas.

Imported in the General Mercer from Liverpool,

6 bales mixed Coatings, 3 do. Swanskins,
4 do. white, red, and yellow Flannels,
3 do. green and red Baize. Nov. 16.

ARCHIBALD GRACIE has removed his Counting-Room from his dwelling-house, No. 110 Broadway, to his new Fire Proof Store, No. 52 Pine-street—where he has for sale, a few chests very fine Hyson and half chests Souchong TEA; a consignment of 8 packages of MUSLINS, which will be sold at a low advance; one box assorted white THREADS—GLASS WARE assorted in casks and boxes. Nov. 16.

HYSON TEA.

ONE Hundred Chests superior fresh Hyson Tea, just received per schooner Cornelia, from Baltimore.—For sale by
BETHUNE & SMITH, Murray's wharf.

WHO HAVE ALSO RECEIVED,

A consignment of SNUFF in bladders and bottles, and American GUNPOWDER in quarter casks, direct from the manufactories. Nov. 16

CAMEL HAIR SHAWLS.

TEN cases 9-8, 5-4 and 6-4 camel hair shawls, consisting of white and colored, satin borders, and net fringe,
Do. do. net fringe,
Do. do. plain—just received and will be sold low by the case or dozen, by
JOHN & Wm. TABELE,
Nov. 16. No. 260, Pearl-street.

FOR SALE,

ONE hundred chests Hyson Tea, of the Severn's cargo—70 hhds. prime St. Croix Sugars—23,000 lbs. Demarara coffee. Apply to
I. RILEY,
Nov. 16. 3tuw 63, Pine-street.

Just Received and for Sale,

By BEMENT & GALE,

No. 50 Water-Street,

SPANISH SEGARS—200,000 first quality,
London Bottled Porter, Brown Stout,
Bottled Madeira
Sherry & } Wines,
Port
Stoughton's Bitters, in quart bottles,
Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon,
Citron, Currants, and Raisins.

With a general assortment of Groceries, of the first quality.

☞ Country Merchants, Captains of Vessels, and Families may be supplied at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. A few quarter casks best Sherry Wine.
Nov. 16.

HAVANNA SUGARS.

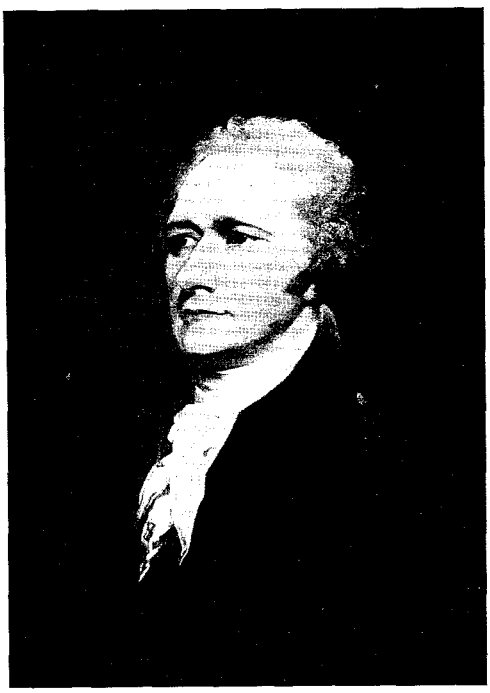
SEVEN Hundred and Fifty Boxes Havanna Sugars. For sale by
[illegible]
Nov. 16. [illegible]

THE FIRST COPY OF THE "EVENING POST," NOVEMBER 16, 1801.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

streets in the city, was occupied by fashionable residences. The City Hall then stood at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets. Nearly opposite was the dwelling of Alexander Hamilton. In the later years of the eighteenth century the town's social supremacy had been held by the houses along Great Dock Street, that part of Pearl Street between Whitehall and Coenties Slip; but this supremacy was now taking its first stride toward the north and west.

Although it is the purpose of these papers to deal only with those journals which are still in existence, it may be as well, since this article is of necessity rambling and cursory, to say something about those events in the history of American journalism which led up to the existing conditions in New York in 1800. Thirteen years before the first issue of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, the oldest of the existing journals of the metropolis, there had been launched in Philadelphia the *American Daily Advertiser*, the first daily newspaper of the United States In the following year, 1785, appeared the second American daily journal, the *Daily Advertiser* of New York. The idea spread rapidly and daily newspapers sprang quickly into existence in all parts of the young republic. One of the most striking features of New York journalism of the years following the termination of the Revolution was a series of essays written in favour of the new constitution and printed under the title *The Federalist*. These papers, which have been compared to the letters of Junius, have been ascribed to various sources, but it has been popularly believed that most of them were written by Alexander Hamilton. The firsh number of *The Federalist* was published in the *Independent Journal* of October 27, 1787. The following year the name of this paper was changed to the *New York Gazette*, under which title it existed until 1840, when it was merged with the *Journal of Commerce*. The following year, 1789, another *Gazette*, the *United States Gazette*, was established in New York, but when, in 1790, Congress removed to Philadelphia, the paper went with that body. It became the special organ of Hamilton, who was then the Secretary of the Treasury, and his friends.



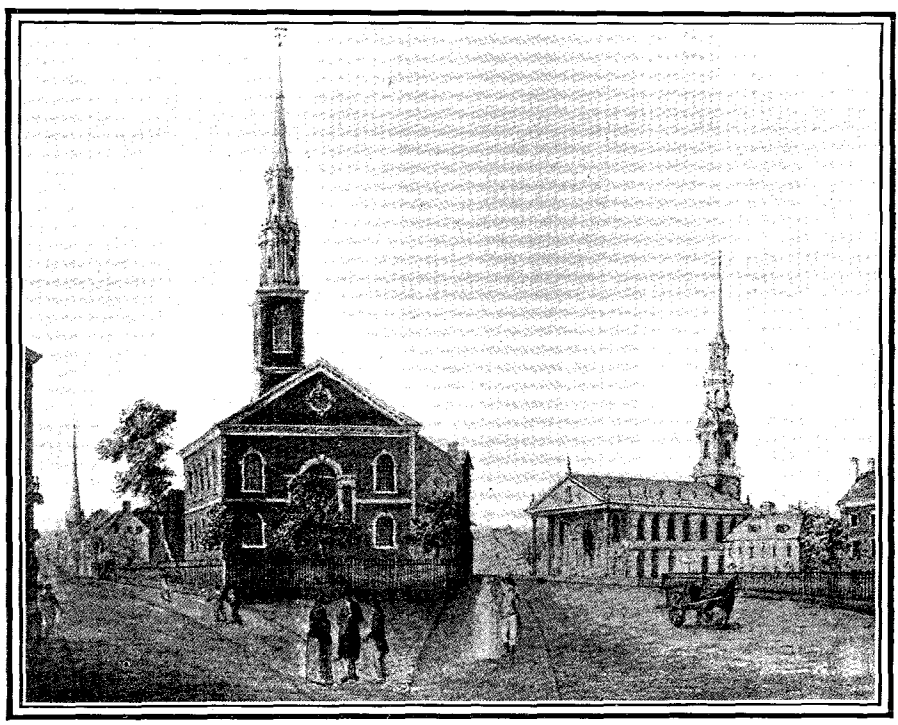
ALEXANDER HAMILTON, THE FOUNDER OF THE "EVENING POST."

Although the *Commercial Advertiser* as such dates only from 1797, the journal on which its existence was based was founded four years earlier. In 1793 Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, was a lawyer living in Hartford, Connecticut. It was a time when the battle was raging fiercely between the Republican and Federalist parties, and as Webster was considered the man needed to aid the Federalists journalistically, he was induced to come to New York, and on December 9, 1793, he issued the first number of a daily paper, which was called the *Minerva*. One of the first numbers of the paper contained an article on slavery, "intended to demonstrate that the labour of slaves in any country is less productive than that of freemen." The change of the paper's name in 1797 in no way affected its policy. Mr. Webster remained the editor, unaffected by several changes in the business management, until 1803, when he retired in favour of Zachariah Lewis, who remained in occupation of the chief editorial chair until

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1820, when he was succeeded by Colonel William L. Stone.

On the 16th of November, 1801, there was printed the first issue of the existing *Evening Post*. The paper was established as a result of a schism in the Federalist Party. It was founded as the organ of Alexander Hamilton, the leader of the party's younger element, and the prime movers in the venture were Hamilton and John Jay, who was then the Governor of New York. The name was



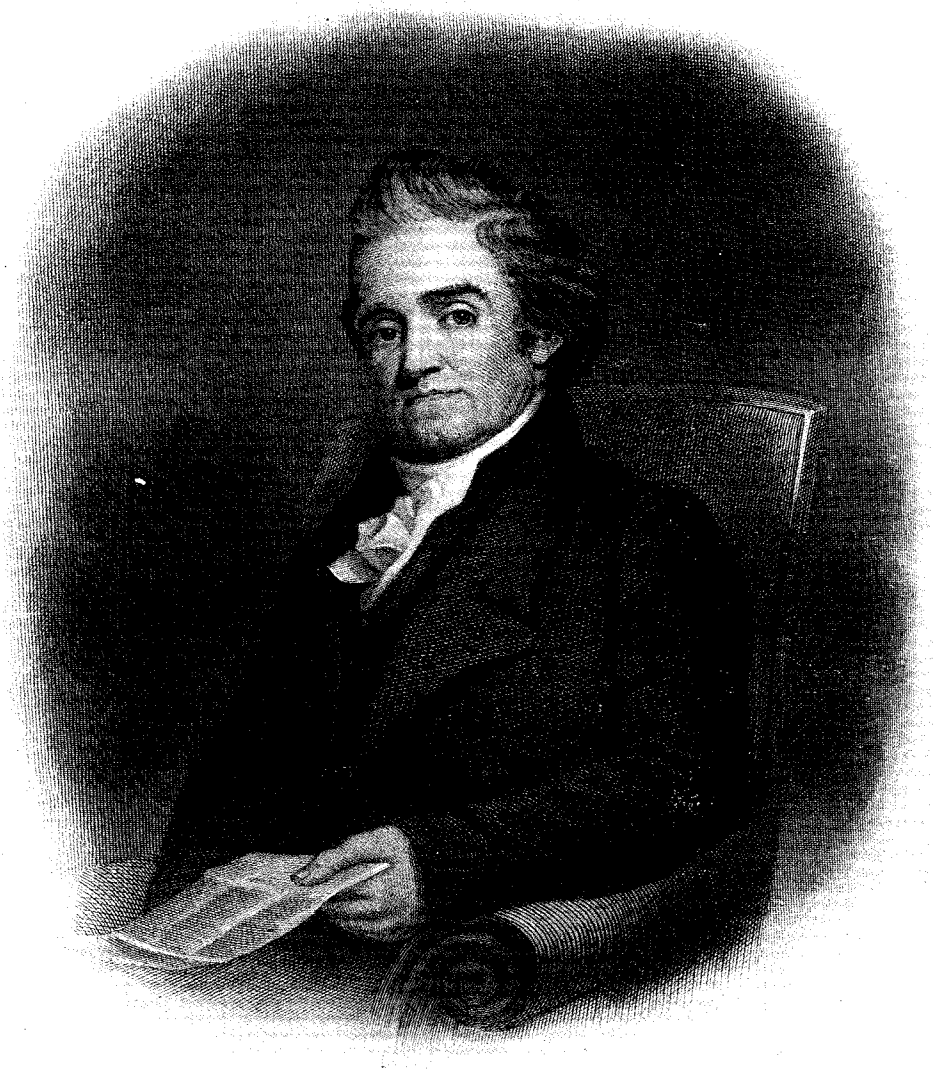
PARK ROW AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

not new. An *Evening Post* had been established in 1746, edited by Henry de Forest. It lived a year. A second *Evening Post* had been founded in 1794—very curiously as the journalistic organ of Aaron Burr, Hamilton's great enemy and political rival. Hamilton's first selection as editor of the *Evening Post* was Theodore Dwight, the Federalist, who, however, declined to accept the chair. Then he turned to William Coleman, a Massachusetts lawyer, who had been one of his most trusted lieutenants, and Coleman became the *Post's* first editor. At the beginning Hamilton himself was not only the inspiration, but the great working factor of the paper as well. He wrote many of the editorials himself and dictated others to Coleman. Like Greeley and Bennett and Raymond, his industry and fecundity were phenomenal. In addition to his great labours in the political arena at a time when his party was weakened and disrupted by dissensions within its own ranks, he found time to do, in connection with the *Post*, more than the work of an active journalist, writing on stages, in boats, and even on horseback. It was Hamilton's excellent scholarship that marked the *Post* and drew to its columns a picked class of readers from the community.

Just as at a later period in journalism the epithet "Little Villain" was applied to Raymond, and "Mephistopheles" to Greeley, so Hamilton at a time when journalism was even more personal was known as the "Little Lion," and Coleman as the "New England Wolf." Although the latter had begun with the desire to keep the *Post* clear of "personal virulence, low sarcasm, and verbal contentions with printers and editors," and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the design "to inculcate just principles and religion" in politics, as well as morals, he soon found that the fever of political excitement burned too fiercely to allow him to carry out any such purpose. Philip Hamilton, the son of Alexander, was killed in a duel by Echert, on November 24, 1801. The *Post* printed an editorial denouncing the practice of the code as savage and murderous. The article excited great comment at the time. Although it was afterward believed to have been written by Hamilton, it was first accredited to Coleman, and was responsible for many slurs on the subject of the latter's valour. Coleman had become entangled in a journalistic war with two prominent Republican editors—Cheetham of the *American Citizen* and Duane of the *Aurora*. In the battle Coleman proved himself vigorous and emphatic. He alluded to Duane as "a low-bred foreigner," and in referring to Cheetham he wrote of "the insolent vulgarity of that base wretch. Once he fired the following:



NOAH WEBSTER, THE FOUNDER AND FIRST EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lie on, Duane, lie on for pay,
And, Cheetham, lie thou too;
More against truth you cannot say,
Than truth can say 'gainst you.

Coleman was a poet of no mean order, and it was to his taste and influence that much of the literary flavour of the *Evening Post* during the first quarter of a

WILLIAM COLEMAN, THE FIRST EDITOR OF THE "EVENING POST," 1801-1829.

century was due. In almost every issue he printed verses from American as well as English writers. One of the first notable examples of this kind was an "Ode to the Lark," by Dr. John Wolcott, of London, better known by the pseudonym of "P. Pindar," which appeared in the *Post* of December 16, 1801, just one month after the publication of the paper's first issue. In May, 1802, the *Post* issued a memorial on the death of Martha Washington, which contained a leading article by Coleman and poems in four languages. In 1804, Thomas Moore was in this country, and from him the *Post* contained a manuscript poem. As has been said, it was in these early days that the literary tone which has been found always in the *Post* throughout its career was first heard.

The poem directed at Cheetham and Duane was merely an episode in the controversy which resulted in Coleman receiving a challenge from Cheetham. Arrangements for a duel were made, but the two principals were arrested, and the meeting did not take place. The arrest threw some doubt on Coleman's courage, and one Captain Thompson, a harbour master of New York, declared openly that the *Post* editor would not fight. In reply Coleman promptly sent a challenge to Thompson. The meeting took place on a moonlight night in the summer of 1803 at what was then the Potter's Field, land which is now occupied by Washington Square. Four shots were exchanged, and Thompson was mortally wounded. With great generosity, the dying man refused to disclose to the authorities the name of his antagonist, or to give any account of the affair. He said simply that the meeting had been conducted honourably and fairly, and that as the fortunes of war had gone against him he did not wish that his adversary should be molested. Coleman returned to the *Evening Post* office after the duel, and brought out the paper in its usual way, with the exception that it was a half hour late. There were no more aspersions cast on his courage.

Apropos of the gathering, using and disseminating of news at that time, Frederick Hudson has called attention to the manner in which the *Post* handled President Jefferson's annual message in 1801. The message was first printed in the paper on December 12. It was five days later before any notice was taken of it, and then this was done by "Lucius Crassus" in a communication. Probably this delay was due to the fact that Hamilton and the leaders of the party had to be consulted carefully before comment could be made on so important a matter as the first message of the chief of the opposing party. But it was typical of the journalism of the time. Other public matters were treated in the same way. Much time was taken for consideration and reflection. This was part of the discipline of the party press.

When on the morning of July 11, 1804, Hamilton was mortally wounded by Aaron Burr on the duelling ground beneath the hills of Weehawken, the Federalist Party tottered to its fall. Hamilton's had been the strong hand and guiding genius which had held together the party's conflicting elements. The campaign of the following autumn re-

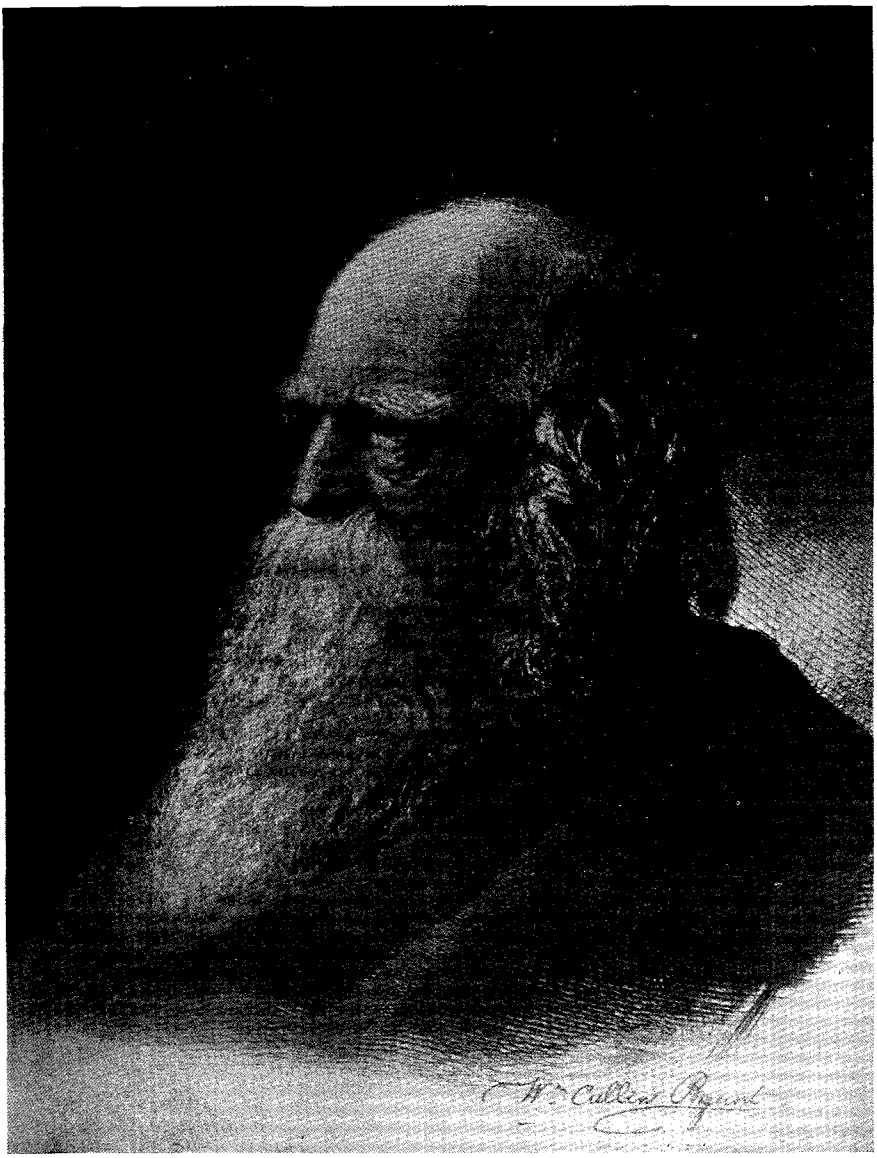
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sulted in the re-election of President Jefferson by an enormous majority. Jefferson received one hundred and sixty-two votes; Pinckney, the Federalist candidate, only fourteen. The years 1808, 1812, and 1816 were repetitions of 1804, and in 1820 the Federalist Party passed out of existence. But uncompromisingly the *Evening Post,* under Coleman's guidance, maintained the tradition of its founder. But it was a fight for a cause hopelessly lost.

II.

JOURNALISTIC MANNERS IN THE THIRTIES—LITERARY SIDE OF THE EVENING PAPERS—BRYANT EDITOR OF THE "POST"—THE "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER" UNDER COLONEL STONE—THE STARTING OF THE "NEW YORK EXPRESS"—NEWSGATHERING METHODS.

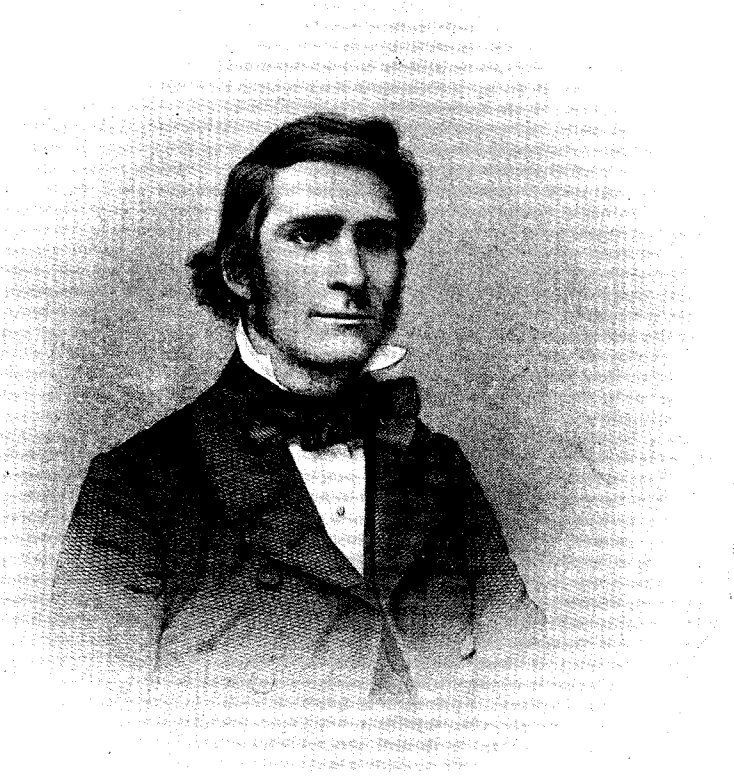
Look through the files of the New York newspapers of the thirties, and



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, EDITOR OF THE "EVENING POST," 1829-1878.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very likely you will come to think that underlying the invention and rather malicious exaggeration of Dickens's description of our journalism and journalists in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* there was a very material stratum of truth. Indeed, one would not have a great amount of trouble in suggesting prototypes of Colonel Diver, the editor and proprietor of *The Rowdy Journal,* and "Mr. Jefferson Brick, my war correspondent."* The period was one in which American society, in its scheme of evolution, was temporarily at its worst. Another such period was that which followed the close of the War of Secession. In the thirties, the press, in its morals and methods, and above all in its manners, mirrored our worst national faults. The influence of those years affected even great editors like Greeley and Bennett to the end of their lives. Greeley, for instance, in 1870 was in many respects an anachronism. He had progressed, he had seen petty journalism become great journalism, and had done much to bring about the change, but there was something of that early atmosphere which he never quite put away.

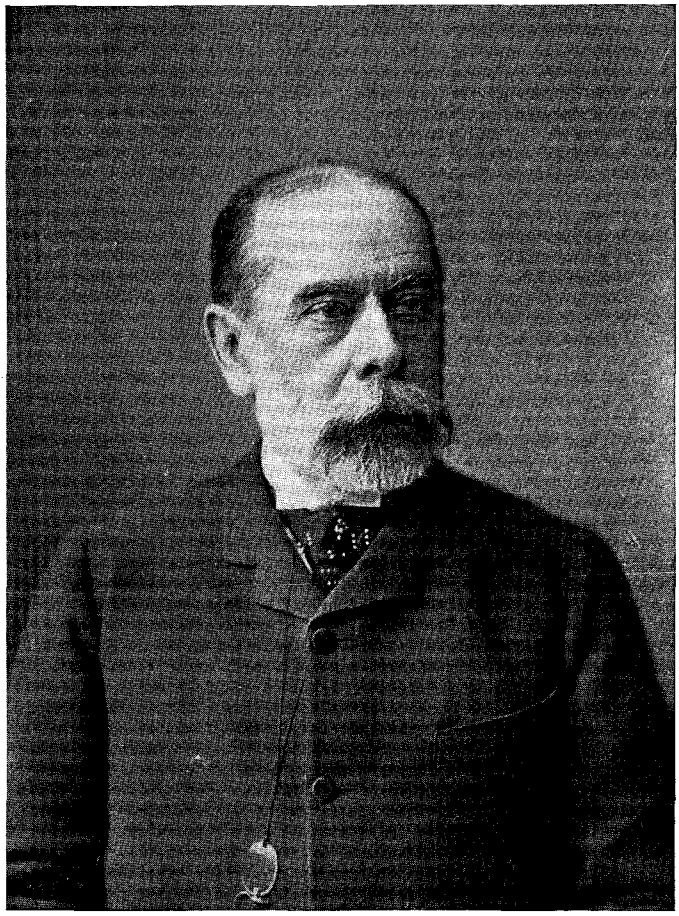


ERASTUS BROOKS.

*"There is to-day's *Rowdy,* sir," observed the colonel, handing him a paper. "You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilisation and moral purity." . . . "Why, it's horribly personal," said Martin. The colonel seemed much flattered by this remark; and said he hoped it was. "We are independent here, sir," said Mr. Jefferson Brick; "we do as we like." "If I may judge from this specimen," returned Martin, "there must be a few thousands here rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don't like." "Well, they yield to the mighty mind of the Popular Instructor, sir," said the colonel. "They rile up sometimes; but in general we have a hold upon our citizens, both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as——" "As nigger slavery itself," suggested Mr. Brick. "En-tirely so," remarked the colonel. "Pray," said Martin, after some hesitation, "may I venture to ask,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1830 duelling was not so much practised or discussed as it had been in the first decade of the century; but there was no lack of originality in editorial abuse; and incidentally there were occasional horsewhippings and cudgellings of editors which gave New York, then a city of two hundred and fifty thousand people, something to talk about for a day into society. There was very little difficulty in placing the responsibility for some particularly offensive article. To do him justice, it must be said that his personalities seem to have been not entirely malicious. A certain irresponsibility of utterance, a certain frankness, were in the air. A typical illustration of this was Bennett's announcement of his

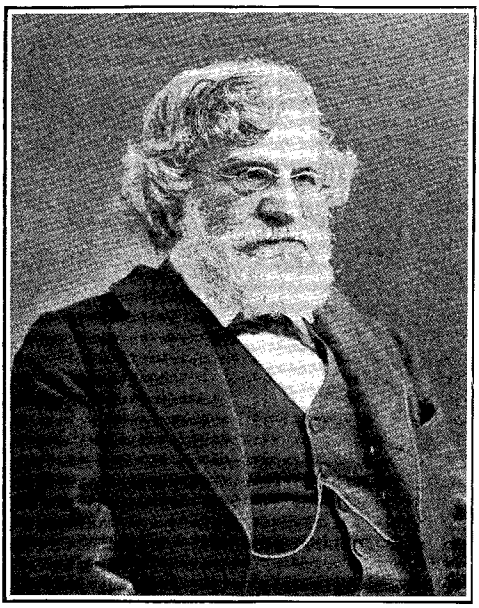


EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

or two. The editor of that day enjoyed only an alleged anonymity, being to a great extent his own newsgatherer, going into Wall Street, into the clubs, and intended marriage. He had been the leader of the "personal department" in New York since the establishment of the *Herald,* and at the time was engaged in

with reference to a case I observed in this paper of yours, whether the Popular Instructor often deals in—I am at a loss to express it without giving you offence—in forgery? In forged letters, for instance," he pursued, for the colonel was perfectly calm and quite at his ease, "solemnly purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?" "Well, sir," replied the colonel, "it does, now and then." "And the popular instructed; what do they do?" asked Martin. "Buy 'em," said the colonel. Mr. Jefferson Brick expectorated and laughed; the former copiously, the latter approvingly. "Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands," resumed the colonel. "We are a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PARKE GODWIN.

that bitter newspaper war in which almost all the morning and afternoon papers were arrayed against him. One morning, when the fight was hottest, there appeared in the leading column of the *Herald* an article under the following caption:

TO THE READERS OF THE "HERALD"—DECLARATION OF LOVE—CAUGHT AT LAST—GOING TO BE MARRIED—NEW MOVEMENT IN CIVILISATION.*

*I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful, times are getting so good, the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious, that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer; so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen in the course of my interesting pilgrimage through human life.

. . . I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfil that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life, against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love. In a few days I shall be married according to the holy rites of the most holy Christian church to one of the most remarkable, accomplished and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She has no Stonington shares or Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance another half a million; in soul, mind and beauty, millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world. Happily, the patronage of the public to the *Herald* is nearly twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, almost equal to a President's salary. But property in the world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation, the religious associations of female excellence, the progress of true industry—these have been my dreams by night and my desires by day.

In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal changes in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What they may be I know not—time alone can tell. My ardent desire has been through life to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Associated night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of this highest order of excellence, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and these results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the *Herald*.

Meantime, I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both of Europe and of America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all.

James Gordon Bennett.

From the worst excesses of the journalism of this time the evening papers were comparatively free. Their history has not been the history of journalistic enterprise and invention, and for their influence they have been dependent mainly upon the editorial tone. Take, for example, the *Evening Post*, and read in its history the influence of Hamilton and his lieutenant, Coleman, of William Cullen Bryant, of John Bigelow, of Parke Godwin, of Carl Schurz, and of Edwin Laurence Godkin. Almost all of these were men of great parts and qualities, and great editors, but not essentially great editors in their relations toward the gathering of the news, as were Greeley and Bennett and Raymond. Their success was due primarily to the literary quality which they were able to impart to the paper; they held to the *Post* that small circle of cultured and influential readers which Hamilton had won for it at the beginning.

It was in 1826 that William Cullen Bryant began that connection with the *Post* which was to last through so many years. He himself has written very graphically of the New York at that time. The city had grown a little beyond Canal Street, and on each side of Broadway a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

line of dwellings with occasional vacant spaces had crept up as far as Fourth Street. Preparations were being made to sweep away the Potter's Field and replace it with the Washington Square of the present day. Workmen were opening the street now called Saint Mark's Place, and a dusty avenue had just been made through the beautiful farm of old Governor Stuyvesant, then in the possession of his descendants. Immediately after Mr. Bryant joined the staff the *Post* began to agitate the question of Free Trade, and as a result gradually assumed a position of hostility to the administration of Mr. Adams, by which the doctrine of Protection was zealously maintained. In the election of 1828 the paper took the field in favour of General Jackson, who had announced himself as favouring a "judicious tariff," and with Jackson's election the *Post* became for the time frankly Democratic.

When, in 1829, Coleman died, Bryant became the editor-in-chief, with William Leggett as co-editor. Although at first Leggett had no settled opinions politically, and stipulated that he should not be asked to write articles on political subjects, he soon found himself a zealous Democrat and an ardent supporter of Free Trade, and for the next few years he and Bryant were among the staunchest champions of General Jackson's administration. It was an administration in which crisis followed crisis, political feeling rising to a frenzy when the President withdrew the funds of the Government from the United States Bank. The money market was in a panic, many sane business men thought that the business and trade of the country were in danger of coming to an end, and looked for universal ruin. There was even talk of marching in arms to Washington and putting down the administration. At this time the *Post* stood its ground, vindicating the action of the administration, and deriding both the threats and the fears of the Whigs.

In 1820 the *Commercial Advertiser* had come under the control of Colonel Stone, who had before been editor of the *Albany Daily Advertiser*. Colonel Stone, though in no sense a great editor, was a man of strong personality and considerable literary talent. He was one of that literary coterie which used to meet in a

JOHN BIGELOW.

room, known as "The Literary Den," in the rear of the shop of Charles Wiley, the bookseller. The great attraction at "The Literary Den" was J. Fenimore Cooper, then at the height of his fame, and generally alluded to as the "Sir Walter Scott of America," a title which Mr. Cooper, who had a very good opinion of himself, did not in the least appreciate. Others who haunted "The Den" were the *Post* editor, Mr. Bryant, James K. Paulding, Fitz Greene Halleck, Chancellor Kent, Durand, the artist, Morse, the inventor, and Mordecai M. Noah, who was at one time one of the editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*. Under the leadership of Cooper these men formed what was called the "Bread and Cheese Club," which met at the Washington Hotel on Broadway at the corner of Chambers Street. Colonel Stone years afterward was one of the editors who became involved in the suits for libel brought against several New York newspapers by the author of the *Leather Stocking Tales*.

The first number of the *New York Express*, which afterward became the *Evening Express*, and to which we can trace in direct line the *Mail and Express* of to-day was issued on the twentieh of June, 1836. Its first editors were James Brooks and John Townsend. Brooks be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longed to the Henry Clay faction of the Whigs, and it was announced that the political character of the *Express* would be "decidedly Whig." At the beginning *Hudson's Prices Current and Shipping List* was merged with the *Express,* and a few months later the new paper absorbed also the old *Daily Advertiser.* The *Express* had a distinctive character from the beginning. It made special features of its strangers' lists and its shipping news, al-

CYRUS W. FIELD, THE FOUNDER OF THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS."

though it never spent great sums of money to obtain news, as did the *Herald.* The writers of the previous articles of this series have suggested how primitive the methods of gathering intelligence were at this period. It was, of course, years before the laying of the Atlantic cable. The agent of the Associated Press in London gathered in a package all the European news of events which took place between the sailings of the different steamers. At that time the steamers sailed at intervals of three or four days, and the boat leaving England of a Saturday would probably carry the accounts of European affairs for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. To this package the Associated Press agent also added the editions of the leading European newspapers, especially the London newspapers, and when the vessel reached New York the American newspapers had the news of a half week to present to their readers. Subsequently, however, a new method was introduced. The packages made up in London were enclosed in air-tight tin tubes. To the top of each of these tubes there was attached a flag by means of a rod. As the steamer passed Cape Race the tubes were thrown overboard. At this point a small steam vessel went out from the land, picked up the tubes, carried them ashore, and the news that they contained was arranged and telegraphed from Cape Race to New York.*

*The subject of the transmission o fnews by means other than the mail and telegraph is always interesting. Before the electric wire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soon after the *Express* was established, John Townsend retired from its staff, and his place was taken by Erastus Brooks, a brother of the paper's originator. The brothers were absolute antitheses in action and temperament, and each became prominent in his own way. As an almost direct result of a public controversy with Archbishop Hughes as to whether the Bible should be used in the public schools, Erastus was elected to the State Senate. On the appearance of Know-Nothingism the *Express* became one of the organs of the new party. When Know-Nothingism went out of existence, the paper drifted into the Democratic ranks.* It remained a Democratic newspaper until it was merged with the *Mail* by Cyrus W. Field. After it passed from the control of the Brookses it was purchased by John Kelly, and used as an organ of Tammany Hall.

III.

HISTORICAL PRE-EMINENCE OF THE "POST"—THE FINANCIAL CRASH OF 1837—POLITICAL QUESTIONS—THE "POST'S" LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS—DURING THE WAR OF SECESSION—THE CAREER OF THE "EVENING MAIL"—FOUNDATION OF THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS."

In attempting to trace the development of the New York afternoon newspaper from the end of the eighteenth century down to comparatively recent times, one inevitably follows as a main thread the career of the *Evening Post.* This is due to no particular partiality for that journal or belief in any of the principles which it has at various times championed, but because, historically speaking, only the *Post* sums up the idea of afternoon journalism. Were one writing of the present day, matters would be vastly different. But such papers as the *Evening Sun,* the *Evening World* and the *Evening Journal* are of comparatively recent origin, the *Mail and Express* dates only from the early eighties, and the *Evening Telegram* is a product of post-bellum days. The *Commercial Advertiser,* true, has in the hundred and five years of its career been regarded with consideration and respect, but there have been long periods when it has been comparatively impotent as a factor in swaying or moulding public opinion, and of course it has had no such history as has had the *Evening Post.* Of those other papers which have flourished at various times during the nineteenth century one need only say that they have ceased to exist. Further remarks would be superfluous.

The *Post,* like the *Herald,* foresaw the factitious nature of the prosperity which preceded the great financial crash of 1837. Disaster came, and thousands were

came into use, news was signalled from point to point by the semaphore. Carrier pigeons were used in the days of the Crusades. They have been known to fly at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, but they are not reliable on distances exceeding four or five hundred miles. In connection with balloons, pigeons were much used during the siege of Paris. On one occasion a carrier pigeon from Bordeaux, the seat of the Gambetta government, carried into the beleaguered city a newspaper four and three-quarter inches square, with two hundred and twenty-six despatches microscopically photographed upon it, giving the news of the day in all parts of the world. The paper was read by the aid of a powerful microscope and the magic lantern. The New York *Herald* at one time seriously considered bringing balloons into requisition for the transmission of news.

*Hudson in his *History of Journalism* relates the following anecdote: James Brooks has had the Know-Nothing policy of the *Express* violently attacked in Congress because of his zealous Democracy now. One of its contributors for many years was a son of the well-known Theodore Dwight. He was a small man physically, with bright black eyes and an active intellect; he was always a fluent writer. On one occasion the *Express* was severe in its remarks on the famous Empire Club, of which Isaiah Rynders and John S. Austin were the master spirits. One of the members of the club called at the office of the *Express* to seek satisfaction for its strictures. He met Mr. Dwight, and with eye full of fire and fight, said:

"I am a member of the Empire Club. Are you the editor of this paper?"

"Have the kindness to be seated," mildly answered Mr. Dwight; "I will send for him."

Calling a messenger boy, he despatched him for James O'Brien, the manager of the engine-room of the establishment. O'Brien, standing nearly seven feet in his shoes, and with breadth of shoulders in proportion, soon made his appearance.

"Mr. O'Brien," said Mr. Dwight, with a twinkle in his eye, "this gentleman is a member of the Empire Club, and desires to see the editor. Will you please receive his message?"

The member from the Empire Club thought discretion the better part of valour, and prudently retired.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruined; the banks stopped payment, and the New York Legislature passed a stop law absolving them from the engagement to pay their notes in specie. Meanwhile the fortunes of the paper itself were at a low ebb. William Leggett had retired from the co-editorship in 1836; but certain changes instituted by him shortly before his severing his connection with the paper had resulted in the withdrawal of much profitable advertising. It was some years before the *Post's* former prosperity was entirely restored. Leggett, it may be noted here, as well as Bryant, was a poet, and in the course of a violent political controversy between the *Courier and Enquirer* and the *Post,* the former paper referred to the editors of the latter as the "chanting cherubs of the *Post,*" a title which they retained for years. Another newspaper engagement about 1840 between the *Post* and a Democratic morning paper called the *Times* resulted in a challenge being sent to Mr. Bryant to Dr. Holland, the editor of the latter journal. The challenge was not accepted, and nothing further was heard of the matter.

During the unfortunate presidential term of Mr. Van Buren—a term in general respects somewhat similar to the second term of Mr. Cleveland—the *Post* was unswerving in its support of the administration, believing the financial depression to be reaction from the speculation which had taken place from 1832 to 1836. In 1840 the paper was engaged in the unsuccessful attempt for Mr. Van Buren's re-election. About this time Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, became one of the proprietors of the *Post.* He was the journal's managing editor from 1845 till 1865, and afterward, in 1878, became its editor-in-chief, holding that position until the accession of Carl Schurz in 1881. Among the questions in which the *Post* was controversially engaged while Mr. Tyler was in the presidential chair were those of another national bank—this subject had again come up in Congress—of the scheme of high tariffs, which resulted in the tariff of 1842, and of the admission of Texas to the Union. It was this last question which had so much to do with bringing on the war with Mexico.

The literary flavour which marked the columns of the *Post* in the middle of the last century was strongly emphasised by Parke Godwin in the delightful chapter of reminiscences which he contributed to the paper's "hundredth anniversary" number last autumn. One of the early correspondents was Sainte-Beuve, who wrote a good deal for the paper "before the Atlantic cable had made European letters of less importance." Walt Whitman was on the regular local staff at various times doing reportorial work. He also wrote a number of letters from Washington at the beginning of the war. Artemus Ward was another *Post* reporter. Bret Harte was on the staff for a long time, and, according to Mr. Godwin, was "remarkably regular at the office on pay days," but not so punctual on other occasions. Among other literary men attached to the paper were James K. Paulding, Charles T. Lewis, afterward the managing editor, Sidney Gay, Charles A. Briggs, and Charles Nordhoff. In its attention to literature the *Post* vied with the *Tribune,* whose book department was conducted by George Ripley. Strange as it seems now, there was a time when to print a review of a book of importance before one's rivals was regarded as an actual newspaper "beat." For instance, if a new volume of poems by Tennyson had been published in England, the incoming steamers were anxiously awaited by the literary editors of the different New York papers. If the book reached the newspaper offices an hour or two before the time of going to press, it was eagerly seized, certain poems selected, clipped and pasted, running comment written in between, and the whole thrown into type and featured prominently on the first page with as much dignity as if it had been the story of a great news event.

In 1852 the *Evening Post* was favourable to Pierce, and it supported Lincoln both in 1860 and 1864. The position taken by the paper upon the anti-slavery question was, in the years immediately preceding the war, not entirely a popular one, and tended to alienate many upon whom it was dependent for financial support. After the first year of the war, however, its advertising columns began to be sought by the bankers and speculators who had bonds to sell. The Government was favourable to the paper and made use of it. When President Lincoln

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made his first visit to New York after his inauguration, he offered the consul-generalship at Paris to Mr. Godwin. Mr. Godwin said that he would accept, but afterward persuaded the President to transfer the appointment from himself to John Bigelow, who went to Paris as consul-general and afterward became our minister to France.

The *Evening Mail,* which in after years was merged with the *Evening Express* and made the present *Mail and Express,* was noted at first for the brevity, conciseness and accuracy of its news. Its sharp, terse paragraphs were the paper's especial feature. After the war, the *Mail* was sold by its original founders to Robert Johnson, and Major Jonas M. Bundy became the editor-in-chief. Major Bundy had served on the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and the Milwaukee *Wisconsin,* and for a time after the war ended was a writer for the *Evening Post.* In 1866 the circulation of the *Mail* was over ten thousand, but gradually the paper's fortunes sank to a low ebb. In November, 1877, it was so loaded with debt that it was sold at sheriff's sale. A new company was formed which secured the franchise and charter, and under the new administration the "evening" was dropped. As *The Mail* it appeared for more than a year, but with very little success. Trouble between two of the stockholders, Dr. W. Hanford White and Clark Bell, brought the paper into the courts, and publication was suspended in April, 1878. In June of that year another new company was formed. A year later Cyrus W. Field obtained control, and the old name of the *Evening Mail* was resumed. Major Bundy was retained in editorial charge, the paper, as the champion of Civil Service Reform, attaching its fortunes to an independent wing of the Republican Party. It was a strong Conkling organ during the Stalwart-Half-Breed fight, and gained rapidly in influence and circulation. In November, 1882, the *Express* was bought from John Kelly by Mr. Field for the sake of its Associated Press franchise, and the two papers became one.

Beverly Stark.

A PAYING HOPE

The poets since the world began
Have tuneful tribute paid
To hope that in the heart of man
Eternal home hath made.

But though through life this virtue blest
Accompanies you and me,
I think the Hope that's paid the best
Accompanies Anthony.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

NINE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

STUDIES OF THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE.*

I. PROFESSOR SCHELLING'S "THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE PLAY."
II. "THE WORKS OF THOMAS KYD."
III. PROFESSOR SHERMAN'S "WHAT IS SHAKESPEARE?"

Every literary worker is prepared to furnish a list of books which he would

*The English Chronicle Play. A study in the popular historical literature environing Shakespeare. By Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Works of Thomas Kyd. Edited from the original texts, with introduction, notes and facsimiles by Frederick S. Boas, Professor of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

What is Shakespeare? An Introduction to the Great Plays. By L. A. Sherman, Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like to read if only they had been written. Every student of the stage, for example, would welcome a *History of Scene-Painting,* in which there should be a consideration of the rude beginnings of the art in Greece—if, indeed, the Greeks possessed even the rudiments of scenic decoration; in which the splendid developments of the art in Italy during the Renascence should be fully set forth; and in which should be described the later elaborations of the past century, since the improvement of artificial lighting made possible many decorative embellishments not earlier imaginable. Every student of the English-speaking stage cannot but wonder how it is that no one has yet attempted to write a history of the English drama. Many books there are that bear on the subject and that consider one or another of its aspects; but there is no single work tracing the long development of the drama in our language, from the earliest folk-play of the Middle Ages to the latest problem-play of the twentieth century.

Of the books bearing on the subject and covering certain portions of the ground to be traversed, there is scarcely a single one which is the work of a writer who accepts frankly the fact that a play is something devised on purpose to be performed by actors in a theatre and before an audience. Whosoever shall undertake this alluring task must needs have a working knowledge of the actual theatre as it is to-day and as it was at each of the successive epochs of the dramaturgic art; and he must be capable of seizing and of making plain the influence of the changing conditions of the play-house upon the work of the playwright. He must also be able to show how the changes in the audiences, in the beliefs and in the feelings of the peoples that speak English have also had their effect upon the dramas which were prepared to be represented before them.

Professor Ward's careful and scholarly *History of English Dramatic Literature,* welcome as it is, especially in its enlarged second edition, does not really respond to its title. It is rather a collection of biographical criticisms of the successive contributors to dramatic literature than a true history of the drama itself. But this defect Professor Ward's useful work shares with most histories of literature in our language, nearly all of which are unduly biographical, their authors not having profited by the example set by M. Brunetière and M. Lanson in their severally excellent histories of French literature, wherein the memoirs of the writers considered are relegated to the foot-notes. A true history of the English drama would give scant space to the mooted questions in the lives of Marlowe and Massinger, and it would explain clearly the peculiar organisation of the Elizabethan play-houses, which were nearly all of them under the control of actor-managers, a fact which could not but have its influence upon the plays written for them. Such a history, besides showing how the form of the acted drama was conditioned by the changing circumstances of the theatre, and how the tone of the acted drama was modified by the changing temper of the audiences, would try to estimate the various influences which came from without and which the acted drama sometimes welcomes and sometimes rejected—the influence of the university plays, the influence of the court masques, the influence of the translations of Seneca, and of other translations from the Italian and the French.

Perhaps the time has not yet come when a history of the acted drama of the English language can be undertaken with any hope of a satisfactory execution. Perhaps it had best not be attempted until the work of research has been still further pursued by the specialists who are investigating and accumulating the materials which the historian must needs have ready to his hand. Perhaps, indeed, it ought to be postponed until the rise and fall of each of the several dramatic species have been carefully traced by competent inquirers. Just as in the history of the Italian drama we find flourishing a very important species, the comedy-of-masks, which had a sturdy vitality and which Molière accepted as a model for certain of his earlier plays—just as in the history of the French drama we find two closely related species, the *tragédie-bourgeoise* and the *comédie-larmoyante*—just as in the history of the German drama we find the striking *Storm-and-Stress* plays—so in the history of the English drama there are various species quite as sharply individualised and quite as worthy of detailed investigation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among these various species in the English drama are the chronicle-play, the tragedy-of-blood, the romantic-comedy, the comedy-of-humours, the court-masques, the heroic-play, the sentimental-comedy, the ballad-opera. Each of these has a history of its own; each had its hour of popularity; and each attracted the attention of able writers. None are more important than the chronicle-play and the tragedy-of-blood, and none deserve more thoughtful consideration. The tragedy-of-blood has not yet had its full history recorded; but it is dealt with at length in this new edition by Professor Boas of the plays of Kyd, who was the chief practitioner of the species. The chronicle-play is now for the first time discussed by itself, as a species, in the book of Professor Schelling. What Professor Schelling undertook to do was well worth doing; and it is a pleasure to declare that Professor Schelling has done it very well indeed. He has a firm grasp of his subject, he perceives its importance, and he does not allow himself to stray from his main theme. He reveals not only the scholarship, the minute acquaintance with the mere facts—which must ever form the foundation of any such inquiry—but also the insight, the power of co-ordinating his information, without which all the results of research are but as dust and ashes. He has the learning, which is a condition precedent to his endeavours; and he has also a robust common sense. His criticism is never fantastic, and his judgments are never arbitrary; and how much of the writing about the Elizabethan drama is extravagantly fantastic and offensively arbitrary? He is sane, practical, helpful; he bears in mind always when analysing a play that it was written primarily to be acted and only secondarily to be read. He does not neglect mere literary merit—always a matter of minor importance in the acted drama (as Aristotle himself perceived and declared); he is always alert to detect and to point out the dramaturgic skill of the men who were writing chronicle-plays.

Dramaturgic skill, the play-making faculty, the gift of the born playwright—this is what we find only now and again in the earliest specimens of the chronicle-play. And we have no right to expect this skill to be abundantly displayed when we consider the humble pedigree of the species. Far back in the dimness of the Middle Ages some ingenious priest at Easter or at Christmas had caused certain lines of the dialogue (which is abundant in the gospel-narrative) to be spoken by other officials of the church; and in time one or another episode came to be shown in action. Then these several scenes were combined into a Christmas cycle and an Easter cycle. After a while these two cycles were joined together to form a passion-play, enriched by the addition of other episodes presented in dialogue and action. To this passion-play were prefixed certain significant scenes from the Old Testament, prefiguring the coming of Christ, and thus the mystery came into being. The mystery was a dramatisation of the Bible story, and it was soon paralleled by the miracle-play, which was a dramatisation of the adventures of some wonder-working saint. And so by degrees what had been but a single brief dialogue in Latin, acted by the priests, in the church, as part of the liturgy, became a long play in the vernacular, acted by laymen, outside the church and without any relation to the ritual. And in the course of its development, as it gave up the Latin of the clerks for the speech of the people, and as it passed from the control of the priests to the hands of the laity, this dramatised narrative took over the realistic farce of the strolling players, and so fitted itself to represent the comic as well as the serious aspects of life.

The mystery was an acted panorama of the incidents in the life of Christ, and the miracle-play was an acted panorama of the episodes of some saintly legend. Substitute for the Saviour or the saint a character of history or of lay legend, and we have the chronicle-play, which was an acted panorama of the chief events in the career of a hero, whether real or fictitious. Its construction was as clumsy as that of the mystery, the method of which it borrowed; and its movement was as lumbering. It was little more than a string of straggling episodes, now serious and now humorous; it was frankly without unity. But even in its earliest period it was a convenient form for the dramatist, as it allowed any admixture of the comic and the tragic, of the romantic and of the realistic, of alarums and excursions on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the one part and on the other of broad buffoonery and gross horse-play. Inorganic as it was, it could be developed and improved; it could be made more dramatic by heightening those episodes in which the hero is seen in the thick of the struggle,—for a strife of some kind, a contention, a rivalry, an exercise of determination, is ever the essence of dramatic interest.

The species was popular with the playwrights and with the public; but it was formless and unliterary. Mr. Bullen was not overstating the facts when he declared that "the plays of Greene and Peele are important only as showing how poor was the state of dramatic art" at Marlowe's advent; and Professor Schelling is right in asserting that "the unifying artistic motive that crystallised this amorphous mass into a form of beauty came in the first instance from Marlowe, and secondly from Shakespeare himself. With Marlowe it took a concentrated and tragic form, which Shakespeare at first followed. But it attained at last in the hands of the master dramatist a comprehensiveness in which comedy and tragedy become reconciled and the whole range of human life is represented in its political and social relations" (p. 63).

The earliest chronicle-play which attains to a high literary level is Marlowe's *Edward II.;* and here "in place of a series of events, connected solely because they all happen to one protagonist and alternated with scenes of mere comic diversion, each scene and character is grouped about the central idea, the struggle of Edward and his barons" (p. 68). Edward II. was the model followed by Shakespeare in the *Henry IV.* plays, and in *Richard III.,* whether or not he had Marlowe for a collaborator. With *Richard III.* the species stands fully established; "we have emerged from the epic chronicle into the domain of tragic history, from the kaleidoscope of shifting colours muddled together by chance to the carefully painted portrait of a unified personality" (p. 92). In the *Henry IV.* plays, with the dominating figure of Falstaff, and even in *Henry V.,* there is a reversion to the more loosely-knit earlier form; the struggle is less sharply presented, and there is, therefore, a loss of dramatic interest: "The substitution of an interest in character, however absorbing in the main historical thread, and in the interwoven strand of comedy, by no means suffices to remedy this defect" (p. 122).

But there is no need to follow Professor Schelling as he traces the later modifications of the species and as he describes the legendary chronicle-play and the biographical chronicle-play. It remains only to note that his treatise is furnished with all scholarly apparatus—a table of extant plays, a list of plays on English historical subjects, and an adequate index.

One of the interesting points that Professor Schelling makes clear is that the chronicle-play was a species beloved of the populace, and rarely performed at court or at the universities. The drama is of necessity democratic; it must depend on the people; and courts and universities cannot nourish it or direct its development. A drama can live and grow only in the theatre itself; and performances at court or at college are sporadic and therefore unimportant. The theatre must have established itself firmly before it attracts the poets, who alone can raise the acted drama to the level of literature; and fortunately the establishment of the theatre is not dependent on courtiers or on scholars; it is ever the work of the plain people. The attempts of amateurs at the court or at the university had no direct influence on the actual theatre, where professional playwrights were producing plays to be acted by professional actors before audiences that knew what they wanted. And yet the amateur efforts of scholars and courtiers have often had an indirect influence upon the actual theatre; and this is true both in France and in England. The French and the English imitation of Seneca, stiff with frigid rhetoric and stuffed with cold horrors, was performed only by amateurs, and never reached the real theatre. But the practical playwrights who were writing for the real theatre heard of it in time; and sooner or later they availed themselves of whatsoever it contained that could be utilised to advantage on the stage. This is what Hardy did in France, as M. Rigal has recently made clear; and this is what Kyd did in England.

Professor Boas is not overstating the case when he calls the *Spanish Tragedy* perhaps the most popular of Elizabethan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plays, and when he declares that Kyd was "a born dramatist, with a genius for devising impressive situations and flamboyant phrases, and for exploiting to the full the technical resources of the contemporary stage" (p. 31). Kyd was well fitted to introduce a dramatic species, which appealed to the taste of the populace while including "loftier elements borrowed from classical tradition." The formless chronicle-play to which Marlowe gave the unity of a dominating personality, Kyd filled with an Italianate story of crime and revenge, and peopled with Senecan ghosts and with characters possessed of a Senecan relish for the horrible. The result of his skill was the peculiar and striking species of play known as the tragedy-of-blood, of which the most famous example is the *Spanish Tragedy*. In the days before newspapers, the tragedy-of-blood satisfied those baser likings of the lower orders, which are in our time pandered to by yellow journalism. But the tragedy-of-blood also served as a stepping-stone from the feebler chronicle-play to the true tragedy.

Now for the first time are the complete works of Kyd collected, and indeed it would have been impossible to elucidate them until within the past decade. Professor Boas, to whom we are already under obligation for a useful volume on Shakespeare's predecessors in the drama, has edited the whole body of Kyd's extant writings, prefixing a biography of the playwright which is far fuller than any earlier attempt. He gives us also fragments of Kyd's lost works; and he has supplied the plays and other writings with the most elaborate annotation they have yet received. He is perfectly justified in his hope that he has done "something to restore permanently to his rightful place a notable figure in the history of the English drama" (p. 10).

Professor Boas sets forth the reasons why he thinks that Kyd did not write either the *First Part of Ieronimo*, or the first draft of *Titus Andronicus*, which was worked over later by Shakespeare. While relieving Kyd's fame of these two burdens, Professor Boas increases the early playwright's reputation by crediting him with the authorship of the original play of *Hamlet*, a tragedy-of-blood, with its ghost and its revenge motive, and its frequent murders and suicides—a tragedy-of-blood the plot of which Shakespeare borrowed that he might purge it of most of its more violent horrors and that he might make it serve him as a vehicle for his soul-searching philosophy. The editor adduces evidences of Shakespeare's minor borrowings from Kyd, and expresses his own opinion that the author of *Hamlet* and *Richard III.* is indebted to the author of the *Spanish Tragedy* almost as much as to the author of *Edward II.*

Professor Sherman's *What is Shakespeare?* is a most extraordinary production. Not a few of the countless books about Shakespeare are to be classed among the curiosities of literature; but not many of them are more freakish or abnormal than this. After having possessed ourselves of its theory, we are tempted to retort to the query in its title by asking "What is Mr. Sherman?" The answer would be that the author of this elaborate work is a professor of English literature, who seems to have no understanding of the drama as a form of art. Apparently he is a sincere student of the works of the greatest dramatist of all time, and yet he has never apprehended the obvious fact that Shakespeare's plays were written, not for us to read now, but for the audiences who saw them performed in the theatre three centuries ago. There is no evidence in this laborious dissection of certain of Shakespeare's plays that the critic ever himself saw any of them acted or that he ever made an attempt imaginatively to visualise a possible performance.

Apparently Professor Sherman holds it to be a misfortune that Shakespeare was a dramatist, and he informs us that "to interpret a play we must expand the situations and dialogue into such phases and denominations of life as the novel uses" (p. 5.). Therefore he has made it his task to take certain of Shakespeare's plays, and "to test their spirit and purport just as if they had been written in the shape of novels" (p. 8.). Announcing his intention of choosing for this purpose one of Shakespeare's "creations that he had put his heart into," Professor Sherman selects—not *Hamlet*, not *Othello*, not *As You Like It*, not *The Merchant of Venice*—but *Cymbeline!* Now, *Cymbeline* is, perhaps, the last play which would be picked out for analysis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a critic enamoured of dramaturgic craftsmanship.

Professor Barrett Wendell is right in calling attention to the "perverse complexity" of *Cymbeline,* and in asserting that "until the very last scene the remarkably involved story tangles itself in a way which is utterly bewildering." Of course, *Cymbeline* is not without evidence of Shakespeare's power; but it is one of the poorest of his plays, one of the most arbitrary in its motives, and one of the least effective on the stage. Therefore, it should be one of the last of Shakespeare's works to be called to the attention of the eager student. To set out its plot in one hundred pages at the very beginning of his book is to go contrary to Professor Sherman's avowed purpose of making the approach to Shakespeare easy and alluring. In fact, it is difficult for any one who is really appreciative of what is best in Shakespeare to read these five-score pages with any other feeling than blank amazement.

To put this book into the hands of young Americans possessed of healthy and active minds, and to tell them that this is the best way to prepare themselves to enjoy Shakespeare, is to run the risk of giving them an instant and violent distaste for the writings of the great dramatist. If there are readers in doubt as to the proper method of approach to the works of the playwright who wrote so as to be understood by the plain people that thronged the theatre when his plays were first performed, these readers may be recommended to get the late Richard Grant White's *Studies in Shakespeare,* and to avail themselves of the advice there given "On Reading Shakespeare." And if there are any readers of Professor Sherman's absurd suggestion that Shakespeare probably himself played Shylock and Benedick, "though we can agreeably conceive him his own best Romeo, Mercutio," etc. (p. 256), such readers may be recommended to get the late George Henry Lewes's *Actors and the Art of Acting,* and to inform themselves about "Shakespeare as an Actor," as he appeared to that very acute dramatic critic, who was not only a philosopher, but also on occasion both actor and dramatist.

Brander Matthews.

IV.

Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses."*

Mr. Phillips has endeavoured to weave a number of episodes from the *Odyssey* into a dramatic form. How far the result may justify the undertaking only the acted play can prove: the most theatrically-minded critic must, in reading, set aside theatrical limitations and use the term *dramatic* in that wider sense permissible when the reader's mind is the stage. Even from this larger standpoint it is doubtful if Mr. Phillips has justified his choice of a subject; since the story of Ulysses, as handled by him, remains rather a series of more or less dramatic incidents than a dramatic whole. The temperament of Ulysses makes this inevitable: it would be hard to imagine a more centrifugal hero. He was an adventurer in the fine old sense, taking good and evil "with a frolic welcome," animated by no definite purpose, making for no fixed goal, but living life for life's sake with the thoroughness though without the self-consciousness of the modern Cyrenaic. Such a character might, by its action on others of different mould, produce situations full of dramatic possibilities, as, for instance, the hero's parting from Calypso or his return to Ithaca. Each of these situations contains the germ of a drama; but when they are used episodically their dramatic value is lost, and they become merely heterogeneous fragments of experience. Mr. Phillips might reply that this was what he intended them to be, and that the episodical nature of his hero's adventures was typical of such a temperament—that to centralise the diffused emotions of the "fluid" Ulysses into a single dramatic crisis would have been to recast the hero of the *Odyssey.* To say this, however, is to admit the dramatic unfitness of the subject; and this Mr. Phillips is far from admitting. He declares, indeed, that the story of Ulysses seems to him to "afford matter for telling dramatic presentment," and adds that he has tried to weave his hero's adventures "into the fabric of a properly-knit play;" but he would doubtless not quarrel with the critic who should prefer to extol his work as a

*Ulysses: A Drama. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poetic narrative rather than to condemn it as a drama.

Viewed in the former light, it is seen to be full of detached beauties, even of detached dramatic effects, though there are intervals of weakness and inadequacy, where the dramatic and the poetic inspiration seem to fail simultaneously. It will doubtless generally be admitted that the two scenes in which Mr. Phillips has been least successful are those on Olympus and in Hades. His muse, Antæus-like, draws fresh strength from contact with the earth, and it is to be regretted that he did not discard the whole Olympian machinery and deal with the purely human side of the story. The poem might have lost in picturesqueness, in a masque-like effect of quaintness, but would have gained, one feels, a deeper beauty and significance. At all events, Mr. Phillips has not justified his attempt to walk with the immortals. The prologue on Olympus is the weakest part of the play. The author has chosen to make his gods speak in rhymed pentameter, a doubtful vehicle for majestic speech, but one probably selected to give what the Germans call a "humoresque" touch to the scene. Mr. Phillips, perhaps mistrusting his ability to report "that large utterance of the early gods," has preferred to present his divinities in a seriocomic aspect: a permissible alternative, had it been successfully carried out. Unhappily, Mr. Phillips is deficient in both humour and irony, and that "smile of the universe," which was evidently intended to play over the scene, somehow fails to make itself visible: like a recalcitrant stage-moon refusing to rise at the right moment. Here and there, indeed, the prologue rises to poetry; but this is when Mr. Phillips drops the ironic masque and lapses into the elegiac or the introspective key. Such a line as

Mocked by the green of some receding shore

is among the gifts for which one must ever be grateful to Mr. Phillips; but, placed as it is, it produces the effect of having been drawn from its original context to eke out Athene's rhymes. Lines of this quality are, moreover, infrequent, and the verse of the prologue moves chiefly on the level of:

Who hath so suffered, or so far hath sailed,
So much encountered, and so little quailed?

or (in Zeus's address to Poseideon):

In thy moist province none can interfere—

or (worse yet) in the description of Calypso:

All his wisdom swoons beneath the charm
Of her deep bosom and her glimmering arm.

These examples will probably suffice to show that the rhymed pentameter, always difficult to use in dialogue, is not Mr. Phillips's native element.

The first act opens with a page or two of decidedly prosy prose; but with the appearance of Athene, the words fall into the stately beat of Mr. Phillips's blank verse. Mr. Phillips has been criticised for writing lines which resist all attempts at scansion; but when the pedants give up trying to scan English verse by Latin feet, and measure it instead by accentual stress, his lines will be found to present few difficulties. Athene's opening speech is a good example of his more complex rhythms, and one may conceive that the Latin measuring-rod must fly into splinters in contact with such uncoercible lines as:

When he leapt among them, when he flashed,
when he cried,
When he flew on them, when he struck, when
he stamped them dead.

Those who refuse to test English verse by the rules of Latin prosody may maintain that in such measures Mr. Phillips is at his best, and that his courage and originality in the use of rhythm are his surest safeguard against a certain effeminacy—a leaning to the Tennyson of the Idylls rather than of the Ulysses.

The first scene of the first act undoubtedly contains some of the best verse in the play, and not only its finest line, but, perhaps, on the whole, the finest line the author has ever written: when Athene, striving to turn Telemachus against the suitors, replies to his whining

Goddess, I am but one and they are many—

with the godlike cry:

Thou art innumerable as thy wrongs!

The scene shifts to the sea-cave of Calypso, where the blandishments of the enchantress are interspersed with lyrics unfortunately reminiscent of an opera

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

libretto: as when the nymphs declare in chorus:

Alas! we have seen the sailor asleep
Where the anchor rusts on the ooze of the deep,
But never, never before
Have we seen a mortal dance on the long sea-shore.

One hastens on to escape the pursuing remembrance of Ariel's song.

There are high imaginative touches in the leave-taking between Ulysses and Calypso, and here again Mr. Phillips is at his best in Calypso's cry:

And now I do recall
Even in your wildest kiss a kiss withheld.

Indeed, the whole scene is effective in verse and movement, and provokingly suggests how well it might have served as the nucleus of a drama.

Mr. Phillips, however, hurries us on to Hades; and here, it must be owned, one is inclined to address to him the warning which Charon gives Ulysses:

Back to the earth or fear some monstrous doom!

Mr. Phillips's doom is that of inadequacy; a fact the more to be regretted as there is one profoundly imaginative touch in the scene—where Ulysses, as he passes in turn "the woes" of the mighty doomed, recognises his own sufferings in each, and cries out:

There is no torment here that is not mine.

In the second part of *Faust,* where Mephistopheles tells Faust that, to evoke the phantom of Helen, he must descend to the *Mothers,* the hero shudders at the mysterious word, and the reader feels the recoil of the shudder. This is the effect which Mr. Phillips has failed to produce: he does not transmit his *frisson. Facile est* can no longer be said of the literary descent into Avernus: two great seers have been there, and we carry the reflection of their vision in our eyes. Compared with that dark, unbottomed infinite abyss, Mr. Phillips's Hades seems chiefly the product of stage-mechanism and lime-lights, and one is glad, for a different reason, to emerge and rebehold the stars.

The third act opens on the seashore of Ithaca. Athene reappears with a fresh stock of rhymed couplets; but her rhymes happily giving out, she murmurs some beautiful lines over the sleeping Ulysses. There follows an episodical scene of no great merit in the swine-herd's hut, and the action is then transferred to the banqueting-hall of the palace of Ulysses. It is the day on which Penelope is finally to choose between the suitors, and these in turn press their claims, while Ulysses, an unheeded beggar, crouches in the ashes by the hearth. This scene is dramatically the finest in the play; but precisely for this reason one most resents the intervention of Athene, whose promise to tell Ulysses when he is to arise and smite reduces the climax to a purely mechanical effect. There remains, however, much to praise, especially in Penelope's answers to the suitors; and the whole scene moves at a stirring pace, with a fine accord between rhythm and action.

Mr. Phillips's explanatory note seems, by its very tone of self-defence, to admit the dramatic inferiority of his subject, and it is almost superfluous to say that as a play *Ulysses* will not bear comparison with *Herod.* Unfortunately, the same must be said of it as a poem. There are still those who question whether Mr. Phillips has ever crossed the line dividing rhetoric from poetry. If, as Flaubert says, continuity constitutes style as constancy makes virtue, then Mr. Phillips has not, perhaps, established his claim to take rank among the poets; but assuredly he has written poetry. There are lines in *Ulysses* that prove it, though they are less frequent than in *Herod.* There are fewer passages where imaginative passion has moulded speech to its own glowing shape, where the mystical fusion of word and meaning has taken place; but the existence of one such line suggests the possibility of others, and encourages the optimistic reader to hope that Mr. Phillips may yet be capable of sustaining life permanently on Parnassus. *Edith Wharton.*

V. Washburn Hopkins's "India, Old and New."

VI. Washburn Hopkins's "The Great Epic of India."

To a Milton "the wealth of Ind" was a synonym for showers of barbaric pearls

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and gold, or all the lavish riches of the East. To many a one beside Shakespeare India has been a wonderland of magic, the land whence came the little favourite of the fairy queen Titania; and to readers of Kipling to-day the name perhaps most vividly calls up a picture of the home of that fascinating waif, Kim. But of late, alas, we have been forced too often to think of this mighty empire swayed by England's rule, the domain of the Kaiser-i-Hind, as a land of problems, a scene desolated by plague and famine, an abode of pestilence-stricken multitudes. These latter phases of India's life, however, are not of recent date alone, as the scholar knows. The paradox of riches and plenty beside poverty and sickness in that huge country with its teeming millions is as old as the days of the Buddha. Yet India is a land that gives and has given treasures to the West, and not least among the gifts from the wealth of Ind has been the knowledge gained from opening to the Occident the great storehouse of its ancient language and literature.

Properly to understand India we must know its past as well as its present; everything that contributes to this is of importance. For that reason we may welcome a book under the title *India, Old and New*,* which happily combines the knowledge of a distinguished Sanskrit scholar with the observation of one who has visited the land of the Hindus and kept his eyes and ears open. The author, Dr. Hopkins, is the successor of the renowned Whitney at Yale University, and this book forms an interesting and useful volume of essays which are supplemented by a second volume, more technical in its nature, called *The Great Epic of India*.*

The title, *India, Old and New*, conveys at once some idea of the character of the former of the two books, and it deserves to attract the attention of a considerable number of readers, as more persons to-day, than ever before, are interested in subjects relating to the East. The introduction to the book in a manner shows how Sanskrit came to exercise a charm for such a man as Salisbury, that pioneer of Oriental studies in America, a sketch of whose life is given, or why it should have won the heart of a Whitney.

On the subject of the Veda as a literary monument and on the antiquity of the Rig-Veda itself, we may be interested in knowing that so cool-headed and sound a scholar as is Dr. Hopkins, continues strongly to put forward the view—and justly, in the opinion of the present writer—that the Veda is not so old as used to be thought, and that its age is to be brought down out of the hoary past into a period not far remote from the Homeric hymns. Such an attitude will no doubt call forth discussion on many sides, especially among the Hindus themselves, or by those who view age as a special merit in literature as in wine. To the Veda, moreover, the Yale professor rightly traces back the sources of the lyric poetry of India. Abundant translations are given in the essay on this theme. The renderings from numerous Vedic hymns are aptly done—better, it seems, than the translation of some of those cameos of later Sanskrit poetic thought, or the verses in the *precieuse* style of an Indian lyrist like Bhartrihari. Another chapter devoted to giving a literary idea of the epics presents in brief form the main points of those enormous heroic poems.

From literature to religion is the step in the second part of the book, and some suggestive thoughts are brought forward as to the origin of gods in India, both in ancient and in modern times. But most important in this respect is the chapter on "Christ in India." In a careful and scholarly piece of argumentation, judicially weighed and laid down, the author deals with the question of possible or impossible points of connection and relationship between Buddhism and Christianity, and he shows how ill-founded are some of the extravagant claims of the influence of Krishna-worship in India upon early
chapter of itself would carry the book.
chapter of itself would carry the book.

The student of sociology and economics will gain much information from the essays on guilds and on land-tenure in India—both of which studies have

*India, Old and New. With a memorial address. By E. Washburn Hopkins, M.A., Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Edward Arnold. Yale Bicentennial Publications.

The Great Epic of India. Its character and origin. By E. Washburn Hopkins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Yale Bicentennial Publications.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been previously published elsewhere—and from two up-to-date monographs which are devoted to the famine and the plague, and which embody largely the results of personal observation by the author while in India. This particular portion of the book is to be commended to those who have governmental problems to face in the Orient.

Space does not allow an adequate review of the other volume, *The Great Epic of India.* It is an elaborate work of research and learned criticism, supporting the view of the composite origin of the *Mahabharata,* or the gigantic *Iliad* of India. In this monstrous poem of some two hundred thousand verses, Dr. Hopkins finds as many eras and as many evidences of various authorship as Wolf once found in Homer or Müllenhoff sought to point out in Beowulf. How far this is right, or in what details it may be wrong, must be discussed by specialists and scholars who have long been familiar with the general theory which Hopkins so ardently upholds in opposition to the German Sanskritist, Dr. Dahlmann, who sees more unity and singleness of purpose in this huge poem, which is one of the great epics of the world's literature.

A. V. Williams Jackson.

VII.

Clara Morris's "Life on the Stage."*

This book of reminiscences by Miss Clara Morris is one of the most natural and spontaneous things that we have ever seen. It is frankly egotistical, often trivial, and still oftener crude in its modes of expression and in the point of view which it reveals; but, nevertheless, and perhaps in part because of these very qualities, it is well worth reading. Miss Morris must have written it very much as she would have talked it; and pretty nearly everything that came into her head at the time appears to have gone into the book. Those who are looking for bits of anecdote which have some permanent importance will find them in the chapters which relate to John Wilkes Booth, to Edwin Booth, and to the old Daly company; but, after all, it is not these things which give the book its interest. What one cares for most is its frank revelation of personality, and the realistic details of a life which began with hardship and disappointment and ceaseless work, and finally reached the climax of an undoubted triumph.

Those who remember Miss Morris as she was in the days when she was acting under Mr. Daly's management and afterward under the management of Mr. A. M. Palmer, will never deny that she was an actress of undoubted power. There was very little training of the right sort evident in her work. She missed a great many of the niceties which an artist would have understood instinctively. She was not beautiful, and in her voice and manner there was a good deal which suggested the Middle West of thirty years ago. Nevertheless, she did manage to attain emotional effects which were irresistible. She had the thrill in her, and somehow or other she could communicate it to her audiences in the most extraordinary way.

This book is a genuine actor's book. Miss Morris talks shop all the way through it; and there are any number of wonderfully interesting anecdotes illustrative of stagecraft which it takes an actor to appreciate properly. The author tells us all about her stage frights, the intrigues of the green-room, the petty disappointments and small meannesses of other actresses, the eccentricities of some of the men whose names belong to the permanent history of the American stage, and she likewise sets down impartially all the compliments and all the criticisms that were ever made upon her own acting. Some of her strictures upon former comrades of hers who are still living are delightfully indiscreet, and perhaps some of the things which she says about persons who have lately died—Mr. Daly, for instance—are not in the best of taste. But, after all, everything in the book is characteristic of its author. One gets more knowledge of stage life as it really is from such a book as this than from many that are more pretentious. It may be commended also with considerable confidence to any young woman who may happen to be stage-struck; for the general impression left by it is one of immensely hard work, of a life spent for the most part amid sordid surroundings,

*Life on the Stage. By Clara Morris. With portrait. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and of successes which in spite of their momentary brilliancy brought no great recompense of a material sort. Miss Morris evidently has an irrepressible fund of good spirits. Had the case been otherwise, she could hardly have gone through what she did, nor would her narrative itself have been anything but depressing.

R. P.

VIII.

Mrs. Wharton's "The Valley of Decision."*

There is a type of artistic temperament that seems to find a sensuous satisfaction in vast canvases and themes of epic magnitude. And since, in a certain sense, the novelist has a far wider canvas than the artist upon which to paint his picture, he runs a proportionately greater chance of overestimating his strength. He is not limited by any single hour or day or year; he is not bounded by the visible horizon; he may cover a whole epoch in the history of an individual or a family or a nation; or he may concentrate himself upon a single crucial moment in the life of a man or a woman. The value of what he does depends not upon the breadth of the canvas, but upon the inherent truth of the perspective, the accuracy of the line and colour, the subtle and indefinable sense of proportion underlying the whole conception. Yet the temptation to strive for something big and broad and impressive, to paint humanity in the mass, to study not individual lives, but the complex development of a race, has led astray more than one of our promising younger writers. It is the sort of task which demands a long apprenticeship. Kipling embodied in *Kim* the thoughtful deliberation of a dozen years. Zola was content to toil for more than twenty before he attempted to sum up the motley life of the French metropolis in a single volume, *Paris*. Tolstoy waited almost to the end of his career before trying to epitomise all Russia in his *Resurrection*, and even then, in spite of its acknowledged power, more than one critic questioned its right to the title of novel. Yet it is just this sort of colossal task that the author of *The Touchstone* serenely set herself in *The Valley of Decision;* and the fact that the resulting novel is entitled to a modicum of honest and cordial praise is in itself a recognition of her versatility and her genius.

Mrs. Wharton was fortunate at the outset in her choice of a subject. She has attempted to sum up the life of Italy in the latter half of the eighteenth century, that crucial *settecento*, which has aptly been compared to the closing act of a tragedy. It was that period of fallacious calm following the war of the Austrian Succession, when beneath the surface all Italy was seething with undercurrents of discontent against the old established order of things; when "the little Italian courts were still dozing in fancied security under the wing of Bourbon and Hapsburg suzerains;" when clergy and nobles still clung tenaciously to their class privileges and united in their efforts to repress the spread of learning; when throngs of the ignorant and superstitious still crowded the highroads to the shrines of popular saints, and a small but growing number of enlightened spirits met in secret conclave to discuss forbidden new doctrines of philosophy and science. It is a vast subject, and one full of epic values—a subject which it is easy to imagine a Balzac or a Tolstoy treating in the bold, sweeping, impressionistic way that it demands. But it is not easy to imagine what an introspective writer, a Bourget, or a Henry James, could make of such a theme, and still less an avowed disciple of Mr. James, such as Mrs. Wharton has hitherto shown herself. That the resulting volume shows so much comparative excellence is a pleasant surprise. She has brought to her task a considerable amount of erudition. She is saturated to her finger-tips with the historical facts of the period—the motley and confusing tangle of petty dukedoms, the warring claims of Austria and of Spain. She has given us not merely a broad canvas but a moving panorama of the life of that restless time, presenting with a certain dramatic power the discontent of the masses; the petty intrigues of the Church and the aristocracy; the gilded uselessness of the typical fine lady with her *cavaliere servante*, her pet monkey and her parrot; the brutal ignorance of the peasantry; the disorders and license of the Bohemian

*The Valley of Decision. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world—all the various strata and substrata of the social life of the times. The book is less a novel than a sort of cultured *Sittengeschichte* of the epoch, as minute, as conscientious and as comprehensive as a chapter from Gibbon's *Rome,* yet lacking those little, vital, illuminating touches which help to make us see. Her most obvious fault seems to be her avoidance of the concrete and the specific. She delights in indulging in generalities. She leaves a mental impression of crowds and movement and the turmoil of hurrying, bustling human life; but when we search in our memory for further impressions, we find them misty and uncertain. The people, the scenes, the incidents, are often not necessarily Italian at all. She is seldom definite enough in her descriptions to be Much of the time we miss even the sunshine, the blue sky, that redolence of warmth and colour and superficial gayety which is the very essence of Italy—which fills every page of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme,* is woven into the woof and warp of *Romola,* and goes far toward redeeming even the tawdry sensationalism of such a writer as Ouida. There are times when one cannot help feeling that Mrs. Wharton has something in common with her hero, who, she tells us, "had lived through twelve Italian summers without sense of the sun-steeped quality of an atmosphere that even in shade gives each object a golden salience. He was conscious of it now only as it suggested fingering a missal stiff with gold leaf and edged with a swarming diversity of buds and insects." When she does pause to describe nature, it is usually from a purely æsthetic point of view, with the professional delight of an artist at a grouping of rocks, or trees, or hills which would make an effective picture—"a scene which Salvator might have painted;" or a bend in the road where "the roadside started into detail like the foreground of some minute Dutch painter." And it is characteristic that these descriptions are always of the briefest character. It is only when she becomes interested in some matter of æsthetic or philosophic interest that Mrs. Wharton becomes verbose. It is worth while to quote, even at some length, a characteristic passage of this latter type, for which such passages constitute a formidable proportion of the pages of these two volumes—pages which are apt to remain unread, if not uncut, by a large number of readers, both those who read frankly for amusement, and those who look upon the novel as a serious and important human document:

> In the semi-Parisian capital, where French architects designed the king's pleasure-houses and the nobility imported their boudoir-panellings from Paris and their damask hangings from Lyons, Benedetto Alfieri represented the old classic tradition, the tradition of the "grand manner," which had held its own through all later variations of taste, running parallel with the *barocchismo* of the seventeenth century and the effeminate caprices of the rococo period. He had lived much in Rome, in the company of men like Winckelmann and Maffei, in that society where the revival of classical research was being forwarded by the liberality of princes and cardinals and by the indefatigable zeal of the scholars in their pay. From this centre of æsthetic reaction Alfieri had returned to the Gallicised Turin, with its preference for the graceful and ingenious rather than for the large, the noble, the restrained; bringing to bear on the taste of his native city the influence of a view raised but perhaps narrowed by close study of the past; the view of a generation of architects in whom archæological curiosity had stifled the artistic instinct, and who, instead of assimilating the spirit of the past like their great predecessors, were engrossed in a sterile restoration of the letter.

Considered in its aspect of a novel, a story of human interest, the shortcomings of *The Valley of Decision* are somewhat more intangible, yet none the less they make themselves felt. The characters are clearly and conscientiously drawn, the drama in which they play a part deals with vital questions of life and liberty and human happiness; and yet they leave us cold; they fail for the most part to touch the keynote of responsive sympathy. The explanation is somewhat hard to find; it lies, in part, at least, in the author's obvious willingness to subordinate her characters to the exposition of her main theme, the picture of Italy as a whole. With this end in view it must be granted that her plot is cleverly chosen. She has conceived a petty dukedom, Pianura, in the north of Italy, owing allegiance to Charles Ferdinand on the one hand, and attached by marriage to the house of Hapsburg on the other. The hero, Odo Valsecca, is of the Old Order, heir-presumptive to the throne of Pianura, and kept from the succession only by a sickly cousin and the latter's dying child. In his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

character Odo represents the conflicting tendencies of the times. He is in sympathy with the new ideas of progress and liberty, and has brief flashes of energy and enthusiasm. But they soon burn themselves out, for he is fundamentally lethargic and indifferent, inheriting the fatal taint of his house. The heroine, Fulvia Vivaldi, represents the new order. She is the daughter of a professor of philosophy, who pays by exile the penalty for his temerity in following up the forbidden learning. Under Fulvia's influence Odo becomes an enthusiastic disciple of the new philosophy, and he is on the point of sacrificing all his prospects and accompanying her to France, when the death of his cousin unexpectedly makes him Duke of Pianura. To both of them his duty is plain. He must accept the burden, and devote his life to giving the people that liberty to which they are entitled. For Fulvia there are two alternatives. She may continue her way alone to Paris, or she may remain at Pianura in a capacity which she will not accept.

"The Regent's mistress?" she said slowly. "The key to the treasury, the back-door to preferment, the secret trafficker in titles and appointments? That is what I should stand for —and it is not to such services that you must even appear to owe your power. I will not say that I have my own work to do; for the dearest service I could perform would be to help you in yours. But to do this I must stand aside. To be near you, I must go from you. To love you, I must give you up."

So Odo returns alone to Pianura and in course of time marries his cousin's widow, of the House of Hapsburg, with whom he might eventually have been fairly happy. But three years later Fulvia changes her mind, comes back to him, and accepts the very conditions which she previously found such excellent reasons for refusing. No doubt, had Mrs. Wharton chosen, she might have given us a luminous picture of the mental transition through which her heroine passed during these three years of self-inflicted exile. But she has not chosen to do so, and the result is an impression of inconsistency, a feeling that the Fulvia who went away and the Fulvia who returned are not one and the same person. Apparently, the only real necessity for her return was to pave the way for an effective and tragic ending. Fulvia spurs Odo on to give the people the liberal constitution for which they are not yet ready, and in the midst of the resulting riots receives in her heart the shot intended for her lover.

This, in hasty outline, is the plot of *The Valley of Decision,* and, frankly speaking, it is the least essential and least interesting aspect of the book. What really do count are her vivid pictures of life, the human interest of brief but crucial moments, her wonderful intuition in analysing complex emotions—in short, the same qualities which to a greater degree stamped the appearance of her earliest volume as a literary event. In taking up these volumes for a second time, one is apt to turn back to one of just a few brief scenes luminous with comprehensions—such a passage as this, for instance, describing an incident in Odo's youth, when, as a boy of twelve, on his way to Turin, his lot fell in for a single night with a company of strolling players:

The pretty girl who had pillowed Odo's slumbers now knelt by his bed and laughingly drew on his stockings. She was a slim, brown morsel, not much above his age, with a glance that flitted like a bird, and round shoulders slipping out of her kerchief. A wave of shyness bathed Odo to the forehead as their eyes met; he hung his head stupidly and turned away when she fetched the comb to dress his hair.

His toilet completed, she called out to the abate to go below and see that the cavaliere's chocolate was ready; and as the door closed she turned and kissed Odo on the lips.

"Oh, how red you are!" she cried, laughingly. "Is that the first kiss you've ever had? Then you'll remember me when you're Duke of Pianura—Mirandolina of Chioggia, the first girl you ever kissed!" She was pulling his collar straight while she talked, so that he could not get away from her. "You will remember me, won't you?" she persisted. "I shall be a great actress by that time, and you'll appoint me *prima amorosa* to the ducal theatre of Pianura, and throw me a diamond bracelet from your Highness's box and make all the court ladies ready to poison me for rage!" She released his collar and drooped away from him. "Ah, no; I shall be a poor strolling player and you a great prince," she sighed, "and you'll never, never think of me again; but I shall always remember that I was the first girl you ever kissed!"

She hung back in a dazzle of tears, looking so bright and tender that Odo's bashfulness melted like a spring frost.

"I shall never be duke," he cried, "and I shall never forget you!" And with that he turned and kissed her boldly and then bolted down the stairs like a hare. And all that day he scorched and froze with the thought that perhaps she had been laughing at him.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV.

Clinton Scollard's "The Cloistering of Ursula."*

Some books remind us pleasantly, yet firmly, that we never entirely outgrow the artless enjoyments of childhood. This is one of that class. The reviewer admits (with all the more frankness because of what he intends to say next) that the sight of *The Cloistering of Ursula,* when he took it up to read, with its gay, vermilion binding, its felicitous romantic title, and the introductory rigmarole about being the hitherto unpublished memoirs of the Italian Marquis of So-and-So, caused a slight sinking of the heart. Indeed, however much one despises the narrowness of those persons who prefer one sort of subject matter in their novels to the exclusion of every other, it is no sin to assert that, while a great many spirited romances of the lady and the sword have been written (and enthusiastically received) not all of them have been actually enthralling, and that with each addition to their number the chance that the old story in its new form will prove potent in securing and holding the attention becomes smaller. All the more remarkable is it, then, to find one in which the interest is as lively as the theme demands.

Just as in the Golden Age you were not merely absorbed, but, perhaps, set a-tingling in every nerve by the humble narrative of Archie's escape from the den of the counterfeiters—an exit made with the staccato accompaniment of pistol shots, an episode punctuated with the possibilities of sudden death—so again you may find in the sanguinary but fortunate adventures of Andrea Uccelli a similar means of making the hours fly by like minutes while the book lasts; that is, if you are not an irretrievably mature person.

The story is very well written. The style is flowing throughout, and is without affectation other than the harmless use of a few old English phrases put in to impart a flavour of old Italian to the supposed translation. The author tells his story without digressions concerning the conditions of the time or the scenery of the place, suggesting much of both, nevertheless, in a cleverly unobtrusive way. He takes a certain amount of pains with his characters, moreover, to let you know the kind of people they are, yet at the same time is very much alive to the fact that the complexities of ordinary human nature are not under examination upon this occasion: the plot is the thing—the prolongation of the distresses and perils of the hero to the limit; then the happy consummation. All in all it is a clever book.

It concerns itself with the rivalry between two powerful noble houses in the ancient city of Lorenna. The feud speedily becomes bloody, and as the outcome of a wholesale slaughter of his family by the opposing faction, Andrea burdens himself with the task of revenge single-handed. Ursula, the heroine, is an object of inspiration and of tender care to him throughout. Her heart was at one time set upon entering a sisterhood, but it is no serious breach of confidence to declare that in the last chapter she consents to select Andrea's ancient garden seat as the scene of her cloistering.

The most strenuous aspect of the novel is revealed in the following passage:

> Both men were bleeding from many wounds. Their arms were tightly pinioned and their legs partially secured. There was an aching hush of apprehension, then some one not visible screamed a word of command, whereat the two prisoners were seized by the powerful men guarding them, lifted in air, and hurled head foremost downward. An instant later their bodies lay, masses of crushed flesh and bone, on the uneven pavement of the piazza.
>
> Then, to add to the grisly horror of the scene, men with long, glistening knives leaped out of the throng. Upon the breathless corpses they flung themselves, gashed their hearts out, and pinned them, reeking with blood, high upon one of the doors of the Palazzo Pubblico.

This is the vengeance of the Uccelli upon the Neri.

Carl Hovey.

*The Cloistering of Ursula. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: L. C. Page Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FUEL OF FIRE

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER II.

BAXENDALE HALL.

Upon a hill the old house stood,
Commanding stream and field and wood.

Baxendale Hall, which was built for the third time—having been twice destroyed by fire—in the reign of James the Second was a fine, square house of red brick, with stone facings, and the coat-of-arms of the Baxendales, also in stone, carved over the front door. It stood in the centre of a beautiful park, on the borders of Mershire and Salopshire; and the house was situated upon such an eminence that its cellars were on a line with the top of the tower of Silverhampton Church. Thus Silverhampton and Baxendale Hall looked at each other, from their respective hills, across a fruitful and well-populated valley, a pleasant land of meadows and orchards and comfortable houses, made happy by the money that was coined in the murky coal-fields on the other side of Silverhampton town.

The Baxendales were one of the oldest families in Mershire; and they had lived at Baxendale Hall ever since Doomsday Book was edited—and probably before that. But of late years their prosperity had dwindled, as is the way nowadays of all prosperity which has its being solely in land; and when the late Mr. Baxendale died of a broken heart, owing to the pecuniary difficulties which beset him, it was found that the rents of the estate were so reduced, and the mortgages upon it so heavy, that his son came into an income of only some very few hundreds a year; and those few hundreds were made still fewer by the enormous fire insurance which all the owners of Baxendale were bound to pay, in consideration of the family curse, which foretold that Baxendale Hall should once more—for the third time—"be made fuel of fire."

The late Mr. Baxendale had married for love and not for money—a peculiarity of his race—Lady Alicia Moate, a daughter of the Earl of Portcullis; and by her had one child, a son, Laurence. Her ladyship possessed as little wit as money, but she had beauty in excess; and for her beauty Alwyn Baxendale loved, wooed and married her, and lived beyond his income, and finally died broken-hearted because that income was insufficient to supply her somewhat exorbitant daily needs. Thus matters came to a crisis, Baxendale Hall was shut up, and only an old man and his wife left in it as caretakers; and Alicia went to rule the house of her brother, Lord Portcullis, while Laurence Baxendale officiated as tutor to his lordship's eldest son. When, however, Lord Portcullis took unto himself a second wife, Lady Alicia was compelled to seek a home elsewhere; so she and her son repaired to an untenanted farmhouse near The Ways (a hamlet on the Baxendale estate), and about a mile and a half from the Hall.

The Ways was probably so called because five ways met there: one went eastward past the Burton's house, and through the pretty village of Tetleigh, straight to Silverhampton: another took the opposite direction, and led the traveller, by the hills of Salopshire and Wales, to the coast of the western sea; a third went northward, down a shady lane, past Ways Hall, the home of the Fairfax family, to Codswell—a picturesque village whose cobble-paved street climbed bravely up a church-crowned hill which stood as high as Baxendale or Silverhampton; a fourth lay through the well-wooded glades of Baxendale Park, and finally—by slow ascents—reached the Hall itself; and the fifth went due south into a green maze of lanes, which wandered on and on until they finally lost themselves in fairyland—as English lanes have a knack of doing, if only they are taken in the right way.

There are few things more beautiful than a Mershire lane. It is beautiful in the winter, when the elm trees that overshadow it are transformed into coral-reefs by the magic touch of the hoar-frost; it is beautiful in the spring, when its hedges are white with May-blossom and its ditches fringed with the lace-like hemlock; and it is beautiful in the autumn, when the climbing brambles adorn it on either side with crimson and gold; but it is most beautiful of all on a summer's evening, when the low-lying shafts of light touch the bents and the feathery grasses and turn the pathway into a golden pavement encircled by a veritable rainbow of emerald, until the traveller feels that he is treading a ladder worthy of the feet of angels, leading him—as the beauty of nature will always lead those who have eyes to see it—straight from earth to heaven.

The spot where these five ways met was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marked by a group of fine old elm trees growing upon a grassy mound; and round about it were clustered a farm or two and sundry cottages, a picturesque post-office and blacksmith's forge. It was a pretty hamlet in the typical English style; and its quaint little inn, by name "The Crown," slumbered in a cosy bed of blossom, with a coverlet of climbing roses.

Ways Hall was a long, low, white house, clothed with Virginia creeper, which made it as a green bower in summer, while in autumn it appeared as a house which was enveloped by crimson flames, and yet was not consumed. It was set in the centre of velvet lawns which—like the famous lawns of Oxford—had been "rolled for five hundred years," and which sloped down to a large sheet of water, inhabited—and defended to the best of their ability—by a family of swans. The banks of this lake were covered every spring with daffodils and periwinkles, which looked at their reflection in the water and danced with pleasure at the sight. At least the daffodils did: the periwinkles only nodded and said to themselves, "What nice blue eyes we have!"

The Fairfaxes of The Ways were a good old family, but now had dwindled down to two—namely, Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter Faith. Mrs. Fairfax was a stately dame of the old school, who had never in her life sat in an easy chair or said a silly thing; and Faith was the raw material out of which saints and angels are manufactured. She had soft, fair hair and a Madonna-like face; and in her eyes was that look which dwells in the eyes of all those chosen ones who see beyond this present world. Unselfish was an adjective not applicable to Faith Fairfax; selfless was the only description available for her. Had she lived in earlier times Faith would inevitably have taken the veil; for she was one of the women who have a special vocation for religion, and seem made for the cloister rather than the hearth. As it was, she devoted herself to her mother and the poor; and the human side of her—as far as anything about Faith Fairfax was purely human—fell in love with Laurence Baxendale, and loved him in the ideal, worshipping way in which only such nun-like women can love. The high-minded, inflexible part of his character, which stirred up opposition in Nancy Burton, fitted exactly into Faith's more saintly nature; and while Nancy was slightly defiant and greatly afraid, Faith was humbly adoring.

As a boy, whenever anything went wrong, Laurence Baxendale turned to Faith to set it right again; as a man, he pursued very much the same course. She was a year or two older than he, and filled in his life the place which his mother had left empty; for motherliness was the last attribute which could be laid to the charge of pretty, foolish Lady Alicia.

It is strange how, in the give and take of life, men take from the angelic and give to the purely human women with whom they are brought into contact. They make demands—excessive demands—upon the patience and forbearance and unselfishness of the women who love them; but it is the women who make excessive demands upon them that they love the best. Women who behave well rather than wisely take credit to themselves for carrying their own cloaks, and climbing over their own stiles, and generally saving trouble for the men who are treading life's paths by their side. Foolish creatures! The men want to carry their cloaks and help them over the stiles, if only they will let them. Which shows that the proverbial Selfishness of Man is as effete and worn-out a bogey as the Dodo or the Sea Serpent or Religious Disability.

The most interesting feature of Baxendale Hall was a large library, filled with all manner of rare old books and fine pictures, containing many priceless manuscripts and valuable prints. It occupied the whole length of the front of the house upon the first floor, and was exactly over the great entrance hall. Behind it, and over the dining and the drawing-rooms, was the suite of rooms always occupied by the master and mistress of the house; and next to these the nurseries and school-room, where generations of little Baxendales had played their games and learned their lessons. The guest-chambers were in one wing of the house over the justice-room and the muniment-room, and the rooms where the men smoked, played billiards and managed the estate; the opposite wing was devoted to the kitchens and offices, and over them the servants' apartments. The front of the Hall looked east, to where the old churches of Silverhampton and Sedgehill were landmarks to all the surrounding country; and the gardens at the back borrowed much of their glory from the sun which set behind the distant Welsh hills.

"I wish, mother, if it wouldn't bother you, that you would see rather more of the Burton girls," Laurence Baxendale said to Lady Alicia the day after he had been to tea at Wayside. "I know they aren't exactly your style; but I should be awfully glad if you would be kind to them, as they are always very kind to me, and I enjoy going there immensely."

"Certainly, dear Laurence, certainly. I have called on Mrs. Burton and she has returned the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

call, but there is no real friendship in conventionalities such as that; and real friendship is so beautiful between neighbours, I think—so very beautiful; and makes everyday life such a touching and exquisite thing."

"Yes; it is a good thing to be on friendly terms with the people about you."

"As you say, dear Laurence, they are not exactly my style or in our set; their father makes iron, and I think it is beautiful to make iron—it must teach men to be so great and strong. And then it is so sweet and Christian, I always think, to show kindness to persons not quite in one's own rank of society; because, I daresay, one can do one's duty in an ironworks as well as on a landed property. In fact, one can do one's duty in almost any rank of life; that, I think, is such a comforting thought, because it is always so nice for everybody to do their duty if they can. There is something very soothing in doing one's duty, don't you think?"

"*Soothing* isn't exactly the word I should have used," said Laurence dryly.

"And then the Burton girls are so charming, too—such sweet, simple, unsophisticated creatures!"

Lady Alicia had an amiable habit of praising all the people with whom she was brought into contact; but she slightly took the edge off her own commendation by invariably praising them for the qualities which they did not happen to possess.

The next afternoon she walked up to Wayside, and found the girls and their mother at home.

"I am so glad you are in, dear Mrs. Burton," she began in her usual gushing manner; "it always seems so insincere and hollow to call upon people when they are not at home; and insincerity and hollowness are such terrible things, don't you think?—such very terrible things."

"They are certainly not lovable qualities," agreed Mrs. Burton: and Nancy winked at Nora behind Lady Alicia's elegant back.

"I want to see more of you and your dear girls. I was only saying to my son yesterday how beautiful it is to be neighbourly with the people who live near one—so sweet and Christian—even if they don't happen to be the sort of people one would choose."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Lady Alicia," replied Mrs. Burton, manfully repressing her natural desire to smile.

"And what are your dear girls' Christian names? I am always so interested in people's Christian names and the months in which their birthdays are. I think one can learn so much from these, don't you? They are so interesting and suggestive, and often such a key to character."

"Do you mean to the characters of the people themselves, or of their godfathers and godmothers?" asked Nancy, with ominous demureness.

"Oh! dear child, of the people themselves, of course. How could it be the key to the character of their godfathers and godmothers, when we never know who their godfathers and godmothers are? They are not given in the Peerage, you know; though I am not at all sure that they ought not to be. It would be rather nice and orthodox if they were, don't you think?"

"It would be rather interesting," said Nancy, "as showing whom they expected to leave them a fortune."

"And there is so much in names. I always think it was such a mistake of dear Shakespeare to say that a rose would smell as sweet if you called it something else; it couldn't, you know. And what are you dear girls' names, Mrs. Burton?"

"Nancy and Nora."

"Oh, how sweet! How very sweet for them both to begin with the same letter! I always think there is so much sympathy between people whose names begin with the same letter. It was such a comfort to me that my dear husband's name began with A, like mine. Do you know, I don't think I could ever have loved a man whose Christian name began with B? He would have seemed so far off; almost as if he were living in another planet. I remember once meeting a man and his wife who were called Francis and Frances. I thought it so very touching and beautiful."

"It will be rather a bore if Nancy and I have to marry men whose names begin with N," said Nora, "because there are so few nice men's names beginning with N."

"And it would be horrid to marry men who weren't nice," added Nancy.

Lady Alicia took it all in solemn earnest: "Oh! dear children, there is Nathaniel—not exactly a pretty name, you know, but so Biblical and suggestive. I thing it must be lovely to have a Bible name, especially on Sundays; it must make one feel in such perfect harmony with the day."

"But we can't both marry men who are called Nathaniel," persisted Nancy; "it would be so very confusing, and we should get them all mixed up."

"So you would, my dear; but I feel sure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there are other nice names beginning with N, if only one could recall them."

"But you didn't call your son by a name beginning with A," suggested Nora.

"Ah! no. Dear Laurence was called after an ancestor of his who did something very heroic and touching—I forget exactly what it was. And I think it is so ennobling to call one's children by names which remind one of heroic deeds, don't you? It seems to elevate the tone of everyday life by beautiful memories; and there is nothing more refining, I find, than beautiful memories. Ah! what a priceless gift memory is! What should we do without it, I wonder?"

The girls thought that Lady Alicia ought to know; but they did not say so.

Her ladyship ambled on as usual, without giving any one else a chance to speak: "I do hope, dear Mrs. Burton, that your girls are cultured. I think it is so sweet for young people to be cultured, and to read nice poetry. I remember when I was a girl I used to read all the poetry I could lay my hands on, except Lord Byron's *Don Quixote;* dear papa never would allow that."

"Ah! we have not been allowed to read it, either," remarked Nancy.

"Haven't you? How very interesting! I think it is so very beautiful when parents overlook their children's reading. It seems to bring the Fifth Commandment into everyday life. And it is so sweet and Christian to keep the Commandments when one can, don't you think? I think one should always try to do so for the sake of setting the servants a good example, if not for one's own."

"I think it is nice for parents to take an interest in everything that their children do," said Mrs. Burton.

"It is, indeed, dear Mrs. Burton. And I do hope your young people are fond of culture. I am devoted to reading myself, but, unfortunately, the minute I begin to read my thoughts begin to wander, so, unfortunately, I am unable to indulge my literary taste as I should wish. It is a great deprivation!"

"But you have the pleasure of your own thoughts," suggested Nora; "and that is far greater. I'd much rather think my own thoughts than read other people's."

Lady Alicia sighed: "Ah! my dear, that is because you are not literary. If you had my temperament you would live upon books. I remember once starting a Shakespeare-reading society when I was living with my dear brother, Lord Portcullis, for all the girls in the neighbourhood. I thought it would train their minds; and it is so nice for the minds of the young to be trained."

"Very nice," said Mrs. Burton; and she had not time to say more before Lady Alicia went on:

"Of course, there are things in Shakespeare not altogether suitable for the young to read, so I asked the clergyman's wife to mark all the passages which she felt could be read without detriment to the fresh and untrained minds I was endeavouring to cultivate. I think clergymen's wives are just the people to do that sort of thing, don't you, dear Mrs. Burton? It seems exactly the kind of duty they would enjoy."

"I feel sure they would. And did this particular one justify the confidence you had placed in her?" Mrs. Burton asked.

"Well, it was very unfortunate, but there was a mistake. Instead of marking all the passages to be read, as I had asked her, she marked all the passages to be left out. And, most naturally, the class read those and left the others out. But how could I help it? I assumed that she had done what I had asked her."

The two girls coughed violently in order to stifle their laughter, and their mother managed to inquire, with a fairly sober front: "But didn't it occur to you at the time what had happened?"

"Well, it did occur to me that the remarks were a little disjointed. But remarks are often disjointed in plays—to allow for changing the scenery or the actor's clothes, I suppose; so I took it as a matter of course. But it was annoying all the same. It made people laugh, though what there was to laugh at I cannot imagine. But that is a growing evil of the present day, don't you think? People treat everything as a joke, and speak lightly of quite serious things."

"It is a virtue of the present day, I think," argued Nancy, "to laugh instead of crying, whenever it is possible. My heart is like Beatrice's—'keeps, poor fool! on the windy side of care;' and I'm thankful for it."

Lady Alicia sighed her dainty little sigh: "Ah! my poor dear husband was like that, and so is Laurence. They both of them have always laughed at things that seem to me quite pathetic. But then I am extremely sensitive, and my poor husband was not, nor is Laurence. They could not, of course, help being so unlike me, nor do I in any way blame them for it; but it has been to me a matter of regret."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What sort of things does Mr. Baxendale laugh at?" asked Nancy, who was athirst for any form of knowledge concerning Laurence.

"Just the things his poor, dear father used to laugh at—things that you would have expected them to be quite sorry about instead. Our poverty, for instance; and the way we have come down in the world; and his own shyness and unpopularity; and the fact that he can't afford to marry; and lots of really quite sad things like that."

"I see." And Nancy's voice was very low.

"I often say to him what a pity it is that he can't afford to marry, because a charming wife is such a nice thing for a man to have, don't you think? In fact, I should quite pity him, poor boy! if only he would let me. But whenever I mention the subject he just turns it off into a joke, and never seems to take it seriously at all, so my sympathy is wasted. And I am such a sympathetic creature, you know, that Laurence's callousness pains me."

"I don't think it need," said Mrs. Burton gently.

"Ah! but I am so sensitive: I shrivel up like a sensitive plant when my feelings are hurt; and Laurence is always hurting them. I am sure he does not mean to do so, but he is so thick-skinned that he does not understand a sensitive nature like mine. His poor father was just the same."

"What sort of things did he laugh at?" asked Nancy, with unslaked curiosity.

"Oh! he used to laugh at our poverty too, and at what a wretched match he had turned out for me. Of course, I ought to have done much better, and I used to say so, but he just treated it as a joke. And it really was no joke at all for me, who had so many really good offers when I was young."

Nancy's lip curled with scorn, and she judged Lady Alicia with the merciless judgment of those who have neither married nor been disappointed in marriage.

"People used to say," her ladyship continued, "that Alwyn died of a broken heart when he found that he would be obliged to turn out of Baxendale. But that was quite a mistake, and merely shows how people ought not to talk about things which they do not understand. I think that is another of the faults of the rising generation, dear Mrs. Burton: people are so prone, so sadly prone, to talk about matters which are quite beyond their comprehension."

"And not only of the rising generation," said Mrs. Burton dryly.

"Ah, no! It was a fault of my poor, dear Alwyn's. He never in the least understood my finer perceptions, and yet he was always talking about them in a slightly sarcastic way; and he had none of his own, poor dear!"

"Ah!" Nancy remarked.

"And as for dying because he could not afford to live at Baxendale," Lady Alicia continued, "it was all nonsense. He never really felt it at all, but made jokes about bringing me to the workhouse till the hour of his death. Now *I* did feel it, who had been brought up in such luxury, and always expected to make such a brilliant match."

"I have no doubt you did," said Mrs. Burton kindly, endeavouring, as was her custom, to make the best of everybody. "Both you and Mr. Baxendale must have felt leaving such a beautiful home."

"But he didn't feel it; that was the remarkable thing. He just laughed at it as he did at everything else; a sad habit, as I remarked a few minutes ago, and one which I grieve to say dear Laurence inherits! Almost the last thing he said to me, about an hour before his death, was to make a half-laughing apology for having given me only a heart full of love instead of a purse full of money, but adding that he was about to make the only reparation in his power."

"Poor Mr. Baxendale!" and Mrs. Burton's eyes were full of tears.

"Oh! do you think so? For my part, it quite shocked me to hear him speak sarcastically at such a time. I cannot think that a death-bed is the place for sarcasm. It seems to me so sweet to read the Bible and speak lovingly to all your friends at a time like that, so as to leave a nice impression behind you."

Nancy tossed her head: "It is a pity that a trifling incident such as death should divert the minds of some people from the importance of making an effective exit." She was very impertinent, there was no doubt of that; but perhaps there was some excuse for her.

Her impertinence, however, was lost upon Lady Alicia. That lady would as soon have expected a girl of Nancy's rank to be pert to her as she would have expected a polyanthus to jump up and bite her. So she innocently continued: "In death, as in life, my poor, dear husband never cared about what sort of impression he was making upon anybody. He was far too thick-skinned for that, and Laurence is just like him. Which is really very hard upon me, as I always think it would have been so nice to live with people who really understand one and sympathise with one, and who were alive to the higher traits of a really refined nature. But I suppose such crosses are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intentional, and so must be borne uncomplainingly, as patience under misconception is such a beautiful thing." And Lady Alicia again sighed her dainty sigh as she rose to take her leave, having effectually succeeded, as was her wont, in preventing those with whom she was conversing from putting their oars in even sideways.

CHAPTER III.

LAURENCE BAXENDALE.

The pride that goes before a fall
Had ruled the master of the Hall.

Somewhere in the middle of the maze of lanes which lay between The Ways and Tetleigh Wood stood an old red farmhouse sentinelled by a row of poplar trees. From its front windows one could see the stretch of green fields that lay between it and the Wood; and beyond them the distant mountains, which hid from the casual observer the wonderful doings of the setting sun; and from its back windows one could see Baxendale Hall, standing on the top of a green hill and supported by regiments of trees on either side.

It was at this old red house—called Poplar Farm—that Laurence and his mother took up their abode when the second marriage of Lord Portcullis made that nobleman's castle too full (and some people said too warm) to hold them. It belonged to them, being situated on the Baxendale property; and though small, was quite as large an abode as their very limited means permitted to them.

Poplar Farm was about five minutes' walk from Wayside, and propinquity did all that even the late Arthur Hugh Clough himself could reasonably have expected of it for Laurence Baxendale and Nancy Burton. It so happened that they had never become friends until the Baxendales took up their abode at the Farm. In the old days, when the Baxendales lived at the Hall, Nancy had been a small girl whom Laurence may have known by sight, but to whom, so far as he remembered, he had never spoken. In those far-off days—they seemed far off to him, though in fact it was but a short time ago—Laurence had been a quiet boy, reserved and sensitive to a degree, with few acquaintances among boys of his own age and no friends. Even then he gave evidence of a pride which seemed to have been his by birth—pride in the long line of Baxendales, stretching back until it was lost in the dim mist of bygone centuries; pride in the ancestral Hall, whose red bricks and square windows he so much loved; pride even in the family curse which filled him when a child with a most delightful dread, a most fearful joy. As he grew older and found that despite this terrible curse no one grew a penny the worse, he would look back with a smile at the time when he feared to go to bed at night, fully expecting to be burned alive before morning; yet, for all that, he hugged the ancestral imprecation to his breast as a most cherished possession. But as a boy he chiefly showed his pride to the outside world in what seemed a studied reserve. Part of this was, no doubt, shyness; but, in addition, he intentionally held aloof from companions of his own age. The Baxendales, even then, were not able to mix much in society, so that, except when he paid a rare visit to Drawbridge Castle, he did not come across boys who by birth were his equals. Yet in spite of his pride and reserve, in spite of his unsociable reticence, he was a refined, well-bred boy, with great capacities for good. For his father he had a passionate love and devotion, and it was his father who chiefly influenced his early years. Lady Alicia was fond of her child, proud of his good looks and distinguished air; but she paid far more attention to his clothes than to his character. She was only one of those women who look on the outward appearance of their darlings, but who never win, or even care to win, their children's confidence. From his father Laurence had inherited two excellent gifts: a quick feeling for the humorous and a strong sense of humour. He seemed instinctively to shrink from anything mean and underhand; a hater of cruelty and naturally disposed to be lenient in his judgments in any matter touching honour, he was pitiless in condemnation, and never would allow mercy to temper justice. Having no companions of his own age, he would have found time hang heavily on his hands but for his love of books; hour after hour did he spend in the magnificent library of the Hall. He would probably have turned into a desultory bookworm, as his father could not afford to send him to a public school, had not the then vicar of Tetleigh happened to be an admirable scholar. When Laurence grew too advanced for his father, he was sent for three or four hours every day to the Vicarage to be instructed in Latin and Greek and other excellent things. He was a clever boy, and the vicar took the greatest delight in his instruction. His tutor not only laid the foundation of accurate scholarship, but also instilled into him a love for the English classics, cultivating his naturally good taste until it became almost fastidious, and not only taught him the knack of producing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passable Latin and Greek verses, but also the art of writing excellent English prose. Nevertheless, Laurence did not grow up a milksop. He had a great love of fresh air, and rode his pony daily, and took long walks in Baxendale Park and the maze of adjacent lanes. Moreover, he had boxing and fencing lessons from the retired sergeant who was engaged at the Grammar School of the neighbouring town of Silverhampton. Wherefore, though slight, he was strong, healthy and active. He had his faults, no doubt, as so many of us have; his pride in his race bred in him a certain tolerant scorn for those of humble birth; his pride in his intellect was accompanied by something like contempt for his less gifted brethren; his finished culture shrank from contact with people whose manners were less perfect than his own. Again, his delicate sensitiveness in all matters affecting honour gradually developed into an excessive scrupulousness. In his anxiety to avoid anything to which the most exacting moralist could take exception, he invented scruples where none could be fairly said to exist. He was an adept in finding a lion in the path in all matters affecting his own pleasure or advantage, and he elevated conscience to a position of such eminence that it became almost a bogey. With all this he was not a prig; he was saved from that by the quickness with which he saw the ridiculous side of things, and it is only fair to acknowledge that he was as ready to laugh at himself as at another. From the humorous to the pathetic it is only a step, and Laurence had a vein of tenderness and sympathy, which he strove manfully and not unsuccessfully to conceal, but which was evident enough to the few who knew him well. He loved dumb animals, especially horses and dogs, but he was never much at home with children. An only child himself, and avoiding through both pride and shyness the companionship of others, he had lived a more or less solitary boyhood, and knew little and understood less of children. Which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that he quite ignored the short-frocked Nancy and her sister when he met them taking their walks abroad under the protecting wing and vigilant oversight of their governess, and was quite unconscious that their eyes were not only blue but uncommonly bright and pretty. He had a quick eye for the flight of a bird or a cricket ball, but in things which really mattered he was in those days as blind as a bat.

In due course Laurence went to Oxford, having won a postmastership at Merton, thanks to the admirable coaching of the vicar. His father was only able to make him a scanty allowance, so that even with his scholarship he had to lead a very quiet life and to indulge in few luxuries. Yet he enjoyed his college days; better, perhaps, than if he had been able to gratify expensive tastes and frequent frivolous (if not rowdy) society. He read hard, and rode hard, and had plenty of friends of a quiet sort. He had not much difficulty in securing a First in both Moderations and Greats: moreover, he won the Gaisford Prize for Greek Verse, a feat which greatly delighted his quondam tutor, the vicar.

During his last year at Oxford Laurence made his first real acquaintance with sorrow. His father, whose finances had been straitened for some years, owing to agricultural depression and the extravagance of Lady Alicia, found that he could no longer maintain his position at Baxendale Hall. He decided to move to a small house—but this decision was never carried into effect: grief at leaving his ancestral home broke his heart; and his last days were rendered more wretched by the selfishness of his foolish wife, who was continually bemoaning her hard fate in having to resign the position in the county which was her due. Thus a narrower home than even the one he had contemplated claimed the broken-hearted man—a home of quietness and peace, where he found rest for his soul.

Mr. Baxendale's death was a terrible blow to Laurence. He had always been devoted to his father, who had made himself a companion and friend to his son. That a time would ever come when that companion and friend should be no more had never occurred to Laurence, and when the blow fell it crushed him. He could not believe at first that it could be true; it seemed to him as though his father had gone on a journey and would soon come back. Then, as he began to realise that it really *was* true, that never again on this earth would he see his father's smile or clasp his father's hand, his faith was staggered. It could not be true that God was a loving Father if He could thus deal with His children. How could He (so Laurence cried in his anguish) permit His creatures to be thus tormented? Why should He have thus cruelly deprived him of his father, in the plentitude of that father's powers, with so much good left undone which he alone, it seemed, could accomplish—so much duty neglected which he alone could fulfil. If God were indeed pitiful and compassionate, why did He permit such misery and unhappiness to innocent men and women? Where was the justice, where was the love of the Creator?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a time the mystery of pain and of human sorrow and grief overwhelmed Laurence's soul. But he faced his doubts, and came through the darkness into light at last. It was the remembrance of the father he had lost that was his sheet-anchor in this time of storm-tossed doubt; until he eventually realised the profound truth that the full influence of a man is never felt until his bodily presence has been removed; that, great though the grief may be, yet it is in truest love and divinest knowledge that God sometimes decides that it is expedient for us that our dear ones should go away.

Shortly after his father's death Laurence took his degree. Meanwhile his mother had gone to her brother, Lord Portcullis (whose wife had just died), and had taken charge of his household. As a tutor was required to teach the rising Drawbridge how to shoot, it occurred to heads of the family that Baxendale might undertake the post. He was not specially attracted by the prospect, but his pockets were so empty that there was room in them for his inclinations as well as his salary; so he was compelled to pocket both, on the same principle that thrifty persons drink inferior tea because they therewith receive a book as a bonus.

Meanwhile the Baxendale estates were managed by an agent; but when the agent had been paid his salary, and the heavy fire insurance which the owner was bound to maintain had been discharged, there was not very much left from the diminished rent-roll. The residue, such as it was, was given to Lady Alicia by her son for her apparel, which was by no means that of a meek and quiet spirit, but was after a much more expensive, if more effective style.

So time rolled on until Drawbridge was ready for Eton, and as a consequence his cousin's services were no longer required. It so happened at about this time it occurred to Drawbridge's father that Lady Sarah Sassenach had a pretty face and a charming manner. On pursuing the train of thought thus suggested, he began to speculate how the same face would look at the head of his table. On the whole, he came to the conclusion that he should prefer it to his sister's. In his case, for once, the course of true love ran smooth; as a consequence Lady Alicia, as well as her son, found her occupation gone.

It would have been well for Baxendale if he had withstood the allurements of the immediate income he secured by becoming his cousin's tutor, and instead of devoting such money as he possessed to the decoration of his mother's person, he had spent it on the preparation of himself for the learned profession of the Law.

This at the time had to his scrupulous conscience savoured too much of selfishness; whereas if he had only used common sense, he would have seen that in the long run his mother would have benefited by a temporary restriction in the number and expensiveness of her gowns. But it is so difficult to use a sense that one does not happen to possess; and few of us care to borrow another person's for the occasion—to which minority Laurence did not happen to belong. As things were now, he had lost precious years; moreover, he had to find a home for his mother, whose exodus from Drawbridge Castle was necessitated by the advent of the new Countess. His opportunity was therefore lost; and as the idea of another tutorship was distasteful to him, he determined to dispense with the services of an agent and manage his estate himself. So he betook himself and his mother to Poplar Farm, which happened to be vacant at the time; and—having learned much while he was at Drawbridge from his uncle's agent—found himself quite competent to manage his own property. With the salary saved, and the rent of the house occupied by former agents added to his assets, his income was brought up to a few hundreds a year—sufficient for the needs of himself and his mother, but quite inadequate to the introduction of a Mrs. Laurence Baxendale. He tried of course to let the Hall; but it was a large, rambling building, too old-fashioned for the modern merchant-prince; moreover, its proximity to the town of Silverhampton was against its being let, as it is a notorious theory —which no amount of fact can controvert— that the surrounding country is as dark as Erebus; although any one who has sojourned in South Mershire knows full well that the much-maligned country is—like a certain distinguished personage—not nearly so black as it is painted.

The management of an estate is a healthful occupation, as was evidenced by the bloom upon Baxendale's face and the easy carriage of his slight but athletic frame. Yet it did not occupy his time to the full. The above-mentioned personage is credited—and there are apparently some grounds for the persuasion—with the knack of finding occupation for idle hands. This potentate has many local agents —some paid and some honorary—whom he engaged to carry out his design. On this occasion the vacant post fell to Miss Nancy Burton. Nancy herself was nothing loth to fulfil this useful office. She had an appetite which would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have done credit to Alexander himself for new worlds which should finally be conquered by her bow and spear. There was nothing of the "little Englander" about Miss Burton; in her policy there was no continent too vast to be annexed, no tribe too unmanageable to be added to her dependencies. Therefore she hailed Laurence Baxendale as one of those unknown yet conquerable spheres for which her great prototype sighed in vain. She was very adaptable, and had no difficulty in charming all with whom she came into contact and in persuading them that they and their concerns were objects of absorbing interest to her. There was no insincerity in this; as long as she was in the company of any person, however dull, her desire to put that particular person at ease, and to find topics of conversation agreeable to him or her, led to this result.

Baxendale was an exceedingly clever man, but unfortunately he had the knack of hiding his light under the bushel of shyness. Now Nancy did not know what it was to be shy: more than that, she defied any one to be shy when in her company. Wherefore, as the two met not infrequently, she quickly discovered Laurence's abilities, and found to her delight that he was very different from the average man of her acquaintance, whose superabundance of health was more than balanced by a plentiful lack of wit, not to say brains. Like other men, Laurence found it impossible to be shy in her presence, though he still maintained a reserve which Nancy thought as extraordinary as it was unnecessary. Yet they became close friends in spite of scruples and of struggles on the man's part. Nancy did not exactly set her cap at the impecunious owner of Baxendale Hall. But she dearly loved power; and finding (she was exceedingly quick in discerning feelings) the man resisting her influence, she determined that she would conquer his indifference. She had no intention of breaking his heart, still less her own; but she decided that he should be made to care for her sufficiently to satisfy the point of honour, and then he might depart with slightly scorched fingers but otherwise unhurt.

As for Laurence, he began by thinking he disliked Nancy; her very frankness he critically put down to forwardness, her wit he regarded as pertness, her good-humour as casual indifference. But he soon found himself convinced of folly; he began to recognise the charm of this brilliant young woman; to see that her frankness was the result of absence of self-consciousness, her easy tolerance the perfection of good manners. From this he rapidly progressed to a recognition of the brightness of her wit and the fascination of her strong personality. A day seemed lost if he did not see her; a day appeared well spent if he had but five minutes of her charming society. Yet, strange to say, the more he was attracted the more reserved he himself became. This puzzled Nancy, who was perfectly aware of his being attracted, and equally conscious of his studied reserve. Laurence himself knew, but he was unable to gratify the girl's natural curiosity. In short, he had fallen in love with Nancy, and his sensitive conscience would not allow him to mention the fact to her. If he had done so nobody would have been more surprised than she.

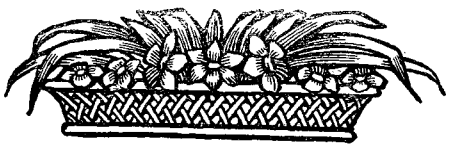
No one knew what a struggle he had with himself. Day by day as he saw her he fell deeper into the coils. He knew what he was doing; yet he made no effort to escape. He knew that so far as he was concerned Nancy was the only woman in the world, and he accepted this elementary truth without a murmur. Yet his conscience told him that he could never marry her. She was a girl accustomed to walk delicately along the luxurious ways of life; he—with his ancient birth and pride of race—had nothing to offer her but a rambling mansion, with a superb library which the terms of his grandfather's will had made it impossible for him to sell; a large estate that brought him in a scanty income, made scantier by the fact that this same will stipulated that both Laurence and his father could only succeed to the property on condition that they paid a heavy fire insurance to protect the Hall from the consequences of the old curse. Moreover, he had a mother, with by no means inexpensive tastes, to support.

So it came to pass that in his relations with Nancy he was a man of many moods. Sometimes he would yield to the seductive charm of her bright talk. At such moments he would unbend and become his own natural self; he would allow his pleasant vein of humour and natural kindliness of heart full play. Then would Nancy regard him as the most delightful of men. And then, all at once, he would freeze up and become stiff and affected, to Nancy's great astonishment. She would ask—and ask with reason—what she had done or said to justify such a change. But to this Laurence would only reply with stately reserve that she had done and said nothing; and would even deny a reserve which no one felt more strongly than himself. When he was in this mood Nancy thought, with some justice, that Laurence was the most disagreeable of men,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and determined that she would drop his acquaintance. She would perhaps have passed a gentler judgment on the unhappy prisoner at the bar if she had only known that these sudden fits of chilling reserve were simply signs of a devotion and a love which Laurence felt were getting beyond his powers of self-control. If Nancy at such times was irritated almost beyond measure, it is equally true that the man whom she regarded as absolutely devoid of human feelings was suffering the tortures of a self-made Inquisition which would have put to shame most of the inventions of mediæval Spain.

(To be continued.)



TO THE EASTERN SHORE

I's feelin' kin' o' lonesome in my little room to-night,
An' my min's done los' de minutes an' de miles,
W'ile it teks me back a-flyin' to de country of delight,
Whaih de Chesapeake goes grumblin' er wid smiles.
Oh, de ol' plantation's callin' to me, Come, come back,
Hyeah's de place fu' you to labouh an' to res',
Fu' my sandy roads is gleamin' while de city ways is black;
Come back, honey, case yo' country home is bes'.

I know de moon is shinin' erpon de Eastern sho',
An' de bay's a-sayin' "Howdy" to de lan';
An' de folks is all a-settin' down erroun' de cabin do',
Wid dey feet a-restin' in de silvah san';
An' de ol' plantation callin' to me, Come, oh, come,
F'om de life dat's des' a-waihin' you erway,
F'om de trouble an' de bustle, an' de agernisin' hum
Dat de city keeps ergoin' all de day.

I's tiahed of de city, tek me back to Sandy Side,
Whaih de po'est ones kin libe an' play an' eat;
Whaih we draws a simple livin' f'om de fo'est an' de tide,
An' de days ah faih, an' evah night issweet.
Fu' de ol' plantation's callin' to me, Come, oh, come,
An' de Chesapeake's a-sayin' "Dat's de ting,"
While my little cabin beckons, dough his mouf is closed an' dumb,
I's a-comin, an' my hea't begins to sing.

Paul Dunbar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

"The stage is more beholding to love than is the life of man." Bacon's compact utterances have an authority in their sound, even when they are contradictory to experience. A dozen of them well remembered might be a protection against the Bacon-Shakespeare epidemic; but this observation is beside my purpose, which is to drop a few remarks upon stage love. "Heart interest" is hungrily demanded by the theatre-goers of America. If the life of man is beholden to love for much of its entertainment, the stages owe to the same emotion a large share of its rubbish. In *Hon. John Grigsby,* for instance, silly love episodes, like in all their features to other stage love stories, detract from the value of one of the few American comedies which contain any element of interest. The play owes its distinction to the central personage, who is a politician, a lawyer, and the father of a grown son. His character is what lifts the comedy out of the commonplace, and yet the authors have put him into a plot composed of hackneyed stage sentiment. A rich widow tries to marry Grigsby, he befriends and loves a poor teacher, and his son carries on the amorous inanity which disfigures most American plays. It is disappointing that the authors who could draw a fresh character like Grigsby, and could give a few scenes of genuine comedy, should fill out the story with melodrama and sentimentality. Of course, a living character is found more often than a valuable plot, and this play is not unlike the novel of *David Harum* in the contrasting merits and faults. With all the theatrical machinery and the silly love scenes, it is, nevertheless, the most interesting American comedy seen in New York in a long time. The character which gives it life, and is splendidly acted by Frank Keenan, bears a close resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, as is evident in these bits of dialogue from the first act:

Grigsby. As a man you're all right, but as a lawyer—well, as a lawyer you're about equal to that well-known animal, the ring-tailed kinkyou.

Grigsby. Jackey, you're the idlest young man this side of the Mississippi, not excepting Indians and half-breeds! You can spend more money you don't own freely than any man since Daniel Webster, and intellectually Daniel is still a class ahead of you. You keep worse company, and you keep it later at night, than any man I ever knew save one; and his bad company was his sole business, for he hunted pole-cats by moonlight.

Grigsby. Jack, were you ever in love?

Jack. No, sir; yes, sir; I don't know, sir.

Grigsby. You remind me of old Jeff Higgins. Court asked him if he'd ever been struck by lightning; he said he guessed he had, but he didn't know for sure.

Meg. Do you read the Illinois *Gazette?*

Grigsby. You remind me of old Jeff Higgins. a quack advertisement handy.

And this from the second:

Ogden. Well, sir, I can only say it appears to me that you have a very marked animus against me. (*Grigsby looks at Ogden and chuckles.*)

Ogden. Well, sir, well?

Grigsby. I guess you don't know the story, but you used the same words the bear used.

Ogden. Words the bear used?

Grigsby. It's one of Abinadab Green's hunting stories. Abinadab suffered considerable damage from a bear that repeatedly broke into his pen and devoured seven, eight, ten of his lambs. Well, Abinadab he trapped the bear, and when he was kind o' sidlin' up to put his shot in at the right place, why, the bear said—that is, Abinadab says the bear said—"'Bin'dab 'pears from your motions like you had a marked animus 'gainst me!" And Abinadab made answer—that is, he says he made answer—"No, I have no animus in the matter; I wish you well, but at the same time truth compels

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me to acknowledge that I am out for your hide."

Toward the end of the second act John Grigsby outwits the rich villain, makes a speech which rids him of the mob hired by said villain to harm the persecuted heroine, and then addresses the culprit:

Grigsby. Good-night! I've saved you from the gallows.

Ogden. Damn you.

Grigsby. Just one word of advice: next time you go into the business of raisin' mobs, let the drunkards bear a smaller proportion than nineteen to twenty-two. They're too easy to handle.

In a four-act play such a climax would mean a curtain. As this is in three acts, however, the villain makes another manœuvre, and the act ends with this speech:

Grigsby. Ambition that I held in my hand taken from me. Hope gone. Life's reason gone. What remains? What remains? Work, John Grigsby, work. Begin life over again and begin it now, to-night!

Interesting technical principles lie in this question of the number of acts. The five-act play is almost obsolete, although it comes back occasionally, and Rostand even has six acts in *l'Aiglon.* Four is the favourite number, and next to four is three. Four seem better adapted to a plot which contains an exciting theatrical climax, as in *The Gay Lord Quex* and *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* for instance, and three to comedies which proceed at a more even pace. In *Grigsby* there is a confusion of species. It ought to be, to make the best play out of the character, leisurely and gentle throughout; but it is difficult to keep Americans in the theatre unless something broad or existing is furnished, so the authors of *Grigsby* introduced melodramatic elements, and this second act shows the result, with its two uncongenial climaxes, one theatrical, the other psychological. The character of Grigsby should properly not be used in a tone more openly dramatic than the one taken after his final triumph over his enemies:

Grigsby. Now, I'll tell you what I mean to do, and what you must do.

Ogden. Anything.

Grigsby. We withdraw our case against you. To-morrow you will print a full apology. I'll write it for you.

Ogden. All I ask is silence.

Grigsby. It's all you'll get.

The American slang in its best form, not ephemeral, but as comprehensible to us as it was to the men who heard Lincoln talk, fits well into this comedy, with the tolerant, dry, humorous, central personage. The play has already been recast once. Perhaps another effort with the exceptional material might bring the drama still nearer to the top of the short list of American plays worthy of notice.

Over the other piece of native authorship, *Her Lord and Master,* it is as needless to pause, as over the melodrama which Paul Potter has named, after one of Victor Hugo's novels, *Notre Dame.* Miss Henrietta Crosman, however, has accomplished a triumph in reviving *As You Like It* so well that it is an unusual *succès d'estime,* at the same time that it seems to be successful practically. The Rosalinds in my memory include Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, with several minor actresses, each with her own merits, but none, on the whole, better than Miss Crosman, and none appearing in a general presentation of the comedy approaching in fidelity and taste that given by our newly-discovered actress. The usual faults were absent—the strain and affectation of the Daly method, the haste and roughness of Miss Arthur's attempt, the bad company of Miss Marlowe—and instead there was a company which could give one of the best all-round performances of Shakespeare seen in New York in years, and an actress who could play the leading part, not with inspiration, but with simplicity, humour, naturalness; the consequence being the pleasure of seeing a beautiful play presented purely, not only in the acting, but in the order of scenes. In the work of the company, most of whom were good, Harry Woodruff's Orlando stood out sincere and poetic. Miss Crosman's ability to give us the most satisfying experience of *As You Like It* that we have had in our day promises much. When *The School for Scandal* was played recently at Wallack's it received a treatment in contrast to Miss Crosman's handling of *As You Like It.* Well-known actors played the parts badly, and Sheridan's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scenes were so shuffled about from one place to another that the play never suggested its perfect construction, and from lively it became tiresome.

One comedy from the German is running at the Empire, where its refinement contrasts with the general tone of a house which is modestly characterised as "the handsomest theatre in the world." Ludwig Fulda is a civilised man, fond of mild satire, the intelligence of culture, the beauty of finish, and he has put these qualities into *The Twin Sister,* which is placed in the sixteenth century near Padua, but which is really much less in the nature of romantic drama than of the satirical comedy which belongs to critical eras. Its theme is one that has been often treated, especially by the poets:

> Can you keep the bee from ranging,
> Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
> No, nor fettered love from dying
> In the knot there's no untying.

From mere sameness and want of occupation and excitement a husband loses his taste for his wife.

> All things that are,
> Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

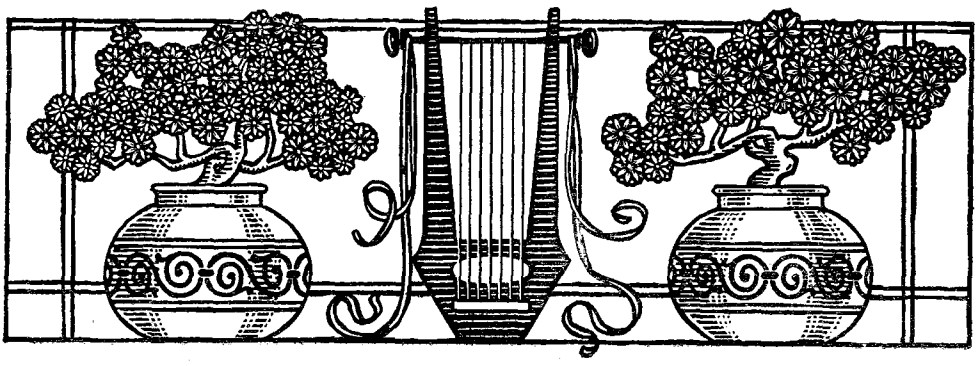
She suffers from this change. She cannot see why what attracted at first now repels.

> Was it something said,
> Something done,
> Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
> Turn of head?
> Strange! that very way
> Love begun.
> I as little understand
> Love's decay.

The expedient that makes the plot is artificial, but it fits the frank and gay style in which the comedy is written. Of course, Rosalind could not make such open love to Orlando without detection, and of course the device of this wife, to pretend that she is her twin sister, is impossible, literally, but it is not questioned, artistically, because it has congruity in the conception and manner of the dramatist. When the husband praises the supposed sister for the details which irritate him in the wife, we enjoy the truth thus artificially and cheerfully offered, and we resent the unreality no more than we do the trick by which Benedick and Beatrice are hurried with impossible celerity into love. Fulda has the dramatic instinct, and this return of the wife as her sister is effective on the stage. The comedy gives us the pleasant mixture of real satire hidden in a romantic and artificial garb.

The German theatre, always so far ahead of the Broadway playhouses, has given for the first time Tolstoy's *Dominion of Darkness.* Enough has been written here about this tremendous tragedy, but to see it again, so competently acted, is to sigh even more for a condition of the English theatres in New York approaching the standard of the Irving Place. The sigh was deepened, when, a little later, the wonderful beauty of Gœthe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris* filled one evening with what is best in art, which is a good deal of what is best in life.

Norman Hapgood.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

CHOIRS AND CHORAL MUSIC. By Arthur Mees. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MASTERS OF MUSIC. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The record of the nineteenth century in music has no brighter page than that which shows the growth of a popular interest in the art. Although music has always had a powerful influence upon the masses, this was for the most part physical or psychical; and the purely artistic elements were not directly important. The non-musician did not have an æsthetic regard for music. His enjoyment of it was mainly sensual. He might detect beauty in a phrase or a modulation and be thrilled or otherwise moved by it; but his sensations could be accounted for by the purely stimulative effects of music. With the nineteenth century came a change. The spread of music, brought about by many causes, notably the improvement and cheapening of instruments, has inbred into the people at large a deeper regard for the art. For in music, to hear is to know. Better acquaintance with the masterpieces of musical literature leads to an enlarged comprehension of their import. Without any special musical training, lovers of music have been made to feel the existence of an underlying and controlling purpose in the works of the great composers, and as a natural consequence are desirous of approaching them with a clearer and more reasoning judgment.

In response to the popular demand for more knowledge on the subject of music there has been in recent years a large outpouring of books addressed to the amateur music lovers, and designed to acquaint him in simple and untechnical language with the essentials of the tone art. Charles Scribner's Sons have published some excellent little volumes of this type. Last year they announced a series of five books—The Music Lover's Library—covering several important branches of the art of music, and of these Mr. Arthur Mees's treatise on *Choirs and Choral Music* is the fourth and latest to appear. Choral singing is one of the most efficient methods of disseminating a general love of music. It is that branch of the art in which amateurs can most easily participate. In fact, as the author says, in his preface, it is "the class of music for the performance of which the public is almost entirely dependent on amateurs." The importance then of a book dealing with the genesis, development and present state of choral music, in a manner suggestive to the layman, is clearly very considerable.

Unfortunately, the author of the present work has not done all that he purports to do. He has gathered material from many sources, and evidently laboured conscientiously and according to his lights; but the reader does not gain a clear insight into the growth of choral music. The ground is not nearly covered, and the view of the subject is one-sided. The separation of music into two great divisions—vocal and instrumental music—and their gradual coalescence and interdevelopment is not set forth with sufficient distinctness. The great fact of tonality, which differentiates modern music from that of the old Church Masters, is barely referred to. There is no attempt to explain the immense change from polyphonic to homophonic music, more necessary, if anything, to the comprehension of choral than of instrumental development. Save that to Bach and Handel each is allotted one chapter, very little sense of proportion is observed in dealing with the composers. Some of the greatest of the older choral masters are merely mentioned. Finally, the historical perspective is so poorly drawn as to give a very confused notion of chronology. The writer dwells perhaps too insistently on the fact that the "Passions" are based partly upon the mysteries of the Middle Ages, while the Oratorio developed from the miracle plays. The distinction is not so clearly drawn as he would have it. But that there is a distinction is so generally lost sight of, that an overstatement is not to be severely condemned.

But if the volume under consideration does not deal adequately with the subject of choral music, the treatment of choral singing is much better. The discussion of music among the Hebrew and Greeks is of course largely specu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lative in its nature, but the author has gathered instructive matter in his opening chapter on this subject. He deserves especial commendation, also, for the careful manner in which he has collated facts about the chorus work in the mediæval church service, and the changes wrought by the Reformation. The chapters on choral culture in the various countries of Europe and in America are especially interesting and valuable reading. Very properly he devotes considerable space to choral singing in England, which he calls "The cradle and nursery of the choral oratorio." His concluding chapter on the "Chorus and the Chorus Conductor" is lucid and suggestive. He closes with a plea for the encouragement and promotion of choral culture, which deserves quotation. The following extract must suffice: "It cannot be too often repeated that to study and listen to the performance of polyphonic works of the highest type afford the surest and quickest means of developing musical intelligence. Inability to realise the dignity and loftiness of such works is a proof of narrowness and want of discrimination, not an evidence of advanced taste. . . . He who has learned to understand Bach and Handel will comprehend Wagner much more fully than he whose horizon is limited by Wagner and his followers. Those communities which have supported and continue to support choral societies, guided by high purposes, are in the possession of the most efficient agencies for the dissemination of genuine and intelligent love for music. . ."

On the whole, then, this volume has a *raison d' être,* and deserves to be carefully conned by music lovers. As a book of reference it has value as well for the professional musician.

Masters of Music, by the author of *Wonder Tales from Wagner,* gives a rapid survey over the field of music, adapted to the use of the general reader who does not incline toward the more bulky volumes on the history of the art. No novel matter is included, nor is there any evidence of original research; but the biographical sketches are presented in an accurate and readable form, with some little charm of manner, albeit a tendency to sentimentalise. Anecdotes, real and apocryphal, of the various musicians are retold in an interesting way. There are some slight blunders: thus where the story of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony, as commonly related, is confused with another of the many anecdotes told in connection with this composer and his royal patron, Prince Esterhazy. The characterisation of the work of the various musicians is along conventional lines. An excellent feature is the appended lists of their more important compositions. The writer shows considerable *naïveté* in some of her comments. After mentioning Bach's organ and clavier works, she adds: "The practice of these compositions form valuable lessons not only in technical execution, but in a becoming humility!" In speaking of *Parsifal,* she writes: "One can say little of this, as of Wagner's other works; they are too great." But these little signs of immaturity may be tolerated. They are less objectionable than the assurance and aggressiveness of many writers on musical topics. One criticism of the author's style is her immoderate use of the exclamation point—also no doubt a sign of youth. The lives of twenty composers are treated. Some of the selections might be questioned. Why is Marcelle or Pergolese chosen instead of Purcell or Di Lasso or a dozen others? However, all composers of the first rank are included, and after that it was simply a question of personal taste, since every important name could not be included in a book of such limited proportions.

Masters of Music should find a place in the library of many a young music lover, and if he does not like the moral strain running through it, he can ignore that and still derive pleasure and useful information from a simple and charming narrative of the lives of the great heroes of musical history.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

CELTIC FOLKLORE, WELSH AND MANX. By John Rhys, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Celtic and Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. Two Volumes Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Whether one regards folklore from the standpoint of modern historical science, or finds in it that pungent sense of reality which is missing from the literature of the consciously fantastic, he must feel equally grateful to Professor Rhys for the labour and enthusiasm that have gone to the preparation of his *Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx.*

Among the innumerable stories that cluster around the lakes, streams, and coasts where the Kymric as well as the Gaelic mind indulged in its most characteristic, Professor Rhys has found many that follow similar lines with the Undine stories of the continent. In these Kymric versions, the features always in common are concerned with a beautiful water sprite in love with, or beloved by, some young farmer, at whose solicitations she comes forth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from her natural element, bringing a flock of water-cows into his barns for her dowry. If, however, she should be struck without cause or touched with iron, she usually makes off again into the water, driving her magic herd along with her.

Nor is Undine the only familiar character that emerges from these traditions, for old Midas of the ass's ears turns up in Ireland as Labhaidh Lorc, and in Wales as March Ameirchion of the horse's ears. "March," in the Kymric version, "the lord of Castell-march in Lleyn, used to kill every man he sought to shave his beard lest he should not be able to keep the secret, and on the spot where he was wont to bury the bodies there grew reeds, one of which somebody cut to make a pipe. The pipe would give no other sound than 'March Ameirchion has horse's ears,' and thus his secret was discovered."

Stories of water-sprites and mermaids meet one at every turn, particularly in Man and on the Welsh coasts, and to judge by many of the legends, it does not seem that these ladies of the deep always met with distinguished consideration at the hands of the fisher-folk. They, however, could punish or reward mortals in their own way, as the following stories from Conway and Cardiganshire will clearly prove:

A mermaid was cast up by a storm on the coast of Conway. She entreated the fishermen who found her to help her back into her native element, and on their refusing to comply, she prayed them to place her tail at least in the water. A very crude rhyme describes her as dying of exposure to the cold thus (translated):

> The stranded mermaid on the beach
> Did sorely cry and sorely screech,
> Afraid to bide the morrow's breeze;
> The cold it came, and she did freeze.

But before expiring, the mermaid cursed the people of Conway to be always poor, and Conway has ever since, so goes the tale, laboured under the curse.

The story from Cardiganshire relates how a fisherman captured a mermaid among the rocks. When all resistance was in vain she promised that if he would release her she would give him three warnings at the moment of his greatest peril. It so happened that Pergrin, for that was his name, was fishing one beautiful afternoon far out at sea when the mermaid rose from the deep and cried three times, "Pergrin, take in thy nets." He obeyed and made for the harbour just in time to escape a terrific storm in which many of his fellows were lost.

It is with such stories as these, found intact or pieced together, of fragments unearthed in various places, that Professor Rhys has composed the bulk of his two volumes; much matter also will be found in them concerning the fairies and witches, the spells and antics in which they indulge, and the preservatives against them. Iron seems everywhere to have been employed against them, and the wicken, the rowan and mountain-ash, and even a growing blade of grass, might be used to overcome their power. To draw blood from a witch was also advisable, and herbs were sold in many places to insure favourable winds for mariners. This traffic in winds, which dated from Druidic times, would now seem to have been a widely practised profession among all the Celts. The Druids are again recalled in the custom of driving the cattle on holy nights between blazing bonfires. Vulcan and his memory yet survive in the wizardry attributed to trade of the forge and smithy, and sacred fish swam about amid the rusted nails and pins dropped by pilgrims to the holy wells, near by which a lonely thorn-tree held the fluttering rags into which the invalid had "wished" his disease.

It would hardly be fitting to dismiss Professor Rhys's work without quoting his stories concerning those grotesque creatures, the changelings, which played so prominent and frequently so cruel a part in most of the ancient world. But out of many of these tales it is possible to reproduce only this edifying one from Corwrion in Wales: It concerns some obnoxious twins who screamed so hard by day and night and grew so wizened and pinched that the good-wife called in a neighbouring witch. After considerable diagnosis the latter gravely pronounced it another case of changelings, and directs the mother to take an egg-shell and brew beer in it in sight of the twins. She "did as the witch directed her, when the two children lifted their heads out of the cradle to find what she was doing—to watch and listen. Then one observed to the other, 'I remember seeing an oak having an acorn,' to which the other replied, 'And I remember seeing a hen having an egg,' and one of the two added, 'But I do not remember before seeing anybody brewing beer in the shell of a hen's egg.' The mother then went to the witch and told her what the twins had said one to the other, and she directed her to go to a small wooden bridge not far off with one of the strange children under each arm,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and there to drop them from the bridge into the river beneath. The mother went back home again and did as she was directed. When she reached home this time she found to her astonishment that her own children had been brought back." *Thomas Walsh.*

THE COLLEGE STUDENT AND HIS PROBLEMS. By James H. Canfield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The College Student and His Problems, representing as it does the experience of a man who graduated from Williams in the Mark Hopkins days, who spent twenty years doing as much has any one man toward the development of the system of State universities in the Middle West, and who is now the Librarian of Columbia University, is a book well worth the perusal of every boy who thinks of going to college, or who finds himself there and doesn't know what it is all about. And if those whose college days are behind them will remember that the book is not written for them, and that many things which seem obvious now were not so obvious once, they also will find pleasure in it. It is true, indeed, that almost the first thought of the Eastern graduate of the last ten years who takes it up will be of the matters concerning the college student and his problems that are left unsaid. There is no inkling of the fearful and wonderful complexity in the structure of student life as he knows it—a complexity of which Mr. Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes* gives perhaps the best idea—nothing about the queer, boyish, usually unconscious snobberies and poses, social, intellectual, athletic; there is no warning against "swiping" in its various forms and sub-forms. While there is plenty of good sound advice about living a sober, steady life yourself, there is no advice as to whether you should refuse the friendship of the man whose gambling or drinking, or whatever it may be, you disapprove of, but whose intellect or kind heart you admire, or whether you may run the risk of contamination and edit him for your own uses. Strangest of all, there is no word for the man who is doing his duty as he sees it, but who feels that he isn't "getting there." The book seems to be written on the assumption that every boy is potentially a "big man," and that if he is willing to work he can get into the middle of things from the very start. As a matter of fact, many good men do not get out of the ruck until they are juniors or seniors, and others are destined never to get out of it during their college career. Of course, after one gets into the world, the value which his college puts on him ceases to impress him very much one way or the other, but before he gets out it is a matter of pretty vital interest, and if a boy finds himself left standing in the marketplace, while Jones (who is more or less of a fool, but who had a prominent brother two years ahead of him) is taken, he will naturally look for a discussion of this "problem" in Dr. Canfield's book. Nor is there a word about the same thing on its subjective side; for, just as comparatively few men are "found" by the college world until late in their careers, few men, no matter how faithfully they may work at their "lessons," are likely to find themselves, to feel the opening of their intellectual eyes, until nearly the end. And before his time has come, many an earnest man would be the better for a word of warning against dejection on this score.

But that the book does not contain the sum of human knowledge is no reason for slighting the much that it does contain. It has been carefully planned out, the general scheme being shown pretty clearly by the list of chapter headings: "Why Go to College?" "The Choice of a College," "The Selection of a Course," "The Fateful First Year," "Fraternities," "Athletics," "Other College Enterprises," "Electives," "The Choice of Life-Work," "A Few Last Words." There is also an appendix showing the expenses of residents at various colleges. The chapter on "The Choice of Life-Work" is particularly good, chiefly because Dr. Canfield has really cared enough about his students to keep them in his sight after they have gone out from under his authority, and he has therefore not merely his own experience upon which to base his judgments but that of hundreds of former pupils.

It is hard to choose samples from among many sound bits of counsel, but the advice to elect men rather than courses is eminently wise. And, although the assumption that each hour of lectures ever really gets an average of two hours of preparation is a flight of pure idealism on the author's part, he should receive all credit for his effort to help students to realise the necessity of planning out each day in an orderly manner. It takes most of us years to overcome the habits of mental untidiness which we acquire at college, if, indeed, we ever overcome them, and it is these habits, quite as much as the "know-it-all-ness" (which usually disappears soon enough) that make so many business men look on the average college graduate as "impossible."

But more important than the subject-matter is the spirit of the book. It makes one realise

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that it is possible to write a book for the young, and to give plenty of advice in it, without being "preachy," and it gives the reader a chance to come into contact with a clear-cut, practical, high-minded, and most essentially American point of view. The book is an unusual combination of shrewd New England common sense in its advice as to how to get the best out of things in material matters, and of a fine, manly conception of a young man's responsibilities and opportunities on the spiritual side.

LIFE IN POETRY: LAW IN TASTE. Two Series of Lectures delivered in Oxford in 1895—1900. By William John Courthope, C. B., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

"Life in Poetry" and "Law in Taste" express between them the *summum bonum* of literary æsthetics. Could these but be maintained in constant equilibrium, there would be an end of rival schools and factions in criticism. Unfortunately, this is impossible; the ages of great productiveness in the higher orders of literature are not ages of criticism, and critical ages are not ages of creative genius. Hence the eternal strife between poet and critic. We cannot dispense with literary legislators, and these must of necessity deduce their laws from observation of the examples afforded by great writers. But these laws cannot be authoritative unless the critic is on the level of the author, and this is hardly ever the case. This operates to invalidate even the general laws promulgated by critics, and when we descend from the general to the particular it frequently deprives their judgment of all worth. Mr. Courthope justly points out that Croker's criticism of Keat's *Endymion* would not have appeared so outrageous if Croker, instead of expressing his private antipathies, just brought *Endymion* to the test of an established principle, and that, while this would to a certain extent have justified his attack, it would have shown that Keats was right and Croker wrong on some of the points upon which Croker was most dogmatic. But, granting that Croker's condemnation might have been invested with something of a judicial character, and that his censure might thus have carried some weight, how could his general estimate of the poem have been of the least value if he had been manifestly insensible to its beauties? And how could he have been taught to apprehend these by the study of any rules or precepts, however admirable? The true critic, like the true poet, must be born, not made; the inspired writing requires an inspired commentator.

It appears to us the pervading defect of Mr. Courthope's lectures to underrate this intuitional element in first-class criticism, and to assume that the chief factors of critical excellence are strength of judgment and sound common sense. As regards the negative department of criticism we might agree with him; but as concerns its loftier functions we must hold that the critic will never be a revealer if there is not something of the creator in him as well. The general tendency of Mr. Courthope's discourses is nevertheless most salutary. They are penetrated by what the world of authorship at present chiefly needs, the perception that right and wrong in art exist; that excellence, in the last analysis, means conformity to an ideal but not an imaginary pattern; and that the conditions under which the artist works are as inexorable as the laws of physical nature. In presence of such a conviction, minor questions such as Pope's place as poet and critic (*we* prefer him in the former capacity) may be left to take care of themselves. The only serious omission we seem to discover in Mr. Courthope's philosophy is his omission to notice the great law of reaction which, in our opinion, affords a more rational account of the genesis of the pre-Raphaelite movement, for example, than an endeavour to trace it back through "the Classicists and Romanticists in France" to "the speculative theorists of Germany."

Mr. Courthope seems to differ from Sidney and Shelley in holding that, although poetry does not consist in metrical expression alone, metrical expression is nevertheless essential to poetry. We would invite his attention to the argument on the other side derived from the English Bible. No one would deny that the prose of the authorised version is frequently poetry of the highest order; or that, nineteen times out of twenty, it ceases to be poetry as soon as it is put into verse. It would seem, then, that versification cannot be of the essence of poetry; while it may be conceded that the impulse which constrains the poet to compose usually compels him to compose in metre, and that "the sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense," rightly esteemed by Shelley necessary to the highest poetry, can rarely be attained without it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOVEL NOTES

THE DEATH OF THE GODS. Translated from the Russian of D. Merejkowski by H. Trench. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

This book purports to be a novel, but the story can hardly be said to have a plot, and consists rather of a series of tableaux illustrating the life and times of Julian the Apostate. The scenes are shifted with bewildering rapidity, and certainly do not lack variety. From Cappadocia to Constantinople and Ephesus, from there to Athens, Milan, the Rhine, and Paris, the reader is whirled along, only to be hurried back through Thrace and Constantinople to Antioch and the distant deserts of Persia, finally to be left floating somewhere in the Ægæan off "an islet of which none knew the name." He visits prisons, palaces, palæstras, nunneries, temples, churches, catacombs, camps, baths, hippodromes, fish-quays, dancing-booths, and taverns, while priests, bishops, hierophants, eunuchs, soldiers, poets, philosophers, saints, sinners, and emperors bustle endlessly to and fro.

Nor is all this wealth of places and persons wanting in magnificence of descriptive colour. The very first chapter introduces us to an innkeeper whose beard "was like a bunch of the grapes of Samos," while his wife brings with her "the smell of country freshness, milk and manure." The bottle of *anthosium* which he produces "had been even in the reign of Diocletian more than a hundred years old," so that the glass, where it shows through mould and mildew, is "no longer transparent but irised," and when the wicked tribune, his guest, has, "with a sensual smile poured into it a drop of precious Arabian cinnamon," which falls "like a creaming pearl," it is no wonder that, after quaffing "the marvellous liquor" and witnessing the performance of "a huge serpent with flat green head and brilliant carbuncled eyes," he is easily incited by the wizard Nogodarès to murder the two young Cæsars, Julian and Gallus. The tableau is brilliant, and leads up admirably to its successor, where the young princes are in prison guarded by the usual faithful nurse and a virtuous eunuch, who foils the wicked tribune by taking out of a drawer an obsolete imperial edict. This he flaunts in the face of the wicked tribune, who, when he sees the Emperor's title, "Our Eternity—*nostra æternitas*," at the head and "the great Imperial seal of dark green wax attached by golden threads" at the foot, at once "grew pale," felt his knees give way," and fled. It is all slightly irrelevant and slightly improbable, but as a tableau it is pretty, and if something more piquant is desired, the reader can turn to Chaper VI. and see a Nubian girl dance the *cordax*—full details are given—and be carried off by Gallus to a temple of Priapus. Or, if he prefers the repulsive, he can watch a fat millionaire merchant, who, while he is taking a hot bath and the steam plays over him, "looks like some squat and monstrous god in process of apotheosis, tunding his fat flesh and belly like a drum," and then allowing "a handsome curly-headed slave who resembled Antinous to unseal over his head a slender amphora containing the costliest Arabian cassia," which the fat merchant "spreads" over himself, finally wiping his gross fingers on the curly head of the slave." Or, if this is not enough, he can read how Julian first falls in love with the beautiful Arsinoë, whose hair "is golden at its ends as honey in the sun." The maiden is "hurling the disk" and "entirely naked." The sunbeams play round her, clothing her "as in loveliest raiment, in pure light and beauty. But at last the "pure light" is too much for her; "she shivered and grew ashamed." Then "with one hand she shielded her breast, with the other the abdomen, the immortal gesture of Aphrodite of Cnidos." It would be difficult to pen a sentence so absolutely hideous.

But it will be asked what has all this to do with *The Death of the Gods*. The answer, as stated by Mr. Trench in the Introduction, is that "writers of genius"—among whom a writer who has "perhaps more skill than Sienkiewicz in *Quo Vadis?*" is, of course, included—use the historical novel to "transfer to the stage of the world the drama which is being played in their own souls." Hence, as Merejkowski believes in "Pagano-Christian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dualism," according to which "the really full man, the perfect man" should be equally, "an hedonist and an altruist," "respect" alike "the soul and the senses," and "allay in harmonious equilibrium the cult of Dionysus and the cult of Christ," he thinks fit to make great historical characters the instruments for expounding his own views on the subject. In the second of the present "trilogy" of novels he modestly speaks through the lips of Leonardo da Vinci and Savonarola; in the third he selects Peter the Great, who, for some unknown reason he calls Antichrist, while in the present volume Julian is his mouthpiece. But what Julian means no one but the writer of the book can say. He starts as a student of Plato, but when he grows up and makes love to Arsinoë he frankly says, "I am wicked, and wish to be wickeder still," wherupon the lady (who afterward becomes a nun) encourages him by replying, "Be prouder yet, be wickeder yet." As Emperor he insults the Christians, and assembles an œcumenical council "in the atrium of Constantine," the centre of which is occupied by "a statue of the Venus Callipgye in warm and living marble," in order that he may scoff at their quarrels and the spectacle of a bishop spitting in an opponent's face (p. 317). But just before his death he begins to talk of "the gods being no more" and of a time when men "shall all be gods, all," and "souls laughing forever like the sun," while his last words are "Helios, receive me into thyself. . . ." It is all so mysterious as to suggest a suspicion that it is not intended to be sense. Indeed, the author almost hints as much himself. The tenth chapter is stuffed full of marvels and marvellous sayings, ending in a discourse by "the great philosopher" Maximus, after hearing which the student to whom it is addressed says, "Master, I do not understand you." "And that is precisely why I thus speak to you," is the answer of the sage, as he fixes on his pupil "his penetrating and impassive eyes." It is, perhaps, with a similar gaze that Merejkowski contemplates those who endeavour to extract a meaning from his writings.

On the whole, indeed, one can only wonder why a former Fellow of an Oxford College should introduce such a work as this to the public. Its crude realism and affected learning may attract many who like to read of an Empress wearing "an *omophorium* covered with sapphires and heart-shaped rubies," or a "sub-deacon" giving a circus-girl some rare stuff to make "a long *tarantidion*," of which, in fact, presuming that it is an article of clothing, she was sorely in need. There are, too, amiable persons who imagine that a jumble of philosophical phrases with Latin and Scriptural quotations must be something at once virtuous and profound. But the sensible reader will lay down this book with a sigh of relief, and turn to the immortal chapters in which Gibbon has described the same epoch. The taste of that great writer is not always true, but his judgment is acute, his learning genuine, and his sense sound. The Julian he depicts is an intelligent and intelligible being; the Julian of this strange volume is a mere madman, nor, even though it contained more wit and wisdom than it does, is it credible that either history, philosophy, or religion can derive any real good from being associated with garish descriptions of scenes which are sometimes vulgar and occasionally vicious.

T. E Page.

JACK RACER. By Henry Somerville. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

This is not a book which calls for superlatives, but in some respects it is good. It is a very real picture of a certain phase of American life. Anybody who has lived in one of the small towns of the Middle West, in the prairie country, will recognise the truth of Mr. Somerville's portraiture, the aptness of his little, half-careless touches of description and humorous comment, the reality of the way he makes his people talk and act. Hamlin Garland has shown us just such glimpses in those rare moments when he has forgotten to be strenuous, though Mr. Garland, even in his lightest moods, always leaves one with a haunting sense of the injustices of life. Mr. Somerville, on the other hand, has nothing of the special pleader about him. He finds life wholly interesting and amusing, and if those of his characters who own farms have ever found it necessary to mortgage them, he does not mention it.

Jack Racer is open to various criticisms, but it has the disarming quality of not pretending to be otherwise than it is. And it is, as to the first half of it, at least, a very human, and, therefore, a very funny account of the neighbourhood doings of Pekin—Pekin being a village in Indiana. Life in such places has a flavour and a variety all its own. A visitor from the outside world might consider some of the interests lacking in largeness, but that view of the case never occurs to the inhabitant. That dreariness and aridity of soul which so often overtakes the denizens of New England hamlets—the sort of thing with which Miss Wil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kins and Miss Jewett have made us familiar—seldom presents itself to the chronicler of Western village life. People out there can go to a fire, or a funeral, or a camp-meeting, or canvass a scandal, or take part in a local election, or drag a pond for a drowned boy, with a vernal freshness of interest, both in the event and the consequent gossip, of which an Easterner has simply no conception, unless he has sometime lived in the midst of it. Now, all this, the atmosphere, the local twangs of speech, the ways, at once free-and-easy and oddly narrow, apish and original, Mr. Somerville conveys to us unerringly. Of his methods of construction one can hardly speak so well. In fact, he has none. The plot develops in the most casual way, and is so late in declaring itself that one has time to wonder more than once if there is, after all, any intention in the story. And the language is often very careless. Such a phrase as "Anna had never thought of analysing her and Jack's friendship"—page twenty-eight—is inexcusable on the part of an author.

But his character work is excellent. Old Aunt Kiz and the members of the Campbell family—especially the boy Billy; Will Triplow, the village dandy; Jack's Uncle George, the country lawyer, and prim Aunt George; Anna Burke and the other young society ladies of Pekin; Professor Stivers, the peripatetic musical gentleman who organises the cantata—they are all types, and yet they are individual, too. Jack Racer, the hero, is an entirely lovable young fellow, albeit Pekin is late in loving him. In fact, he has rather a bad reputation in Pekin, which reputation he has earned carefully and with mischievous intention, chiefly by wearing a certain rakish cast of garments vaguely suggestive of dissipated habits, and by diffusing an odour of cardamom seeds—"cardamom seeds, in places the size of Pekin, being in request among gentlemen addicted to both liquor and society." For Pekin, with all its other qualities, is pious—at times and seasons. But Jack's geniality, his genuine honour, his soft-heartedness toward women and children, his easy adaptability, win even the heart of Pekin at last; though he certainly never becomes pious. Jack studies law with the intention of reforming his idle life and making himself worthy of sweet Lucy Campbell, whom he loves. Then purely to please his uncle, who cherishes ambitions for him, he goes into politics, and runs for a local office. The account of that campaign, with its attendant wire-pulling and the personal complication upon which the plot of the story turns, makes the best part of the book. It is the real thing.

Nevertheless, *Jack Racer* is hardly an achievement that will linger in the mind of the reader. It is a pity that, with his quick eye for the details that go to make up life and character, and his healthy temper, Mr. Somerville does not seem to possess the conviction and the grasp and the instinct for unity which are so necessary to the production of an effective novel.

The publishers have made a slight innovation in the printing for which there seems no special reason. The first line of every paragraph is carried out to the extreme edge on the left. The absence of that familiar little space at the beginning of the paragraph strikes the eye unpleasantly; and sometimes, when the preceding line is filled up solidly, it causes a certain confusion. One is impelled to stop and ask whether there should be a break there or not. It is, of course, a trivial matter, but all those things have a psychological significance.

E. B. Simmons.

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE. By Neil Munro. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

THE FIREBRAND. By S. R. Crockett. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.50.

Between the *ingenium* of Mr. Munro and the *ingenium* of Mr. Crockett—by the way, the patentee of the phrase, the clever Scotch Erasmus, George Buchanan, did not use it uniformly as a term of praise—there is the tolerably far cry there is between Argyllshire and Galloway. Yet the historical romances they have published almost simultaneously agree in what ought to be the main consideration in works of the kind. Each takes as his hero a Scot abroad. Oddly enough, Rollo, who is Mr. Crockett's firebrand, and fumes and fights all over Spain, much as Quentin Durward might have done, has all the characteristic choler of the Celt, whereas Greig, who wears the "Shoes of Fortune," has both the dourness and the peculiar sentiment—which is widely removed from sentimentality—of the Lowlander. Mr. Munro comes nearer to Stevenson in his new story than he has ever yet done. Mr. Crockett, on the other hand, recalls more readily the stories with which James Grant used to beguile one's boyhood. There are passages in his story of the Carlists and Christmas which can hardly fail to revive memories of *The Romance of War.*

The differences between these two stories may be stated thus: Mr. Munro's is much the superior in imaginativeness, in historical in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terest, and in that Stevensonian diabolism which counts for so much in modern romance. As a plot constructor Mr. Munro has beyond all doubt "arrived" in *The Shoes of Fortune.* The incident which makes a pariah of Patrick Greig is rather a poor one, as it cannot be even dignified with the name of suicide, but when once he starts on his travels all goes well. The scenes on board the doomed ship, the adventures on the Continent, the meetings with the Pretender, Father Hamilton, Clementina Walkinshaw and Thurot, are full of the spirit of the old Scottish adventurer. All these characters are well drawn, but the masterpiece in this line undoubtedly is Daniel Risk, the scoundrelly sea captain, who is quite on a level with any of the villains in *Treasure Island.* On the whole, Risk is the best "bad man" Mr. Munro has yet invented. On the other hand, Mr. Crockett has the advantage in action, and in purely human interest. "The Albacete dagger was driven deep between the shoulder-blades. The young lithe body drew itself together convulsively as a clasp-knife opens and shuts again. There was a spurt of something hot on Ramon's hand that ran slowly down his sleeve, growing colder as it went. A shriek came from within the *rejas* of bowed iron." It is thus that the great outlaw who steps upon the stage in the first page, sets to work to avenge what he believes to be his outraged honour, by killing a man whom he quite erroneously believes to be his wife's lover. And there is an incident quite as strong on every fifth page or so. The two leading characters in Mr. Crockett's book—for the "Royalties" do not count for much—are David Rollo, the firebrand and Scottish adventurer, and Don Ramon, the outlaw and passionate lover of his wife. They are full of flesh and blood, and, of course, ready for any amount of fighting. Leus, the false friend, is rather stagey, however. Mr. Crockett's heroines are distinctly better than Mr. Munro's Isobel Fortune, who figures in *The Shoes of Fortune,* is but a walking gentlewoman. Greig's rapid love-making to Clementina Walkinshaw well merits her remark, "When you have travelled the world a little more you will know yourself better, and you will thank me that I laughed at your whim, and saw well enough I was but the proxy for another in your passionate eyes." Altogether Mr. Munro's new book marks a distinct and remarkable advance on his part as a romancist, while *The Firebrand* is worthy of a place beside the best historical stories that Mr. Crockett has recently produced, and have had Scotsmen for their best characters, though not always Scotland for their scene.

William Wallace.

MARIETTA. A Maid of Venice. By Francis Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

With a heroine so entirely natural and winsome as Marietta, a love romance so idyllic as that in which she and Zorzi play the principal parts, Venice for a stage and a patrician suitor for the hand of Marietta, an ineffectual conspiracy against the Republic, a scoundrel planning Zorzi's ruin, and an easy-natured, blusterous Greek pirate ready to rescue him, among the accessories, Mr. Crawford fashions a novel that within its own limits almost touches perfection. His plot is very skilfully constructed, and his characters live. Zorzi, the Dalmatian, is a waif who has been adopted by Angelo Beroviero, the wealthy glass-worker, and under Angelo's tuition he becomes a finer artist in glass than his master. Growing to love Marietta, but conscious of the wide gulf between them, he is too honourable to tell her of his passion, and strives to suppress and hide it, and his awakening to the knowledge that she loves him, though she is already betrothed, is very charmingly wrought. Going a journey, Angelo entrusts him with a MS. book of invaluable trade secrets, and in Angelo's absence his son, a rival glass-worker, schemes to obtain this treasure. Other means failing, he writes to the Governor, accusing Zorzi, among other things, of having learned the art of glass-making, a thing forbidden to foreigners within the Venetian Republic. This leads to Zorzi's arrest, and to his rescue by the Greek pirate; but he is wise enough to return and surrender to the authorities, when the terrible Council of Ten, appreciating his genius and his love of art, figuring in a more benevolent light than novelists usually present it, allows him privileges that open doors for him to such happiness as had seemed beyond his wildest hopes. An excellent romance, in the true romantic vein, and written with all the grace and finish which Mr. Crawford has taught us to expect of him.

THE SECOND GENERATION. By James Weber Linn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Linn found for his book an especially good title, but he did not write up to it. He made poor use of much good material, and yet the book does not deserve very severe criticism, because it is sincere and readable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and thoroughly American. When Jerome Kent was a boy of eight, his father died as the result of a blow from an unscrupulous politician named Wheeler. The boy is made to promise that he will devote his life to the task of preventing the said Wheeler from doing any one else any harm. This, on the face of it, is absurd. Wheeler drifts away from the little Indiana town and becomes a powerful figure in Chicago's financial circles. Jerome grows to manhood and also goes to Chicago, where he would have been a successful newspaper man and writer if he hadn't made the foolish mistake of trying to down a big man. Of course he falls in love with Wheeler's daughter, not knowing who she is. The love-story is very weak. In real life it is more likely that the second generation would look out for itself and would act much more sensibly than did Jerome Kent. The best parts of the story are in a Chicago newspaper office. The author is quite at home there, and that portion of his book has considerable colour. He says some bright things through Chambers, a newspaper man, who is looking forward to becoming a dramatic critic, so that he can go "round and get drinks on Nat Goodwin and Henry E. Dixey, and a glass of milk with Mansfield." Mr. Linn is working in the right direction, and that is a hopeful sign.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

It is seldom that a bandmaster takes to himself the rôle of a story-teller, and for this reason Mr. Sousa's *The Fifth String* is of unique interest. The story is very slight, but the publishers have brought it out in a most attractive manner, with an artistic cover, and with a number of illustrations by the popular Howard Chandler Christy. As for the plot, well, it is not commonplace. There is something intensely romantic about a violin, especially about this violin, with its deadly fifth string. If it had not been for the help of Satan, Diotti, the Tuscan violinist, could not have won the love of Miss Wallace, a beautiful Christy girl. For it is Satan who brings to Diotti, in the far-away Island of Bahama, a violin with five strings: the string of pity, of hope, of love, of joy, of death. And wonderful is the music which Diotti brings forth. All New York is at his feet, and Miss Wallace is his. Her father, however, a practical man of millions, dislikes a "fiddler" as a prospective husband. Doubts are sown in the mind of the daughter, and through jealousy she compels the violinist to play upon the fifth string. The result may be imagined. Mr. Sousa has done well, considering that story writing is not his calling, and he is very fortunate in having secured publishers who have made of his book a delight to look upon.

WISTONS. By Miles Amber. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Wistons, "a story in three parts," leaves three distinct impressions. At first one feels the quiet atmosphere of an old-fashioned English home, then the romance which savours of a fairy tale. This is quickly followed by a feeling of revulsion that the author should spoil his atmosphere by sin and sorrow, elements that make a jarring note in a story which promised something quite different. Wistons is the vestige of a primeval forest not many miles from London, where the Wolvenhursts, generation after generation, lived and died. For a time the story is a simple chronicle of simple lives. Then one George Wolvenhurst weds a gipsy, and the two daughters of this strange marriage play an important part in the development of the story. They are quite detached from the little world about them. With nature for their mother, and with minds filled with fairy-like fancies, they grow to womanhood. Esther's Prince Charming comes one day across the downs and claims his princess. Their love-story is a beautiful idyll, and the awakening is disappointing as well as inartistic. The author might have become very psychical in his portrayal of the character of Esther's husband, and satisfied the reader on some points, but psychological analysis plays no part in this book. Much is left to the imagination, and the characters, as a rule, are mere outlines. The author seems overburdened with these questions:

> Did Esther and Klevda live only because the shadowy Gengiana died? Or have souls no ancestry, and is heredity of the body only? And tell me, too, if character be indeed predestination, will nothing be deducted from the debit side when the stern angel sends in his account?

Betty, the devoted servant of the house of *Wistons,* who might have claimed kinship with the family which she served so long and faithfully, is a type worthy of especial notice. Her devotion and her simple faith are the best bits in the book. *Wistons* is, after all, a strange story, and the third part precludes any possibility of its becoming popular.

F. M. H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GRIP OF THE BOOKMAKER. By Percy White. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company. $1.50.

Mr. Percy White has been called London's "society satirist," which gives one a very good idea of the sort of book that he writes. His novels are light as air and the satire does not go very deep, but he generally turns out one of those readable English novels which have a certain vogue over here. In *The Grip of the Bookmaker* he has written a story not differing materially from *The West End,* while not as good as that novel. The scene is laid in Rutland Square, which "is one of those typical squares where the respectable invisibly blends with the aristocratic. On some polished and prosperous families it looms out as a centre for social ambition; on others, scarcely distinguishable in type, it shines with the duller flicker of social mediocrity." Mortimer Gordon, once Alf Harris, the bookmaker, is a pretty shady character, but he has made money, and for his son he has great social aspirations. He takes a house on the Square, from the windows of which Mortimer can watch the neighbours who ignore him. However, Philip, the son, is received by some very nice people, and he eventually marries the daughter of a man who thoroughly despises the bookmaker. Mr. White's society people are somewhat on the fringe, and the women are nothing to brag of. However, they are amusing and they have a certain gift for smart dialogue. But somehow *The Grip of the Bookmaker* looks out of place in its binding of red and gold, for which one must pay one dollar and fifty cents. It really belongs between paper covers.

THE USURPER. By William J. Locke. New York. John Lane. $1.50.

Mr. Locke's new book will be read with unflagging interest. The plot is fresh and ingenious, and it is worked out with a simple directness of style, a resourcefulness of detail, and a fine idealism which give *The Usurper* an air of distinction that is uncommon enough at the present moment. From the outset one likes Jasper Vellacot, the plain-living and high-thinking millionaire; but it required no little delicacy and firmness of touch to preserve the reader's sympathy and faith in spite of the fact that, a penniless and starving wanderer, he owed his name and fortune to title-deeds stolen from a dead man's pocket. "From that hour the touch of Jasper Vellacot was as that of King Midas. Under it all things turned to gold." As might have been anticipated, the dead man is not dead. Jasper sees his face in a passing train, and though he vainly makes every effort to find him, he begins to feel that the wealth which is another's is lying like a curse upon his soul. Eventually the man does turn up in the person of a wretched "dead beat" from San Francisco, who fails to recognise Jasper, and who has no recollection of the name of Vellacot. Here comes the moral crux. Jasper has always regarded himself as the steward of his wealth. Thousands unknown are now dependent on his philanthropy. Has he the right in these circumstances to jeopardise their existence by making a spontaneous restitution to a drunken wastrel? The reader must discover for himself Jasper's decision and what came of it. Alongside the main theme runs the tragic love-story of the poet, Bunny Tredgold; but there are ample opportunities for gaiety and lightness, and the book, it is pleasant to know, closes with sunshine on the clouds.

FOREST FOLK. By James Prior. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $1.50.

Here is a novel that stands out from its neighbours. Careful and elaborate in its workmanship, with the plot worked out in a painstaking fashion, it is nevertheless fresh and vigorous as if the writer had never lingered an hour too long over it. A story of the Luddite times and of Sherwood Forest, there is adventure in it, and there is that interest which inevitably arises from the close contact of natures bred in the great world with those that have grown and brooded in solitude. The inhabitants of the two neighbouring farmhouses, so strangely unlike, so strangely drawn together, supply this interest. Nell Rideout and her brother, Tant, faulty, wild, neglected, yet heroic creatures, are memorably placed before us, but the smoother figures of the sophisticated Skrene and his sister draw our eyes too. The narrative part, with the story of the attack, the trial, and its consequences, is excellent reading; and though the interest of character predominates, nevertheless, as human nature is studied mainly from its emotional side, the main interest is romantic rather than psychological. And we can hardly recommend a book better to the majority of readers than by saying so.

CLEMENTINA. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

We congratulate Mr. Mason. *Clementina* is excellently well done, as good as the very best products of the new revival of historical romance. It is so admirable a piece of work

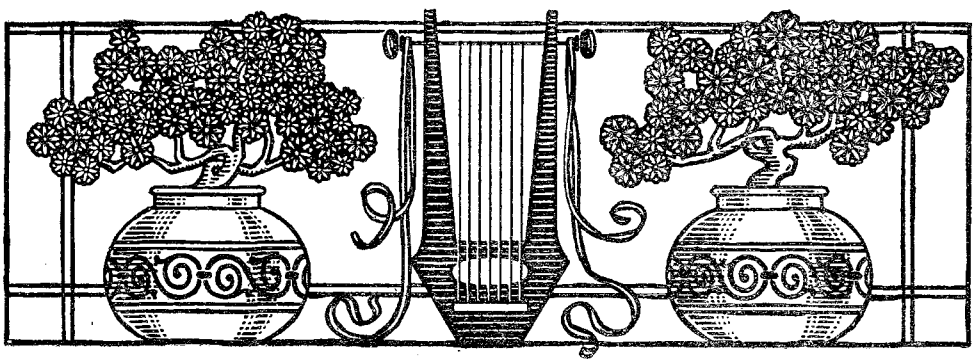
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that for once the usual deadly parallel with Dumas is praise rather than reproach. The adventures of Wogan and his three companions are full of delightful reminiscences, it is true; but more than once we find ourselves wondering whether the immortal three would have come scathless through the perils that befell the rescuers of Clementina. A greater compliment to Mr. Mason it would surely be difficult to pay. In daring, in resource and heroic bearing Mr. Mason's hero has but one peer in the realm of recent fiction, and he, need we say, is the central figure in the romances of Zenda. But we have a serious quarrel with Mr. Mason. What excuse under the sun can he find for the pitiable ending of *Clementina,* which, according to a new-fangled and pernicious recipe, leaves "two couples cross-mated" and Wogan riding alone into the darkness? The only possible justification of such treatment of such hero and heroine would be the promise of a sequel, in which the lady should at length "ride into the city of Wogan's dreams," and that Mr. Mason has refused in a melancholy epilogue which we can only agree to forgive if Mr. Mason will agree to forget.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: J. H. Taylor Company. $1.50.

It is not often that one comes across a story better fitted for a long night's reading in midwinter, or, for that matter, at any other season of the year. The book is one which causes you at one minute to shiver at the idea of the gloom of the long Antarctic night, and at the next to glow with a realisation of the warmth and comfort in the cabin of the good ship *Billowcrest.* The story tells of a voyage in search of the South Pole, of the events which led to starting the expedition, of the adventures experienced by the explorers on their journey to the south, of the hardships overcome in the penetration of an hitherto unknown continent, and finally of the discovery of the Pole itself, and of the strange race of human beings who dwelt about it. In the introduction of imaginary scientific inventions *The Great White Way* reminds one of Jules Verne; and, as has been the case with many of the books of the French romancer, many of these inventions, such as the wireless telephone, seems destined to be brought into practical use at a not very remote period. Through the story there runs a very pretty love tale, and the book abounds with bits of keen and honest humour. One of the characters, Chauncey Gale, the originator of countless schemes in real estate and the founder of innumerable "Swallowcrests," "Minnowcrests," "Moundcrests" and "Cresthavens," is a type that should last.

F. L. Onslow.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1902.

Audrey, by Mary Johnston, was the sensation of the book trade for the month of February. Advance orders to the publishers exceeded one hundred thousand copies, and the immediate demand was so great that many of the dealers are already reordering. While *Audrey* far outsold all other titles, both recent and of established reputation, there were several other novels of the month's publications which are already in good demand and may be expected to sell readily. *The Colonials,* by Allen French; *Kate Bonnet,* by Frank R. Stockton, and *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst,* by Frances Hodgson Burnett, being the best of these.

Miscellaneous publications for the month past, as well as those of fiction, were more numerous than in January, and from them may be selected *Schley and Santiago,* by George Edward Graham; *The Americanisation of the World,* by W. T. Stead; and *The Jew as a Patriot,* by Madison C. Peters, as likely to have a popular sale.

Of the older books still in favour may be mentioned *The History of Sir Richard Calmady,* by Lucas Malet; *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* by Alice Caldwell Hegan; *The House with the Green Shutters,* by George Douglas, and *If I Were King,* by Justin Huntley McCarthy, as showing a decided tendency to increase in popularity. The dramatisation of the historical novel continues, resulting in greater or lesser successes, and often being a decided stimulus to the sale of the book. The most recent production is *The Crisis,* with James K. Hackett as Stephen Brice.

That the annual spring travel to European and Mediterranean countries has commenced is indicated by the increased demand for guide books. Baedekers are altogether the most popular, but those of several other authorities are in the market.

Library trade continues to be an increasing factor in the sales of each month, and one of much value, covering, as it does, so large a variety of subjects. A tendency by librarians to the omission of the new net books is noticeable, and it is to be hoped that a more satisfactory arrangement as to discount for libraries may be brought about in the near future.

Business generally has shown an increase over that of the same period in previous years, although no doubt effected to some extent by the recent severe weather. The outlook for the coming month is a most satisfactory one, and encourages the belief that recent publications, together with those announced for early issue, will meet with profitable sales. Of the latter of note are *The Conquerors,* by Gertrude Atherton; *The Leopard's Spots,* by Thomas Dixon, and *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* by A. Conan Doyle.

Much interest has naturally been felt in the actual operation of the plans of The American Publishers' Association for the carrying out of a maintained price upon the popular fiction of the day, and it is pleasant to be able to state that the first month's trial has proved both successful and satisfactory. But one new infraction of the rules of importance was encountered, and this was at once adjusted.

The best selling books of the month are as follows:

Audrey. Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.
The House with the Green Shutters. George Douglas. $1.50.
The Fifth String. John Philip Sousa. $1.25.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
The Colonials. Allen French. $1.50.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. Charles Felton Pidgin. $1.50.
The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.25.
If I Were King. Justin Huntley McCarthy. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1902.

The weather that prevailed during the early part of last month was somewhat adverse to business; but despite this, the general result of the month's trade was quite satisfactory, and the amount of business transacted did not fall below the average. In nearly every department of bookselling sales were good, and the demand was for the most part of the all-round miscellaneous kind that is most desired by the trade. Nothing occurred during the month to disturb the excellent condition of business that has existed since the new year opened, and the outlook for a good spring trade is still undimmed.

The sale of *Sir Richard Calmady* has been going ahead steadily each month since it was published in the fall, and its record last month

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was exceedingly good. Another of the fall books that is meeting with greater appreciation now than when it was first published is *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* For each of these books a good sale during the remainder of this year may reasonably be expected.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the feature of the month in new books was Miss Johnston's *Audrey,* the advance sale of which compared very favourably with that of any book published during recent years. It is taking very well with the reading public, and there should be a large sale ahead of it. Other novels of interest, commercially, published last month, were *Kate Bonnet,* by F. R. Stockton; *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst,* by F. H. Burnett; *The Colonials,* by Allen French, and *Wolfville Days,* by A. H. Lewis.

Ulysses, Stephen Phillips's new drama, attracted more than ordinary interest among books of a somewhat heavier character, and the same can be said of Kidd's *Principles of Western Civilisation.*

Illustrations in colour are likely to be quite an attractive feature in the books of the spring. *Audrey* is illustrated that way, and several other novels are announced that will have this additional advantage.

The Crisis is still going well, mostly, however, in the further West, and so is *The Right of Way* and *The Man from Glengarry. The House with the Green Shutters* is steadily increasing in demand, but most of the other books which have been prominent in sales recently show a decreased sale. With the coming of more of the spring books this month this falling off will probably be still more accentuated.

The following led sales last month, the most noticeable feature being the fact that *Audrey,* which was only on sale two days in *February,* yet in numbers sold went far ahead of any three of the others.

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. $1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. $1.25.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. $1.50.
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. $1.50.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The House with the Green Shutters. By George Douglas. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. By C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice C. Hegan. $1.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

A Dog-Day Journal. Blossom Drum.
Father Manners. Hudson Young.
Mary Starkweather. Corolin C. Williamson.
The Grace of Orders. N. B. Winston.
Frank Logan. Mrs. John M. Clay.
Fairview's Mystery. George H. Marquis.
Where Magnolias Bloom. F. B. Cullens.
The Phantom Caravan. Cordelia P. Odenheimer.
Castles in Spain. W. S. Storner.
Whither Are We Drifting? Otto Stechhan.
Unrequited Love. Otto Stechhan.
"Har Lampkins." Abel Patten.
The Silver Cord and the Golden Bowl. Grace A. Pierce.
A Golden Way. Albert Le Roy Bartlett.
Hoch der Kaiser. A. McGregor Rose.
Behind the Grill. D. F. Young.
Songs Not Set to Music. Kate Mills Fargo.
The Improprieties of Noah. H. V. Smedberg.
Golden Fluff. Mrs. James E. Morris.
Bobtail Dixie. Abbie N. Smith.
The King of Andorra. Henry E. Harris.
Josephine Grahame. Jeannette Wheeler.

Appleton and Company:

Kate Bonnet. Frank Stockton.
Love in its Tenderness. J. R. Aitken.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Jew as a Patriot. Madison C. Peters.

Brentano's:

José. Authorized translation from the orginal of A. Palacio Valdes. Minna C. Smith.
The Lover's Progress. Told by Himself.

Buckles Company:

Allen Winfield. F. E. Walsh.

Century Company:

Policeman Flynn. Elliott Flower.
Naughty Nan. John Luther Long.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The History of the World. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. (Volume I.)

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Battle-Ground. Ellen Glasgow.

Eaton and Mains:

The Riddle of Life. J. W. Johnston.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Captain Jinks, Hero. Ernest Crosby.
Under My Own Roof. Adelaide L. Rouse.
The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page. Ellen V. Talbot.
The Sandals. Z. Grenell.

Harper and Brothers:

The Siege of Lady Resolute. Harris Dickson.
Anticipations. H. G. Wells.

Jenkins:

Cyrano De Bergerac.

Lane:

The Decoy. Francis Dana.
The Story of Eden. Dolf Wyllarde.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poems by Arthur Symons. (Volumes I. and II.

Macmillan Company:
Ulysses. Stephen Phillips.
Principles of Western Civilisation. Benjamin Kidd.
The Scenery of England. Lord Avebury.
Political Theories. W. A. Dunning.
The Life of Napoleon I. J. H. Rose. (Volumes I. and II.).
Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. Henry T. Finck.
The Mastery of the Pacific. Archibald R. Colquhoun.

Putnam's Sons:
Zuñi Folk Tales. F. H. Cushing.
Mediæval Rome. William Miller.
Eve Triumphant. Translated from the French of Pierre de Coulevain by Alys Hallard.
Edward Plantagenet. Edward Jenks.
Patricia of the Hills. C. K. Burrow.
A Book of Secrets. Horatio W. Dresser.

Russell:
The Story of Cupid and Psyche. Walter Pater.
Opera Singers. Gustav Kobbé.

Scribner's Sons:
Pen and Ink. Brander Matthews.
Wistons. Miles Amber.
At Large. E. W. Hornung.
Melomaniacs. James Huneker.
The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. (Volumes I. and II.).

Stokes Company:
The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Frances H. Burnett.
Wolfville Days. A. H. Lewis.
The Giant's Gate. Max Pemberton.

Werner Publishing and Supply Company:
Delsarte System of Expression. Genevieve Stebbins.
Graded Physical Exercises. B. L. Colburn.

Wessels Company:
A History and Description of Chinese Porcelain. C. Monkhouse.

Whittaker:
Kinship of God and Man. Rev. J. J. Lanier.
The Gospel of the Kingdom. William B. Brown.
The New World and New Thought. J. T. Bixby.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor Company:
The Vivisection Question. A. Leffingwell.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Altemus Company:
Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions. Minna T. Antrim.

Biddle:
Bigg's Bar, and Other Klondike Ballads. H. V. Sutherland.
Engraved Gems. Maxwell Sommerville.

Lippincott Company:
Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. D. Patrick. (Volume I.).
The Sectional Struggle. Cicero W. Harris.
Mlle. Fouchette. Charles T. Murray.
Our Risen King's Forty Days. G. D. Boardman.
The Tower of London. Harrison Ainsworth. (Volumes I. and II.).
Windsor Castle. Harrison Ainsworth. (Volumes I. and II.).
Saint James's. Harrison Ainsworth.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:
The Woman Who Dared. Lawrence L. Lynch.
Practical Astrology. Comte C. de Saint-Germain.
Fogg's Ferry. C. F. Callahan.

University of Chicago Press:
Russian Political Institutions. Maxime Kovalesky.
Cours Complet de Langue Française. M. Ingres. (Volume I.).

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Young Churchman Company:
Distinctive Marks of the Episcopal Church. Rev. J. N. McCormick.

AKRON, OHIO.

Saalfield Publishing Company:
In White and Black. W. W. Pinson.

BOSTON.

Clark Publishing Company:
Hester Blair. William Henry Carson.

Goodspeed:
Poems. Preston Gurney.

Nöyes, Platt and Company:
American Mural Painting. Pauline King.

RICHMOND, VA.

Johnson Publishing Company:
Wallannah. W. L. Hargrave.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Bell and Sons:
Wilkie. Lord R. S. Gower.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:
The Fighting Bishop. Herbert M. Hopkins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1 and March 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovers' Progress. Anonymous. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan.) $1.25 net.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Schley and Santiago. Graham. (Conkey.) $1.50 net.
6. Verses of Bessie Chandler. Chandler. (Langworthy & Stevens.) $1.25 net.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, ME.

1. The Perverts. Howard. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Study of Trees in Winter. Huntington. (Knight & Millet.) $2.25 net.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. John Forsyth's Aunt. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Valley of Decision. 2 vols. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Circumstances. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Backwoodsmen. Stanley. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Lily of France. Mason. (American Baptist Pub. So.) $1.10 net.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Victors. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. God Wills It. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Modern Apollos. McIntyre. (Jennings & Pye.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Diamond Necklace. Funck-Brentano. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
5. Indian Basketry. James. (Parker.) $2.00.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
3. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Siege of Lady Resolute. Dickson. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.
4. A Japanese Nightingale. Watano. (Harper.) $2.00.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Morang Co.) Cloth, $1.50; paper, 75 cents.
4. Kim. Kipling. (Morang Co.) Cloth, $1.50; paper, 75 cents.
5. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Yankee in Quebec. Garde. (Emerson Press.) Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan.) $1.25 net.
3. Thoughts for Every-Day Living. Babcock. (Scribner.) $1.00 net.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Jaconetta. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 85 cents.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Matthews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25 net.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. American Fur Trade. Chittenden. (Harper.) $10.00 net.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. Flood Tide. Greene. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Birds of Oregon and Washington. Lord. (The J. N. Gill Co.) 75 cents.
5. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. California Violets. Hibbard. (Robertson.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Last of the Knickerbockers. Vielé. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Marietta. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Prisoner of Zenda.* Hope.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Desert. Van Dyke.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

*By reason of appearance of play at local theatre.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	209
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	117
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50	114
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50	101
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50	77
6. { Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50 / The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.	66

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED